

Hamlet Le Franc

It would be

A CRIME



Colleen, 18 years old, Hollywood



It would be a crime

It would, because there are crimes so heinous that our well-normalized minds can't even imagine them.

At the age of nineteen, Colleen was the Hollywood Porn Queen, flattered, adored, drugged, at all the parties, and always available for the intimacy of the ultra-powerful, those to whom nothing can be refused. She played, saw, and heard a lot.

When horrified by the elite's criminal plans against humanity, she began to speak, a bullet went through her head. A suicide, said the police. "A secret safe", her killers laughed.

But Colleen managed to talk to me, from the other world, beyond death. Love as hate, powerful bonds cross time. She exposed them all. All the powerful of the 80's, those who announced the New World Order and set up the plans that would impose it, were the ones she regularly hung out with.

"There is more darkness in the United States than anyone would ever, ever imagine"

Colleen Marie Applegate, 1963 - 1984

Hamlet Le Franc

It would be a crime

Note about this English version: for security reasons, I, the French author, did the English translation myself. Some texts, like the psychic's, are genuine English. The French and English version are copyrighted, but you are free to modify the English text for a better translation, referring to the original French version : *Ce serait un crime*, and broadcast it as you like. Knowing who are the powerful libelers and criminals I expose, I have no way to have any "right" respected anyway.

Warning

This work exposes characters whose existence, behavior and even words and opinions are totally imaginary, do not exist, have never existed and are barely conceivable.

Any resemblance to anything that has breathed, felt, loved, suffered, thought, raved, and other ordinary human activities on this planet would be purely coincidental.

It is highly recommended, if you want to avoid any trouble with the law, your bank, the media, certain populations and charities, or even your usual value system, to think that everything you are going to read is fiction.

Prologue

Not being sure that the Avenging God will keep me alive very long after this work is released, and that he won't send his favorite hitmen to me as he did to my friend, I've crammed everything I can say into one relatively thick book. For the reader in a hurry who wants to *get* to the main fact, Colleen's revelations about the *world of* politics and Hollywood begin in the *Revelations (psychic)* section, the core of the matter being in the part *The darkness in the USA is unimaginable*, that is raw information.

The entire first part, *The Quivering of Eros*, is devoted to the processes that make it so difficult for us to admit the existence, among us, of an increasingly pervasive world of crime. Hence the title: *It would be a crime*. We are chained in monstrous blockages, which are of course programmed.

The *Revelations* section also contains a whole description of the distorted context that gives special weight to the revelations; these revelations and their context take on a very strong meaning in the light, one should say the darkness, of major contemporary events.

"I am a pornstar", she says.

"It would be a crime," I said.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*

"There is more darkness in the United States than anyone would ever, ever, imagine."

"There are more horrors in the United States than we can ever, ever imagine."

Colleen Applegate

The Quivering of Eros

Love at first sight

Behind me, her voice approaching. Soft and light, the wave of a spring source. I was sitting at a navy-blue table, in a corner of the square of the small Greek village. I didn't really notice her voice; it melted into the space of the square, into the blue, white and warm splendor of this radiant simplicity.

She brushed against my table, like a breath, that lightness, that grace she had, flying on her bare feet. And she went to sit at a table, facing me, a little to my right. With her, and the two blurred beings who accompanied her, we were alone in this square.

She was a stunning beauty.

Our eyes met, blended, merged, and we were delighted in ecstasy.

Love at first sight.

Madness of the gods

It is a brutal and rare experience, which really does not look like any other. To describe it, one can only use approximate language, because words are missing; it is true of all deep existential experiences, but "love at first sight" is an extreme experience, which seems to come out of nowhere; little to see, therefore, with the ordinary romantic experiences, made of approaches and encounters, on which spread novelists. There is not even a specific word; we have "*coup de foudre*" in French, and "love at first sight" in English, they are images, evocations of the universe of a poet, out of the ordinary phenomena. Also, the rare "love at first sight" in movies are almost always failed, whereas this art can evoke, sometimes very well, a multitude of complex feelings. Undoubtedly, love at first sight, being an extreme experience that most can only imagine, cannot be mimicked, and perhaps not even described. "The Tao that is said is not the Tao", so begins the *Tao Te King*, for whom the Word is not the flesh of the world.

Rapture, ecstasy, fusion. Lightning of ecstasy, contemplation of the supreme beauty of our being. Out of time, and intensely present, one by the other, one for the other.

It is an absolute reality, absolutely pure, a state of being of pure innocence. It is the experience of true transcendence, a present and sensitive transcendence, here and now, without artifice and divine chimeras, the experience of absolute love, of the fusion of beings.

It is the meeting of two twin bodies and two twin souls, male and female, so similar and close that their meeting provokes an exaltation, like a great wave, a powerful wave that carries everything away.

Tristan and Isolde, Yseult the blonde, Celtic and Germanic myths... the worlds from which we come celebrate the mystery of the law of attraction, how the similar attracts the similar, to exalt and generate in them beauty.

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight? "

Christopher Marlowe, *Hero and Leander*, retold by William Shakespeare

We were in this state of intense bliss, like something you probably felt one day, this feeling of fusion, of oblivion of the being, and of total presence too, although we cannot say or name who we are, in this presence. And the miracle is this other, from which our eyes cannot detach themselves, like a brilliant reflection of our own being, suddenly transfigured, radiant. There is no fear, no doubt, no question, no ploy. It simply is. Our being of light resurrects from the gangue in which it was enclosed.

"Ich hab es Einmal gesehen, das Einzige, das meine Seele suchte, und die Vollendung, die wir über die Sterne hinauf entfernen, die wir hinausschieben bis ans Ende der Zeit, die hab ich gegenwärtig gefühlt. Es war da, das Höchste, in diese Kreise der Menschennatur und der Dinge war es da!"

"I saw it once, the One my soul was looking for, and I felt the presence of Perfection, which we relegate far beyond the stars, which we postpone to the end of time. It was there, the Sublime, it was there at the heart of the nature of men and things!"

"Sein Name ist Schönheit."

"Its name is Beauty."

Hölderlin, *Hyperion*

The beautiful Hölderlin uses the extreme words of idealism, the Unique, the Sublime, all these extraordinary qualities that one assigns to what is *ideal*. Of course, there is like an ecstasy, a very powerful emotional shock, the invasion of an absolute well-being, but it is not strictly speaking an ecstasy. The word ecstasy is a Greek word, and means "to stand outside", to be "out of yourself". But as Hölderlin also says, the Sublime is "at the heart of the nature of men and things." We are not in the world of ecstasy, we are in the heart of nature, in perfect accord with the powerful waves of life. The right word would not be "Unique" or "Sublime", but Harmony, an extremely powerful harmony that would extend to all the flows of nature. It is also the feeling, rare among these eternal exiles who are the humans chased out of Paradise, of being totally in your place, and of being there since always.

I had lived two rather extreme experiences when I was in my early twenties, which in a way prefigured what I lived during this *thunderbolt of love*. One was almost entirely psychic and artificial, it was my first LSD experience, and the other one was almost entirely physical, it was my accession to the *great orgasm*, the one where one loses totally consciousness and where one has this very strange impression, which seems to last an eternity, of a journey out of the body into infinity. Love at first sight is a kind of mixture of both, it is a psychic state, but totally anchored in nature, in reality. At the time of my first intake of LSD, I had discovered in an ecstatic jubilation the beauty of nature, the splendor of beings and things; I had fallen in love with the Earth goddess, with unbridled love, while my companions of the time were striving, on the contrary, to achieve detachment and Nirvana. Then, this capacity I had to abandon myself without restraint to the immense vibrations of the Goddess could rather easily irradiate what one calls the sexual act or the act of love, words rather poor in my opinion to express the power of the thing.

"In the embrace of love, a man forgets the whole world, all that exists within himself and without; likewise, in Union [*Yoga*] with the Divine [*Brahman*], one knows nothing else, neither within nor without."
Brihadaranyaka Upanishad, chapter 4, brahmana 3, sutra 21 (Shukla Yajur Veda)

The ancient *Upanishads*, among the oldest texts in the world, had a full awareness that the ecstatic union of the sexes was at least as good as the union with the divine, and compared the artificial union with the Divine to

the amorous union, and not the other way around. This ancient consciousness of the preeminence of real love over ethereal love will be gradually eroded by the Christian offensive, which will turn Love and Grace into divine artifacts, in a centralized totalitarian system. This will not make the *love at first sight* disappear from Western consciousness and experience. The ancient Greeks knew the phenomenon, and called it *theia mania*, the madness of the gods, or divine madness. It is that this madness had always, in Occident, a sacred character, transcending the ordinary reality. You have to be Greek to be able to think that the gods themselves can be touched by a madness that exceeds them.

"Wüsstet ihr, was ihr wolltet? Noch weiß ich es nicht, doch ahn ich es, der neuen Gottheit neues Reich, und eil ihm zu und ergreife die andern und führe sie mit mir, wie der Strom die Ströme in den Ozean."

"Did you know, what you wanted? I don't know it yet, but I sense it, the new realm of the new divinity, I run towards it and grab the others and drag them with me, as in the ocean the wave drags the waves."

Friedrich Hölderlin, *Hyperion* (my translation)

Grace illuminates the bodies of young girls, young men, flying under the Greek sun. It is ours, and we share it with the gods.

We have lost the sense of our being, of its beauty and its power; this sense has been snatched from us by the Semitic totalitarian religions, instituting God-Lords reigning ruthlessly over flocks led with a rod by various more or less *good* pastors. In the stories we are told, and which are embodied in us, total love always has a scent of curse. The tragic story of Tristan and Yseult, a supposedly Celtic myth, was written by a French monk; love is caused by a spell, which ends up being a kind of curse, and of course it all ends very badly. Centuries later, at the end of the Renaissance, the story of Romeo and Juliet, destroyed by clan rivalries, ends just as badly despite the benevolence of civil and religious authorities, who suddenly became guarantors of the freedom to love, which is not far from being comical. A little later, a Sade pushes to the extreme the degradation of love, by advocating as a civic freedom the most insensitive or even the cruelest sexual exploitation, and his followers are legion today.

We need these stories that constitute us, and we understand ourselves by referring to other stories, by repeating them over and over again; it is very

rare for us to invent them, and one can only invent them by referring to others. When I was vaguely pubescent, the story of the passion of Tristan and Isolde, learned in French literature classes, fascinated me completely, by a kind of prescience, in spite of the deadly atmosphere that surrounded it. *Liebestod*, death of love, the desperate death of Wagner's Isolde.

The sacredness of love is nowhere better expressed to us than in the myth of Eros and Psyche, the magical fusion, interspersed with pitfalls, but ultimately triumphant, of love and soul.

The god Eros, called Cupid by the Romans, shoots arrows that make a person fall in love with the first person on whom he or she looks; this god is the god of love at first sight, and our ancestors were not unaware of his most obvious character, to open us to a reality that transcends the ordinary reality of the human being.

The god Eros, stunned by Psyche's beauty, clumsily pricks himself with his own arrow and experiences for her the famous love at first sight. A whole story follows in which Aphrodite, tutelary goddess of Love, terribly jealous of having been supplanted by a mortal, tries to eliminate this rival, then the episode where Psyche, stunned by the beauty of her lover, spills on him the boiling oil of her lamp, and finally the intervention of Jupiter himself, who confers immortality to Psyche and celebrates her wedding with Eros. A radiant end, an apotheosis, which contrasts terribly with the miserable ends of Tristan, Yseut, Romeo, Juliet, Abelard, Heloise, Friedrich Hölderlin and Susette Gontard.

St. Augustine, Father of the Church, perfectly shot his venomous arrow into the heart of the being whose light eclipsed that of his *jealous god* when he wrote over and over again, "Cupidity is the root of all evil." The word *cupidity* or *greed* has taken on the meaning of desire for material goods in general and money in particular, but in Augustine's day, *cupidity* or *greed* is the attribute of Cupid, that is, love, carnal and ecstatic, which eclipses the *love of the Lord* and *Christian charity*. Cupidity is the bad love, and Charity the good one.

In our worlds subjected to fierce totalitarian laws disguised under *good feelings*, we only hear about *hatred* from the servants of the system, who are the ones who arouse it; only an adulterated love exists, a non-hate, and it is supposed to make our world a better place. We are far from the Greeks, and we have to look very far to find a reference to a beautiful story, in the myths

that tell about love and humanity. There is something rotten in the kingdom of God.

The *love at first sight* is at the top of these violent, imperious, infallible emotions, by which the nature guides us. Our nature, which is also our soul, our bodies being the transitory, moving and fragile expressions of our souls; in their most essential, most intimate, and most often hidden depths, our bodies are our souls. From there springs the feeling of our divinity, *there in the heart of the nature of men and things*.

This nature is vibratory, it is the only way to name it. We only know it by its effects. Since we know that visible matter has an invisible quantum vibratory substratum, the secret may lie there, or in deeper layers. Identical or harmonic vibrations have a known effect of resonance, which amplifies them considerably; a love at first sight is two powerful energies that resonate.

The anchor point of the manifestation of these energies, in our bodies, is on the side of the *mirror neurons*, which control love, sympathy, empathy, and antipathy, all that the Greeks called *pathos*, emotion, which the Athenians evoked in their theater and whose power they knew well. They are called *mirror neurons* because they know the similar and the dissimilar, the compatible and the incompatible, the friendly, the indifferent and the hostile. In this they are similar to vibrations, which only vibrate in resonance with their similar. This is where emotional outbursts are activated.

This is where our own nature flows into the Nature and its projects, because it is undeniable that it has projects, given its very long history. Its ever-renewed masterpiece is differentiation. In order for the budding strains of life to multiply, to differentiate, to progress, the beings that chance or the unknown subtleties of genetics have matched must attract each other to develop again and again the specific embryos, more and more differentiated, of new strains.

It is well known that since sexual reproduction exists, and that it has created, by separation and selection, the immense diversity of species, races and others, the selection itself has been constantly refined, becoming more and more *personal*; the *love at first sight*, *theia mania*, the madness of the gods, would be the ultimate weapon of nature to lead us in the fatal way of evolution

Rapture and chatter

The two guys disappeared almost immediately; we were riveted to each other, eye to eye, in this special world of ours. I grabbed my dive bag, and in a flash I was at her table.

And it began as simply as possible - there was no need to comment on or rave about this encounter, which was like a miracle, since this miracle was being experienced by both of us.

"Hi, I am Jean - I am French - but here, Greeks call me Ianni. And you?"

"You don't know me?" she said.

"No, why?" – It was a strange question.

"You never have seen me?", she asks, as if surprised,

"If I had seen you, I would never have forgotten it," I said.

It made her laugh; it was not a flattery, besides being her, she was extraordinarily beautiful.

But it was strange, this question, she expected to be recognized; I was however rather familiar with the fashionable circles and the Parisian scene, I went out a lot, I loved beauty with a deep love, and for me, as for the ancient Greeks, beauty was a sign of election by the gods; I knew quite well all that is displayed, on the screens, the stages, the magazines, but she, I had never even seen her.

She seemed to hesitate about her name, then she said to me:

"I am Shana."

"How old are you, Shana?" - She looked so young, it was unsettling,

"I am nineteen."

"Ooh, I am thirty-five, it's almost the double," it was totally unexpected, I was in love with a teenager, a dazzling Venus Aphrodite.

"It doesn't matter," she said, as if to reassure me.

"Where are you from?" This is the question that is always asked in these timeless places where people come from all over the West to remember that they were born there, a long time ago, naked and untouched, in sea, sun and beauty.

"I am an American."

"Where from, in America?"

"I am from Minnesota."

"*Shall be nice, there.*" I imagined the plains and forests of the Middle West, a life full of nature and endless space, as I had read about in the novels of Fenimore Cooper.

"Yes," she said.

"But now, I live in California."

"*Shall be nice too*" - California, Pacific beaches, hippies, Big Sur...

"*I am from France - North of France*" - I was indeed from the North, and we had a lot in common, the same supple body, the same light, soft and fine skin, the same freckles, the same dimpled chin, and her navy blue-gray eyes were a bit like my mother's, while mine are green with a golden hint. She was Nordic, elvish, airy, long and thin, and I was a bit more Celtic, solid, broad-shouldered, rooted. Similar, we were also different; by some alchemy, beyond appearances, our agreement vibrated, irresistibly.

It is a strange fact that twins, real or fake, or even siblings, separated at birth and far apart, meet *by chance*, it is said, and immediately fall in love with each other. The invisible threads that connect beings bring them to the same places, at the same time. Modern humans know almost nothing about these things, lost as they are in worlds where propaganda corrupts everything.

"And the angels, what can they do but love each other?"

This sentence has haunted me for a long time, and I didn't know why. I always thought it came from Rilke, but I can't find it anywhere, neither in the *Sonnets to Orpheus*, nor in the *Duino Elegies*. I may have invented it, but then I invented it as being from Rilke.

But the *hierarchies of angels*, of which Rilke speaks, did not haunt the Greek ground; only the goddesses and the autochthonous gods resided there, Aphrodite, born of the sea, Eros born of Aphrodite.

Then she asked me, "*What do you do?*"

"*I work in a university for money - a lot of free time,*" I say with a big smile.

At the time, my whole previous life was as if gone. All that mattered was the *free time* I was going to spend with her, a long, long time. Actually, I had never taken a job at the University *for money*; although born poor, I had refused the careers that the demigods of politics, masters of the destinies of poor people, had tailored for me; I considered myself too intelligent to be *used*. I was not satisfied with anything. I spent most of my time *searching*, and it was a real passion.

"But I do many things - I am a writer, and a bit of a poet." "I am a writer, and a bit of a poet."

I revere so much this strange function, poetry, the gift of the Apollo of Delphi and the Odin of the North, this glow of the gods in the language, that I did not dare, for a long time, to consider myself a poet, because it is necessary to assume in oneself the divine to be it.

"I painted, too, and now, I am a photographer, too."

"You do pictures?", she said, - obviously she was interested.

"Yes - I like to photograph people, how they look, how they feel... I do mainly black & white pictures. But what I like the most, it is studio pictures, when done by a master... I love Avedon very much. He has a real talent to show the people's soul. I admire that. Do you know him?"

"No," she said.

Of course, I was thinking of photographing her. That light that emanated from her.

"And you? You are a student?"

"No, I get a job," she says.

"I will go to Copenhagen for fifteen days, I have a job there - I will take you with me - I will get a seat in the plane for you.", she said in a dreamy tone.

"Copenhagen? What will I do in Copenhagen?"

"Be with me," she said with her best smile, because the whole world was ready to follow her.

It was unexpected, to be suddenly torn away from my little island, my rustic shack in the middle of nature, this out-of-this-world state where I felt

so good, to find myself in a northern city, which I imagined to be cold and dull.

"Oh, but you tell me that you will work... What will I do? Wait for you? I can wait for you here, fifteen days... It is not very long. I get a house here, and I need to water my roses - if I don't they will die - fifteen days, it's ok, I may wait - we will speak about it later."

I was extremely surprised that she would decide what I was going to do, as if it was obvious that I was just going to be an added element in a script written in advance. She had already planned our future, and our future was: to follow her on her journey, of which I knew nothing.

"What is your job?"

"It's a job, it's for money," she said, without elaborating.

Then, instead of answering, she began to subject me to an interrogation, which I did not expect at all.

"Are you jealous?", she asked me.

It was a strange question. Jealousy is an ugly flaw, so no one normally admits to being jealous, except eventually, by repenting.

"Yes - very jealous. I am sorry, but I am not an ordinary guy."

I was not *politically correct*. I wasn't *liberated*, I was like *deliberate*. I had come to despise this *sexual freedom* that I had fought to conquer, because it had become a norm. I had become an orgasm maker, I was summoned, at the time of universal equalization, to *share*; after all, what did *it cost me*?

Equalization by sex was as messed up as all the others, and the Sexual Socialist Republic was no better, in use, than the others; the first infatuation passed, one realized that the system prohibited deep attractions and was finally nihilistic.

I had admired the mystical guru Julian Beck, who proclaimed: "Everyone shall make love with everyone", without understanding that, after all, it was only one more commandment of Judeo-Christianity, or of the Cabal, for the cancellation of *differences*.

I had gone against the grain. I had become *exclusive*, and exclusivity in relationships is usually referred to as *jealousy*, as a suspicious mental

attitude, likely to degenerate into *paranoia*. Exclusivity is the foundation of any strong relationship, and it's not new. I was looking for something else. The fusion. The perfect agreement that is self-sufficient. The Great Alchemical Work, if you like. Obviously, I was dreaming, I was crazy, it didn't exist and I was denying reality, as I was told. So be it.

I was trying to explain this to Shana, but it wasn't really obvious, and my English was not very precise.

She did not answer. She listened, attentively, always smiling, because we were always in that same ecstatic state, which was indifferent to our words. And, as she said nothing, I continued to speak. She was probably trying to understand the strange animal she had just fallen in love with, and also to imagine how she could fit it into her world.

I knew I wasn't *normal*. I also knew in my gut that women can easily flip from the *enlightened* libertine attitude that is the new normal to the dark *blind* passion of their ancestors. That's why I didn't see any disturbing peculiarity in this issue. The standard version is that jealousy is a horrible flaw, a sin according to Christianity, a reactionary fascist attitude according to liberal-socialism. And Shana felt that our relationship was not at all ordinary, but it was not really possible for her to instantly readjust her *values*.

She was probably expecting a "no" as an answer to her question. Life is always easier when you can imagine doing anything without consequences. To try to *fill in the blanks*, I tried to tell her, rather awkwardly, a standard story of jealousy, which, as it should, ended badly.

A well-known film director, with whom my wife had betrayed me, had committed suicide shortly before. It was the awful conclusion of a rather rocky story; my disillusioned wife had come back to me rather quickly; this betrayal had enraged me, and I doubt that one can call it jealousy, but I was still attached to her. With that, the director made a sort of half-aborted suicide attempt, well soaked in alcohol as usual, and broke his leg. Thereupon, the double traitor, eaten up by guilt, rushed to her injured lover. Such a stupidity in front of a blackmail was too much for me, I decided to leave her and to invest the world of *the night*, it is then that I also started to take cocaine, and I found myself very well, lightened of the weight of this relation become unhealthy.

I had disinvested in this affair, but between the reunited lovers, it went from bad to worse. According to the director, it was because of me, who had put myself offside, that their relationship was failing; like in a vaudeville, the lover was jealous to the point of paranoia of the man his mistress had betrayed; they had to find someone to blame for their failure, and it was me.

Eventually they parted, and he committed suicide *for real*; this separation is undoubtedly one of the many causes of this death. We often feel guilty about a death, especially when it is about a charming character, which he was. As my ex had transmitted to me that I was responsible for their failure, I had to be. And since there is no guilt without fault, I had to sin somewhere, and that sin had to be my jealousy that would have clandestinely killed the director. Seen from afar, it doesn't make the slightest sense, but still, yes, I felt guilty of jealousy, and so I told Shana.

I believe today that he died mainly from his position as director of the so-called *cinema vérité*, an untenable position in an art that pushes to the extreme artifice, manipulation and predation, and curiously enough, there was a close relationship with Shana, which I was unable to see.

Shana listened to me without saying much. Her knowledge of cinema was extremely limited, so I thought she was a total stranger to it. She continued to ask me questions, about cinema, but a rather particular cinema:

"Did you see porn movies?"

"Porn movies? What do you mean?"

"Porn, pornographic movies."

"Oh, yes; yes."

It was really a strange question to ask someone you love, but this shining goddess was irresistible, and I had no intention of resisting her; I answered immediately without question.

"I have seen two - 'History of the Blue Movie,' a documentary, and 'Behind the Green Door,' that everybody spoke about."

They were two films from the beginning of porn, before the specialized theaters, in the early seventies, and all the cream of the art and thought world had to have seen some pornos. They were about ten years old, we were in the eighties.

"And did you like them?"

"Oh, not at all. They are very ugly. I remember *"Behind the Green Door"*, there is a black man, a very ugly one, and he has a very big cock, very flaccid, that he can't get erect, and it looks like a donkey cock, he needs to hold this big black donkey cock in his hands, and the female is there on all fours, waiting for the stupid donkey puts it in her... Totally disgusting. "

"Oh yes, he is..." She said a name I had never heard before, but I wasn't sure if it was an English word I didn't know.

"I never do it with Blacks," she added, as if in protest.

This remark made me laugh. It was really unexpected.

"Sure, I never thought you were doing it with Blacks, I could not even imagine that, it's impossible."

At the time, the multiracial offensive was still in its infancy. But Shana's reflection, which seemed so bizarre to me, was understandable because pornography was the first field in which we could see the display of interracial sex, consensual or forced, all in the midst of the hodgepodge of sexual perversions of all kinds; in this respect, the original porn was perhaps worse than anything we have seen since. Pornography conveys, under the pretext of *liberation*, a ferocious hatred of all that is natural, and always privileges the bizarre or the exotic. For example, face-to-face sex, the only one adapted to our physiology and therefore the only natural one, is mocked as a *missionary* position, as if the savages had a say in how we make love; this is probably a pure invention of the same gang that hates everything that is beautiful, natural, escapes their power and can reveal by contrast the horror of the world they want to impose. It is quite likely that Shana had been suggested to do *interracial* for a fee commensurate with the degradation, which is why she was reacting in this way. But there was a limit beyond which Shana refused to *cooperate*.

I added to be fair, continuing on the racial theme, which didn't interest me much at the time, but as if to respond to Shana's comment: "*But in the other movie, there was a scene between two young white people, and they looked like loving each other - so it was a nice scene - it is not porn itself that is bad, it is the people who do it, who are nice or disgusting.*"

The word "pornography" didn't mean much to me, but I told her an old story that happened to me when I was maybe eighteen. A guy approached me at the bar I used to go to and offered me to do pornography. While I felt like a kind of stranger in this world, I was unknowingly *spotted*, and it was not uncommon for me to be made more or less improbable offers.

"You should have done it - it would be easier for us."

"Easier for us? Why? I should have done it?" I was really amazed at what she was saying to me there. *"But this guy was a pervert, I can't stand perverts."*

In any other situation, if someone had said something like that to me, that I should have done porn, all the red flags would have gone up - why would they say that to me, and so on. But in the state of grace we were in, there were no red flags. As in, "it's all right," the existence of evil had been conjured up, and everything was necessarily fine.

And she continued on the same theme, which obviously concerned her a lot.

"Do you think that the people who do porn are perverts? Or that they do it for money?"

"Oh, I am quite sure that women do it for money, cause they can't get pleasure in doing it. But the guys are perverts, I am sure of it, they don't do it only for money."

She approved, silently. Then she began to talk about mysterious beings, who had nothing to do with her and me, whom she called her "friends".

"My friends joke about me, because I don't like big dicks."

It seemed to bother her that people were making fun of her. I was quick to tell her that her friends were idiots.

"Women don't like big dicks. Big dicks hurt them. And, often, big dicks can't get fully erect, so the men don't get much pleasure too, and all they are able of is a kind of masturbation. Your friends don't know anything about women. Women need cocks that fit into their vagina, and these cocks are from people like them. Sex is like a dance, you need a partner that fits you. I have a quite average cock myself, and it works very well with the women who are like me."

What's with the *big dicks*?

I never talk about these things with my partners, but sex exudes energy. This small machine can reveal an unsuspected energy, just as childbirth can mobilize an enormous force in the frailest of women: nature makes no mistake. In this race for energy, big dicks are handicapped, firstly because they need more tension to make them solid instruments, and secondly because size is rather an obstacle to the deployment of energy and high frequencies. In most porn movies, *big cocks* are flabby, allowing for any so-called *erotic* position that would be impossible for a fully erect sex.

Most of the positions of the famous *Kamasutra* can only be performed by males with a soft hard-on, which sheds a curious light on the Indian eroticism so much appreciated by erotomaniacs. Moreover, most of the *positions* block the woman's hips, which undoubtedly allows to avoid the slippage of a soft hard-on sex in a moving environment, but does not allow any real pleasure to the woman reduced to an inert attitude.

In fact, the whole propaganda movement born in pornography, in favor of big dicks, if possible circumcised, and of interracial relations to which intelligent races are subjected, is unnatural. Big dicks, circumcision, anti-racism, all this is part of the same malice.

The big-dicked monsters exhibited by pornography, and even by multiracial propaganda, are a violent attack against the natural order, against enjoyment, and for destruction and degradation, I suppose it is no secret to anyone. The ancient Greeks, who cannot be suspected of Judeo-Christian sexual repression, understood this well, and for them a big sex was simply a handicap, not to mention aesthetic considerations.

It was surreal, this conversation. Never in my dating history had pornography or penis size been discussed. I certainly would have shunned any girl who wanted to regale me with such lowbrow topics. But in the shock and delight of this encounter, all my bearings were gone. I was fascinated, not only by her beauty, but by the almost childlike tenderness, the innocence that emanated from her. I had a vague feeling that if she was asking these questions, it was because she needed to be reassured. I didn't know why, something was bothering her, and I tried to tell her that everything was fine, because at that moment, I couldn't imagine that anything was wrong.

"*They come on my face,*" she added.

"Come on your face? I don't understand. What does that mean?"

"They come. Cum. Ejaculate, sperm."

"On your face?"

"Yes."

She was looking at me, she smiled less, but she always floated in an ethereal atmosphere, of an immense lightness. I was amazed, as much by the discovery of these infamous perversions, as by the sweetness and lightness with which she was telling me her little worries.

I stammered, totally flabbergasted: *"They are sick... They are completely sick... You have weird friends. How can they be your friends?"*

She did not answer. She was somewhere in a strange world, and yet so close to me. I had almost no ties, I could change my life right now, with her, and create something new, sublimate our beauty, we could do it, right now. For me, her friends were nothing more than a useless commodity that we had to get rid of, a thing of the past that I didn't even understand we were talking about.

I remained silent for a moment, then:

"I don't understand," I said.

It was a sentence I was going to repeat over and over again, it would not leave me for a long time.

Of worlds and others

Some time ago, this conversation would have been described as *surreal*. We had just experienced *love at first sight*, that magical and, I imagine, relatively rare event in which two beings immediately feel an irresistible attraction for each other. Even if I had known similar states, I had never felt such an immediate and violent attraction. We were as if riveted to each other, *glued*, eye to eye, in a kind of ecstatic rapture. On top of that, a conversation was taking place, discussing pornography, big dicks, sperm ejaculated on the face, degrading practices from the shallows where the most disgusting beings are agitated.

Surrealism thrived on the strange juxtapositions of realities that have no logical and easily understood relationship with each other, as in their fetish

expression taken from Lautréamont: "Beautiful as the chance meeting of an umbrella and a sewing machine on an operating table." It was in this sense that our conversation was *surreal*. Today, it is easier to think that reality can be multidimensional.

For me, I was entirely in my own world, a world where there was no difference between love and sex; I was navigating what was obvious to me, and I had few questions. I was just aware that I was part of a kind of elite, not of money and business, but of life, and that was fine with me. But for the teenager Shana still was, it was quite different. She was trying to fit together two totally different, or even opposite, realities: that of her lightning attraction to me, and that of her *job*. This second world, of which she spoke to me, was so foreign to me that I couldn't even see it, hear it, or even suspect that it existed. I didn't even try to understand why she was telling me about it; it just didn't exist for me. It was like a *dissociation*: having one foot in two totally unrelated realities. It's a lot less fun than surrealism.

But that didn't worry me; I was still in the rapture of the encounter. I just started to dissociate. I began to live simultaneously in two different realities; one was that of my encounter with her, a powerful and luminous space that eclipsed all the others, the other was that of a reality she was trying to describe to me, but to which I did not understand anything.

In fact, I cannot describe what was happening in the ordinary terms of the description of the Western psyche. Many cultures think that we have several souls, corresponding to various levels of consciousness, and it was as if, at that moment, we were simultaneously on two planes of consciousness, one of our deep, ecstatic, eye-to-eye being, vibrating intensely, and the other of our limited, calculating being, hemmed in by its various ties, fears, and hopes.

"All humans have two minds. One is entirely our own, and it is like a little voice that always brings us order, righteousness and purpose in life. The other mind is a foreign installation. It brings us conflict, self-assertion, doubts, and despair," says the Yaqui sorcerer Don Juan Matus, to his disciple Carlos Castaneda, in *The Active Side of Infinity*.

The division into two minds is relatively crude, and today we can detect greater multiplicities, but it is still much better than the unitary vision of the *Ego*, even with its *Superego* and *Id*, which is current in the Christianized-freudized West. Especially since in the sordid vision of the Bible-inspired *Id*-

Ego-Superego, the *Id* representing instinct is evil, and must be controlled with an iron fist by the totalitarian *Superego* and of course its agents. We can see our *love at first sight* and our strange conversation as an emergence of our authentic spirit, the one that is entirely our own, the voice of nature and life, in the world of the foreign spirit that remains present in spite of everything, a lying, predatory and destructive world, the Empire of the False world, our ordinary world.

There was this vibration, this powerful resonance, like a huge wave that carried us along; this wave was the tuning between our two equally intense vibrations. Shana had some awareness of this aura that she had, which she called a "radiance," and which she saw the effects of on all who approached her. Radiance, aura, are the attributes of beings open to the spirit; radiance belongs to the world of the open, to the vibrating world that few humans today are able to perceive, but that all feel; and it is amazing that this is found in the pen of a twenty-year-old girl, who probably always knew that she had a special aura, and a special destiny in this world:

"Radiance showed the light of conception - a beacon of love - the sweetest confection. Golden curls added sparkle to the deepest blue eyes - fair skinned touched with freckles, she seemed made of china."

This text is as enigmatic to me as a text of true poetry. *Radiance* and *conception* may refer to elements of American culture of the time that I am not familiar with, which would reduce them to relative banality, but to me they belong more to the vocabulary of esotericism, not really to that of a banal narcissistic description of a young girl by herself. Why *conception*? A conception is what has been conceived, it is something that has been born. In the ordinary esoteric system, our material life is the emanation, or *conception*, of a much larger system, some of whose qualities are close to vibratory, which is not subject to the same constraints of time and space, and which we can eventually call *radiance*. Some Native American shamans call the world they travel in that of *radiance*. In Shana's text, the *radiance* is the subject, it is the radiance that *shows* the *conception*. Unless this is in the local folklore of the Middle-West, perhaps through a borrowing from the ancient Indians, which is possible, it is rather strange for the classical Frenchman that I am.

What is called *radiance* is a quality of being, and it is an ambiguous quality, not totally physical, but yet perceptible to most people; it is

sometimes called the *aura*. It is a quality that is not *objectively* detectable, but that most beings feel. Beings who have a special grace or charm are said to *radiate*. Shana undoubtedly radiated, and she had an irresistible power of attraction; her obvious beauty cannot explain everything. But *radiance* is one of those troublesome phenomena that scientists or philosophers, and even novelists, prefer not to tackle, for fear of exhuming *old demons*. Officially, it is only a collective illusion. Officially, there is nothing strange or monstrous about the fact that the beautiful Shana was telling me about her little problems with sperm squirting on her face.

We no longer have many beings connected to radiance in the West, whether they are called sorcerers, magicians, or priests of the ancient cults, since Judeo-Christianity exterminated them. Their tradition has been more or less maintained in poetry. Some Western gods are poets; Odin, the main Nordic god, is a poet, a seer, and has the vision of the Runes while hanging by his foot from the Yggdrasil tree, the World Tree; the Greeks have poet and musician gods, Apollo, Dionysus, Orpheus. The world is then *enchanted*, resulting from a song. Judeo-Christianity, this monstrous sacrificial masquerade, has long crushed all this; Grace, *Charis*, is the monopoly of the tyrannical Lord who distributes it as a reward to his faithful servants, those who carry out his dirty work. I may sound oddly overwrought, but I strongly believe that recovering this grace that is within us, recovering our full natural potential and breaking the foul moral, financial and other domination to which we are subjected, that of the Judeo-Christian based Empire of the False, is the ultimate goal of a true revolution.

Romanticism has always been a profoundly revolutionary movement, especially the German one; perhaps because of the terrible Revolution which had just taken place, French Romanticism was quite misguided in conservative attitudes. Romanticism puts the being, our being, the depth of our being, back in the foreground. This is why I consider Hölderlin an authentic revolutionary, although, apparently, his war was limited to burn of a forbidden passion for Susette Gontard.

"*Sein Name ist Schönheit.*"

"His Name is Beauty."

I feel very close to Hölderlin, his passions, his excesses, and finally his madness; there is in my story with Shana a kind of repetition. Hölderlin will

only see in the merciless crushing of his relationship with Susette, soon followed by her death, the implacable mark of a destiny, as described by Sophocles in his *Oedipus the Tyrant*, which he translated. I have long interpreted what happened to Shana and me as the result of fate. Yet the foul cause of this unnatural separation was a system in which the Frankfurt loan shark Jakob Friedrich Gontard flourished, at a time when other Frankfurt loan sharks, the Rothschilds, were preparing to fraudulently expropriate the world with the monkey money created in their banks; the beautiful Susette, an object of great price, had been married and appropriated by this rich scum to pay off her father's debts; but this, then as now, was too monstrous to even be glimpsed. The universe of which Hölderlin dreamed, the ancient Greece, the source of our sense of beauty, was a universe where the barbaric crime of debt slavery had been abolished, and where financiers did not rule, as they do in our predatory universe that claims to be enlightened by Human Rights. Hölderlin will sink into solitude and a kind of madness, without ever reaching the dark powers of revolt.

Later, the painful awareness of the presence of this foreign installation, of this impossibility of being, will irrigate the dark poetry of Rilke:

*"Mit allen Augen sieht die Kreatur
das Offene. Only our eyes are
wie umgekehrt und ganz um sie gestellt
als Fallen, rings um ihren freien Ausgang."*

"With all his eyes the creature sees the open.
Only our eyes are like turned upside down
and around them are set as traps
blocking their free path with a circle.

(The "creature" for Rilke is the natural being, the animal)

Rainer-Maria Rilke, *Duineser Elegien* (my translation)

And it was true that no word, of any language, could say what we were living. There was this presence, luminous, vibrant, like a music that fills the space of the lovers, that needs nothing but itself to be, and it was what Hölderlin calls "beauty" or Rilke "the open", the universe of this grace that she had, and there was also, completely disconnected, the universe of words, of projects, of worries, of desires and of castles in the air, which is *the foreign installation* that chains us. When one makes love, one strips oneself little by

little, at least for a time, of the foreign installation, which takes us back only when one wakes up; one can feel, deeply, that one passes little by little from a world in another, or better, that our being itself changes radically, but there, I was in the unknown situation of being two beings at the same time. Undoubtedly, she was afraid of something, to ask so many questions; I was quite incapable, at that time, to see there the sign of a powerful foreign installation.

I tried to make sense of what she had said and asked me. I had a sense of unreality, and I couldn't make sense of who she was, what she was doing, everything she had told me was floating around, and I couldn't form an overall picture.

"I feel like I did a test," I said. *"Did I succeed?"* I said, half-jokingly.

"Yes," she replied, very seriously.

Mostly, I didn't know what the test was about, exactly. She was telling me things, but strangely enough, it was as if they had no place to settle into my consciousness, as if I couldn't connect them to anything familiar; I was, almost, in front of an alien, but an alien with whom I felt a connection that transcended all others.

"I never thought that I would fall in love with a so young girl," I said.

I couldn't find a reason for her questioning, so I put it down to her inexperience. I had to come up with something, although I must admit, as a lifeline, it was extremely light.

"But I love you, there is no question about that." - I didn't want her to worry, my love was unconditional from the start. I was afraid that she would imagine herself rejected, as if in a mirror, and it was as if already, strangely, without apparent reason, there was a threat to our relationship.

"It doesn't matter," she said, probably to reassure me.

"I have a lot of money...", she added dreamily, as if she needed to gain value in my eyes, to compensate for her youth and what I assumed was her inexperience.

"Oh, very good, it's good to have money". That was really the least of my worries, the money.

She seemed to have money, indeed. She was dressed very simply, a sort of strapless bustier cut just above the chest, and comfortable legless shorts in deep blue, slightly purplish tones that matched her eyes, and a rather discreet gold curb chain on her right wrist. And bare feet. She was perfectly well-bred, with a natural grace, and seemed to come from an excellent family, from a protected world. I didn't imagine for a moment that it was her *job* that, at nineteen, had filled her pockets with money.

"Do you want to drink something?" She said.

"Oh no, thanks."

"Please, I like to buy you something."

"Oh, OK, I will have a beer, then."

She got up, graceful as an elf, to go and see Dimitri, the café owner, and came back, all smiles, with the beer. I had never seen Dimitri smile, but speaking to her, his face lit up.

"Thank you," I said.

It wasn't the first time a girl had wanted to give me gifts, or even just money; I had always refused. I wanted to keep my relationships as naked as possible. Once, in Ireland, a very pretty and desirable girl sat me down at her table and asked me how much money I wanted to make love with her; as I was stunned and could not bring myself to propose a price, I "ruined her fantasy" and our relationship ended there. She told me, precisely, "*make love*", it is an expression among many others that I don't like; it's about *doing*, as in *doing a job*, and I always ran out of words; I prefer to *mate*, which is also used for animals, but at least it underlines that it's a natural act, like being born, living or dying. Above all, I don't have, for a long time, the feeling of *making* love, I have rather the feeling of being an instrument of forces that draw me almost blindly. But with Shana, it was different. If it made her feel good to be the princess handing out her blessings, why not. Maybe it was also a way to get rid of some of the odd wads of cash that were spilling out of her pocket. From her, I could accept anything.

But what a strange woman she was. When I wasn't mated, there was little to say about my lovemaking; after a little time of mutual observation we got down to business: the exploration of our bodies and our sensibilities. It is hardly if, sometimes, we said our names to each other. Often, we hardly said

anything, because words can destroy the magic of the moment. And with Shana, I found myself caught, without being able to protest, in a universe of words - and incomprehensible words. Much later, I would imagine her as the Sphinx - but, a poor Oedipus, I was fascinated by the enigma.

The only approximation I knew of the elusive Shana was the *models* - the ones that make Vogue covers and fashion shows. At the time, I was a frequent visitor to a *trendy* club, Les Bains-Douches, showing off my offbeat persona, which carefully avoided following any fashion, except that of sniffing cocaine, but without overdoing it. Constantly on cocaine, but never high, I was "cool" in a "cool" world. It was the *fashionable* behavior. Feelings and sensations were under anesthesia, and we were all moving, performing, in the world of a *cool* show. In the *cool* competition of the big beasts showing off their charm and their beautiful claws, there were often very beautiful girls, models, actresses, but the emotion was not in fashion. Curiously, in a very anachronistic way, this small *trendy* world evoked for me the sparkling, calculating and cold world of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*; but even more than the libertine world of the 17th, the *trendy* world of the end of the 20th was above all empty, of a sort of fascinating emptiness, of which many of the regulars were perfectly aware; it was even a subject of amusement. And in all of this, one could hardly ever see what Shana had received from the gods, a totally natural grace.

Shana. My love, this strange being. So close, so far away.

"You are so beautiful. You could have been a model. But they ask for perfect teeth - it's stupid, but they ask for perfect teeth."

She had just one tooth, the second left incisor, which deviated slightly, like her own little touch in a too perfect whole.

I don't know which fairground showman decided on the rule of perfect teeth. This strange custom is reminiscent of the examination of teeth by slave buyers. Perhaps, after all, the traffic of beauty is linked to the ancient trade of women, we find the same sinister traffickers.

"I know," she said. She had tried, then, and despite her immense beauty she had been rejected for non-conformity of the artificial paradise of *models*.

It didn't tell me much more about her. But it suddenly reminded her of something.

"Please, find some cocaine for me. Does not matter the price, I get money."

The last thing I would have thought of at that moment was cocaine.

I heard that cocaine has the same euphoric and energizing components as those naturally produced by the state of love. Perhaps she had linked, in her mind, cocaine to love, and it was really strange that she asked me cocaine at that moment.

"Cocaine, why? You don't need cocaine here; I use cocaine in town, going to night-clubs, but here it's a healthy place, we don't need cocaine to feel good."

"Please, if I don't take cocaine, I will get fat."

It made me laugh. Cocaine for not getting fat, it was really an idea of total candor. Who could have persuaded her of that? A healthy life, close to nature, naturally created a healthy body. On my island of farmers and fishermen, only the traders got fat. Perhaps she had never seen a statue of those wonderful Greek gods and goddesses, of whom she could have been.

I might have worried a little more at that moment, and asked her where she got these strange ideas, but I did not guess at the time that she had been led into this habit by a conjuration of monsters, because I had no idea of the possibility of the existence of such a conjuration. And, therefore, I did not sense the danger.

"You will not need cocaine with me, I swear it - anyway, I never have seen cocaine on this island - except from one of my friends, who was a dealer."

To get cocaine for her? That was the first thing she asked me. It didn't make sense. We had a world to share, and she was asking me for this narcissistic pleasure drug, the drug of control and illusion of power. And she seemed to think I was at her disposal; she was going to take me to Copenhagen, and now I was going to do her shopping. I could have asked her what she was going to do, without me, while I got her coke, but I was too flabbergasted to ask the right questions.

It was really as if she was looking for a place for me in her world, without even thinking of changing it, whereas we had a world to build, both of us, together. Already, I didn't like to sink into worlds built by others, I wanted to

manage on my own, at least partly. Then, as a couple, it was the same exercise, but squared: it was necessary to find the subtle adjustments that make the life together of different beings livable, plus the adjustments with the outside world, and this was something she didn't seem to have the slightest intuition of. And the fact that I too have a world, much less spectacular, but much richer in real happiness than hers, didn't even seem to cross her mind. However, I carried this world with me, and if she loved someone who was so different from her world, it was certainly not by chance.

"I need it for my job, too."

"Your job? What is your job?"

She waited a moment to reveal the mysteries to me. Then, with a big smile, and very satisfied with herself, she said:

"I am a pornstar."

"Pornstar?" I looked at her, intently, trying to figure out this unfamiliar word. I didn't ask her to explain it to me, but I took it as a game, a riddle. I had no idea that, like the riddles of the Sphinx, this game could be deadly, and I was not, then, a soothsayer.

She had said this very satisfied with herself, as if bathed in the admiring glances of the crowd. She was a *star*. You could see it, you could feel it, for instance in the way the two guys who were with her had immediately slipped away.

"Let me guess... Pornstar... 'star', for sure you are a star, no doubt about it."

She was smiling, resplendent. I was in love with a star, but I did not feel inferior. I was different. I knew my power well, which was the keys to enjoyment, the electric fusion of bodies and souls, the entry into the infinite universe where beings are no longer separate. I was not a *star*, and even quite the opposite, I had very early felt the need to remain in the shadows, to avoid being *exposed*. I was in a way, but without knowing it, a kind of wild occultist, without tradition and without belief. When I was younger, I had felt the existence of hostile and destructive forces, and not knowing how to spot them, I had developed a kind of confused paranoia; I thought I was protected from *problems* on my little island.

"But porn... Porn, I don't see... Pornography?"

She didn't breathe a word, waiting, looking at me, her navy-blue eyes, intensely as always.

"Pornography... No... You are so young, so beautiful... It's impossible... It would be a crime..."

Suddenly, her smile faded, and her eyes filled with tears. She stood up abruptly and started to run in the direction she had come from. I was stunned.

"What wrong did I say?", I said as she started to leave.

"Nothing," she replied.

And she disappeared.

The darkening of the light

I didn't think to follow her. I watched her disappear, dumbfounded. I was sure she would be back very soon, in ten minutes at the most. I didn't even have the curiosity to know where she was going.

It was late morning, the time when I would go through the village for a coffee, swallow two fried eggs bathed in oil and a piece of bacon, plus a slice or two of bread, before going down to the sandy cove, and spending the afternoon snorkeling, sinking without ever tiring of it in the primordial water. I loved freediving, the very slow time of the dive, the weightlessness of floating, *balancing*, between two waters; it was my drug.

So I stood there, in the square, with my scuba bag, waiting for her to come back. And wondering, endlessly, why her eyes had filled with tears, and why she had left. I was in the most extreme confusion, and almost in a state of shock. My mind was going round and round, repeating: "I don't understand" endlessly.

It was as if that word, "*crime*," instantly shifted Shana into a totally different reality. It was just amazing, I had just seen Shana abruptly dissociate in front of me, and the sense of unreality that I already had in our conversation completely invaded the space of my perceptions.

The disjunction

I waited for a long time, an eternity, much longer than the ten minutes I had imagined, and my state of rapture gradually deteriorated, turning into panic.

All this time, I tried, at least, to understand, what had happened, why she didn't come back. But I was like a blind man, lost in an unknown place, without any landmark, and unable to understand anything.

In fact, I was starting to *black out*.

When there is a huge power failure, a disconnection, everything is plunged into a deep night, and everything connected to electricity stops humming, adding to the total darkness a dead silence. It is a state where all landmarks have disappeared, a state that can easily create a panic. One feels

a similar state of stupefaction, incredibly gripping, as if seizing very archaic zones of the psyche, during solar eclipses.

Disconnection is an adequate term not only because of the shock and sensory deprivation created at night by an electrical disconnection, but also because our ordinary activities, and mainly intense relational activities such as those of love states, can be described as activities of connection.

A large part of ordinary human activity consists in connecting, and sometimes disconnecting. And we have at our disposal, for this purpose, a large number of *ad hoc* tools provided by nature, of which the empathy-antipathy couple is one of the main ones.

We are constantly testing these tools, from childhood onwards, and the responses we receive sustainably shape our perceptions. We expect, in this or that situation, with this or that person, to have this or that response; there is always a margin of error or indecision, but this margin is gradually reduced; when I met Shana, there was no doubt in my mind and I went for it instantly; I suppose that for her, in spite of her young age and less experience, there was also very little doubt. This force that drives us to join is one of the most powerful forces of nature; it is essential to what is called natural selection and evolution. If this force is severely thwarted, while it is in full swing, we can *black out*. And that's what was happening to me.

We form representations of what we are, of what is a man, a woman, a white man, a black man, a table, a computer; these representations, which are constantly re-evaluated, tell us what we can do with so or so, with this or that, and what we can expect from it. These representations have little to do with lists or descriptions, in reality they depend on the relations that one has with the objects in question, and this is all the more true that the relation is strong; thus, my representation of women, and of this state that one calls love, depends on my potential of attraction, a potential which developed along multiple interrelations; a whole set of quasi-reflexes, of habits, develops, and one gets used to the fact that such an attitude provokes such a response; a kind of relational image is built up, excuse the somewhat baroque aspect of the expression. And this relational image, built from a great number of experiences, can be totally shattered if in a critical situation, nothing happens normally.

"*Pornstar*" was just *impossible*, and the whole complex emotional and analytical system that I had built up over countless interactions, the system

that was my own presence in the world, collapsed into an unmanageable *error* or *mistake* in the confrontation with this dark, criminal and powerful world that very few people on this planet have the slightest awareness of. However, there is no lack of Hollywood films that paint this world with the most violent colors, but it is Hollywood that paints Hollywood for the eyes of the suckers riveted to their screens, and who imagine quietly sprawled on their sofas that all this is only fiction.

A lot of terrible things happened to me afterwards in my relationship with Shana, and probably more dramatic ones, but that first moment of absence was probably decisive. In one of my attempts to contact Shana again, much later, when I was in a trance state and elated to be able to feel her radiance again, but unable in that state to control anything, my first words were a reproach: "But why did you leave?" And I came out of the trance, horrified by what I had just done, without having wanted it in the least. This event, that she cried, that she left, marked me forever. In fact, I never got over it.

Control, terror

I could never have imagined that the woman I love could suddenly, for no real visible reason, run away from me. The word "crime" had shifted her into her other state, which was certainly that of a dazzling *star* to whom nothing could be denied, but also that of a slave controlled by terror.

At that time, in the early 80s, the question of *control* had become central, for me as for all *hipsters*. In retrospect, it was quite surprising; about fifteen years earlier I had been in the avant-garde of *beatnik* explorers, and the watchword was, quite the opposite, *let it be*, let it go; what we were looking for, more or less confusedly, was a state of immersion in nature, in natural flows, and the abandonment of inhibiting controls of the mind; the wonder drug that fueled our bliss was LSD, the drug of fusion with the universe, the drug that facilitated sexual ecstasy. We had gone from LSD to cocaine, which was pretty much its inverse in everything except the sensation of pleasure, although they were very different pleasures. Cocaine is, par excellence, the drug of *control*. I could activate, depending on the circumstances, my *control* skills or my *laissez-faire* skills, except of course when I was under the influence of cocaine, in the guerrilla chic of the Parisian *night*, where any *laissez-faire* was the infamous mark of the *slob*. On my blissful island, there

was little to control, relax, everything was fine, but Shana's absence suddenly reopened the terrifying abyss of loss of control, an abyss whose existence I had lost all sense of, and which I had not expected at all, in this place, at this time. Later, I would try to control, to regain control, but the game was up, it was already too late.

There was also this very visible state of panic, that of Shana suddenly breaking away from me, tears in her eyes, running away. Panic is usually caused by violent and dangerous events, by the perception of real or imagined danger, and by terror. It is a situation of maximum alertness. Terror is locatable, one can most of the time find its source, but panic is not; it is part of the very small number of affects that are transmitted in an automatic way; a wind of panic starts to blow, indiscriminately, without even knowing the cause sometimes; this affect is of the order of reflex, it is lodged in very archaic zones of our psyche, and is transmitted in an automatic way, without intervention of the conscience; there are few psychic phenomena which are also irresistible, the only one which comes to my mind is the laughter, but there are undoubtedly others, in the register of ecstatic communions. I was not immediately aware of it, but I certainly felt a beginning of panic myself when Shana ran away, and this panic was only waiting to spread and dominate me completely.

I stayed like that for hours, more and more desperate, and plunged into an increasingly confused world, in which I didn't really know who I was anymore. I had sometimes waited, often women have some little business to attend to, one way or another, before they join you - you just have to tell them where and when. I am not a seducer, I simply acknowledge an agreement that has been said without words, and the indication of time and place is just the indication of the space where the play can be played. I simply say - I will be there or there, and that is enough. But there I was waiting for hours, a woman I loved completely, a woman I knew was my only love for eternity, and who had left me crying.

After a few hours, increasingly worried, I began to walk through the streets of the village, hoping to see her. I had no idea where she was. My whole being was wavering. I was feeling going mad.

What I call going mad probably does not correspond to the definition of true madness, which I have never experienced. And one cannot speak, as far as the soul is concerned, of what one has not experienced. It was a break in

the continuity of my sensations, my thoughts, my actions. My actions were rarely calculated, they took place in a simple space, where thoughts, words, acts, flowed freely. There were a few hiccups, bad experiences, but I always managed, if not to understand and fight them, at least to overcome them and forget them. I was the product of my time, the time of *peace and love*, the great *hippie* era, which advocated, for our greatest delights, the return to fusion with nature, to a world of balance and harmony, of love, sex, ecstasy. It was in this world that I was bathing, alone and quiet, in the plenitude of my being, when Shana appeared and joined me, but in the space of an instant, attached as she was to another world. This idealized world based on love and physical experience, a sure value however, was, in reality, very fragile, and it has almost completely disappeared. We had forgotten the existence of hate, but hate was going to catch up with us, and even destroy us. And it was a whole world that was going to collapse, it was a cataclysm, that the incomprehensible absence of Shana announced.

The world of *peace and love* was only a spectacular advance in a world which, globally, even if it called itself *capitalist* in restricted circles, believed, as if it were an unquestionable truth, that *love leads the world*; even the god of the Christians pretended to be a god of love, at the center of the universe, although his figure appeared to be bloody and his version of love, painful, sacrificial and very un-Venusian.

*"ma già volgeva il mio disio e 'l velle,
sì come rota ch'igualmente è mossa,
l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle."*

"but already, was turning my desire and my will,
just like a wheel in an endless motion,
love that moves the sun and the other stars."

Dante Alighieri, *Divina Comedia*

Love leads the world; it was a whole construction of the world, of the vision of this world, and of the way to behave in it. Shana's tears and her running away did not *fit* into that world. Or maybe I had *done something wrong*, *said something wrong*, and that order was safe, but I couldn't see *what*.

I was suddenly plunged into a world of immense confusion, where I did not understand anything; my thought was turning in a loop, seeking to

understand, to be attached to some comprehensible element. How could Shana have disappeared? What totally unknown, frightening and monstrous event was happening there, without me knowing what to do? It was, for me, madness. A chaotic space, where all sense had suddenly disappeared.

In the large list of metaphors created by language to signify events or states out of the ordinary, there is also *losing the north*, or *losing the compass*. We normally have tracking systems that guide our actions, and we use them routinely, in a multitude of situations, without even knowing they exist. But these systems can become blocked, the system no *longer responds*, the compass *goes haywire*. And panic sets in.

We humans need *maps of the world* to function. If our *map*, a learned concoction elaborated by adaptations or compromises between our natural qualities, our experiences, our education and propaganda, turns out to be false, it is a catastrophe of the first magnitude. In this case, we should be able to go back to the old system, which has worked for hundreds of millions of years, the one which elaborates its map on a sure value, instinct, but access to this simple and efficient map is generally forbidden, and a good part of education consists in learning to distrust it.

On the island, most tourists stayed with locals, or even slept under the stars, or in abandoned sheepfolds. There was just one small hotel on the lime whitewashed, flat stone path up to the village. I'm not in the habit of chasing people or chasing after them; I don't know anything more detestable than those people who try to seduce you or persuade you of something. But in my state of extreme confusion, I decided to go and inquire at the hotel anyway, to find out if a very beautiful girl of Nordic type was staying there. However, when I arrived in front of the hotel, something stopped me. There was a noise of violent argument, of shouting in this hotel. I hadn't had a violent argument with anyone for a very long time, I had developed a particular art, an absolute calmness that stopped all attempts of aggression. I did not hide my desires and opinions, but the world of violence had become totally foreign to me. And, moreover, just like the word *pornstar*, violence was not *connected* with Shana; she could only run away from such a world as I did, from which I deduced, without entering the hotel, that she could not be there.

Somehow, because the vision of Shana crying and running away didn't fit anything I knew about the world, I had sort of put it aside; it wasn't *her*. It couldn't be *her* screaming hysterically in that hotel either. I was practicing a

form of *don't tell me, you can't be serious*, self-censorship; I was somehow protecting myself from a vision that was impossible for me to see, from an apocalyptic revelation.

When evening came, I went around in circles, going to all the clubs, bars, and so on, in the village. And I came back to the place, fearing that she had returned while I was away. I was going completely crazy. Where the hell could she be? What was she doing? I no longer understood who she was, who I was, who we were. I was totally lost.

I was in a state of total panic.

Panic

Finally, when night came and all hope of seeing her was gone, I went down from the village, towards the valley and my house. It is not easy to describe my state at that moment. It was the impression of being in a space suddenly without landmarks, in which nothing made sense anymore. The whole construction of my universe, a sensitive and intuitive universe, filled with the radiance of beings, was annihilated by this only fact: Shana's absence. I was alone, in an empty universe, empty of meaning. And I was *going in circles*, in a chaotic, senseless, meaningless movement; I was desperately looking for a way out that did not exist.

It was not a completely new state for me, in fact I had already experienced it, a long time ago, but of course I had totally forgotten it. We have experienced most of the most important states of our lives in various forms while we were still children or teenagers. I had already experienced a very similar state of panic when I was fifteen years old, and other states of panic, in different circumstances, as a result of the various terrors that were inflicted on me by Christian education.

I started dating at a very young age because I couldn't stand the ordinary life that seemed to be my lot in this world. I hated my family, especially my father; having to be around him *gave me a rash*. On Sundays, I used to run away through the streets deserted by the *Sunday rest* to the only place where a little life was pulsating, a *nightclub* that played through its small sound system the *hits* of the fifties, *soul* music and some embryos of *rock n' roll*, an entrance to another world. It was in principle forbidden to under sixteen years old, but I was *ahead* in everything, I expressed myself almost like an

adult, and I had the confidence of the *apropos* lines that I had acquired by years of constant war against the family bullshit. And then I met a beautiful blonde doll, a kid like me, and of course we soon celebrated the miracle of this unexpected encounter.

However, we had a problem, that of knowing how to *make it*. It was not the desire that was lacking, but the adequate time and space. We did not know, in our inexperience, how to solve this question.

One day, a close friend of mine, a freethinker and a companion of small debauchery, told me that my girlfriend had arranged a meeting for us that Sunday, while her parents were away; she had even managed to steal condoms, a mysterious object whose use was forbidden among Christians. I was obviously at the height of excitement; he gave me the address, in a certain rue Daguesseau. I didn't know this street, but there was a map of the city attached to a Post Office calendar that usually resided on a corner of the kitchen cupboard.

Strangely, and for the first time, the calendar was not in its place. I started to look for it and could not find it anywhere.

The panic started at that point. It would have been simple to ask my mother, the home's janitor, where the damn plan was, but I started to panic, afraid that she would ask me why I wanted the plan. I could have made up a silly excuse, but the panic was already starting to cloud my mind. I could have asked her where the damn Daguesseau Street was, but it was worse. I had a panic fear of being *discovered*. This was a crime I was about to commit, and more than my moron father, my mother was the keeper of the Law.

It was obviously the Law of the Christians, the awful nature-hating Jewish Law with love of neighbor and self-hatred added.

When the fateful hour of the appointment approached, I ran towards the city center in the deserted city, there was a kind of municipal advertising panel with a map of the city. And then, I had to go through the whole thing, from top to bottom and from front to back, but there was no Daguesseau street anywhere. I gave in completely to panic. My world was collapsing, as it would collapse many years later. Excitement turned to panic and despair. And there was not a single person in sight, whom I could have asked for help. I was lost, without a compass, in the middle of the desert.

In fact, it was very stupid: Daguesseau is spelled d'Aguesseau, and it is in the "A". The devil had gotten into it, no doubt. The absence of the calendar, which I could have studied quietly, plus the absence on the map, is too good to be true.

My friend cried, and never wanted to see me again. I fell down out from under. You never really get over that kind of story. Some stories, before, prepared it, and some stories, after, only want to repeat it. To make it pretty, we call it *fate*. Since the myth of Oedipus, who kills his father and marries his mother, tragic destiny is linked to *crime*. It remains to be known who, in reality, are the real criminals.

I wanted to sleep. I knew that I needed strength, that the situation demanded that I use all my abilities. But I couldn't. I was obsessed by this unbearable absence, and by the moment of our separation. She had cried. It had to be *me*, but I didn't know how. As those who believe in an infinitely good God say, and believe that they are necessarily guilty of the origin of evil, without knowing why or how: "But what have I done to God?" There had to be a cause for the horror, and I could not know it; I was very far, at that moment, from being able to even guess its existence, and it would take me years afterwards to recognize its hideous face. I could only think that it was *my fault*, as I had been taught with *well-deserved* slaps.

So I didn't sleep. Sleep deprivation is used by modern tormentors as an effective way to *break down* personalities and defenses, to make people unable to resist. The fact that more and more people, in our societies bathed in media, can no longer sleep, is not due to a malaise of their own, but to the fact that they are, without knowing it, and without knowing how, tormented by invisible tormentors, who permanently infuse them, in the media, by the laws, that they are guilty of being racist, anti-Semitic, intolerant, stupid, outdated, fascist, polluters, sexist, *closed*, hateful, this is only a sample, the list is immense and grows every day.

But I was far from being able to reflect, to take some distance. On the contrary, the torture amplified at every moment this terrible sensation, of an elusive world, in which the same question was endlessly revolving: why? Nothing, in what I had learned, in what I knew, allowed me to have the slightest clue about this question. How could she not come back, even for a moment, if she had a problem? It didn't make sense. I wasn't even sure I would see her again. I was terrified of the idea. I was in a panic.

In my illusion, we were living in a *free* world, since that is how this world defined itself. We had been *liberated* in 1945, so I was a child of the *Liberation* and of a *brighter tomorrow*. Evil and slavery had been destroyed with the Nazi totalitarian empire, founded on *racial hatred* as the source of all evil, and we were all happily breathing the air of *Freedom*, under the enlightened and benevolent leadership of the great *liberating* people, the Americans, who had saved us from the horror. So, if Shana, beautiful child of *free* America, was not coming back, it had to be of her own free will. I had made her cry, so she wasn't coming back. Maybe she would never come back.

I could not imagine for a moment that everything I had learned about *liberating* America, about the Hollywood distribution of the roles of the good guys and the bad guys, was only illusions and machinations. And even, as I would understand much later, criminal machinations.

So I thought that I must have made a mistake somewhere. But I couldn't see *where*.

I was just an ordinary European, as was Shana. We were beautiful and sensitive, but we had been fed the same propaganda as everyone else. And, despite all the culture I had acquired in libraries and encyclopedias, the slightest clue that would have allowed me to see reality other than through my ordinary mental map had remained hidden. The texts that could have enlightened me were simply inaccessible, and only known to tiny groups of dissidents.

I was not even able, of course, to imagine that anything was hidden; if I could have done so, even minimally, I could have regained a foothold back in the real world, detected the beginning of a lead. But there was only a staggering emptiness. Without a functional map, there was nothing left.

What was expressed in Shana's tears and flight was *unspeakable*, literally, it was not possible to give it a name. The unspeakable holds the keys to total power. What we don't know the contours can't be named or fought. This is why in terrorist religions the name of God cannot be pronounced. This archaic practice of power is taken up by masonry, which has made its God's name the greatest secret; yet this sect, which is more Judeo than Judeo-Christian, claims to be modern and enlightened, even downright *illuminated*. But, continuing the cabalists unceasing work, its objective is always power. In the world of contemporary *political correctness*, it becomes impossible to simply name certain groups, ethnic or religious, which have become

unspeakable. The reign of the unspeakable is expanding every day. Come on, smile, it's a *free world*.

In times of confusion, I used to draw the I *Ching*. I had been drawing Tarot cards for quite some time, and I had discovered that I had a talent for this game. The cards can give excellent information about the future but are totally embedded in the mythical and symbolic world of the West, a complex mixture of ancient local traditions and imposed Christianity. The I Ching is very different. It is very old, among the oldest books in the world, and totally indigenous; it follows a strictly binary logic and is extremely coherent. The I Ching uses symbols only to refer to concrete things and events; if you are in an *unspeakable* situation, consult the I Ching, it will name it for you without any detours. A Chinese said that it *takes the pulse of the world*. It is a book of diagnosis, clear and precise. All this being said, to use it or not, to believe or not to believe in the exactitude of its diagnoses, *it's like anything*, it is a question of affinities.

During that night I drew the I Ching several times. That night when I was struggling in a frightening emptiness, I repeatedly drew the worst sign of the book, a sign I had never drawn before: *Ming Yi*, the darkening of the light (the wounded intelligence).

"The sun fell into the abyss under the earth and is darkened. The name of the hexagram literally means: "Wounded Light", and the lines of the hexagram refer to wounds. A dark man is in a position of authority and wounds the man of insight and wisdom."

"The light has sunk into the earth: image of the darkening of the light. This is how the noble man lives with the great multitude: he veils his brilliance and yet remains luminous".

And also: "One finds oneself in the vicinity of the leader of darkness and thus discovers his most secret thoughts. One realizes that there is no more improvement to be hoped for and is able to leave the place of trouble before it breaks out."

To say that the diagnosis was catastrophic is an understatement.

Just after the discovery of Eve, of Aphrodite, of nature in all the grace of its nudity and its simplicity, the backlash had not been long in coming. The dazzle had led me to blindness. Old story.

I have to make a little explanation of how the I Ching views the world. It is quite simple. Basically, it is binary: just as there is an upper and a lower, heaven and earth, light and darkness, there are superior and inferior beings. This is obviously a far cry from "the last shall be first", brandished by a paranoid Jewish terrorist some two thousand years ago, or from the *Universal Declaration of Human Rights* which claims to exterminate all discrimination. According to the very ancient wisdom of the I Ching, which is drawn from the same source as Taoist naturalism, there is a peaceful and fruitful natural order in which superior men are at the top, and a chaotic disorder when inferior men are in power. According to this book, the passage from order to disorder and back again is cyclical. It is when inferior men are in power that they become *evil* or *dark*. The reason is that they can only come to power through treachery and lies. A world based on lies, plunder and terror necessarily becomes chaotic. This is a diagnosis that can be applied, in a general way, to the whole of the West today, although there are some pockets of resistance.

To put it simply, the I Ching uses the inequality as the basis of its description of the world and society, in a binary way: there is in everything a superior and an inferior, heaven and earth, *yang* and *yin*, creator and receiver, strong and weak, etc. This is a simple observation: in nature in general, and in humans in particular, inequality is everywhere. In the I Ching, *good* and *evil* are facts: if the world is well ordered, that is to say, if superior men dominate, harmony reigns and there are no conflicts; everyone is in his place, and it is the reign of *good*. If, through decadence, slovenliness, or cunning, the inferiors succeed in seizing power, they become *evil* and the world becomes evil too, corruption spreads to all. In the world *moralized* by Judeo-Christianity and its *progressive* avatars, the conceptions of equality and of good and evil are totally different. Humans are claimed to be *equal* regardless of their real differences, and notions of *right* and *wrong* depend on submission to this idea of equality; those who promote all forms of equality, including the most aberrant, are said to be *progressive*, and those who still dare to *discriminate*, i.e., to see differences and take them into account, are said to be *fascist*. In relation to the Chinese system, this system *walks on its head*; and still referring to the Chinese thought, it can only have been instituted by inferior, lying and evil beings. In the commission for the establishment of the *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*, chaired by the fanatical Eleanor Roosevelt, the only member who protested against the

obvious anti-natural, oppressive and totalitarian, or globally *evil*, side of the thing was Chinese. China was at the time considered underdeveloped, and could have benefited greatly from these *rights*, but it did not, unlike the most backward areas of the planet.

At that time, I was far from understanding the pervasiveness of lies and evil in our world; they had not yet reached their full development, but they were there, and I had a taste of them.

A glimmer of hope?

The next day, after a sleepless night, exhausted by the obsession, I returned to the village. I didn't even take my scuba bag, which hadn't happened to me for years. And I went to the village square, to the place where she had left me, waiting, waiting, waiting, not knowing what else to do.

Disconnected. Disoriented. Broken.

The wait was, in itself, a torment. An agonizing void. Without her, the world no longer vibrated. And this tiredness, too, which tormented me; all my vital functions were as if suspended above the void.

I've never been able to wait. When I am forced to wait, I am always tempted to run away, which I often do. This is one of the oddities of my - behavior, and it is only recently that its cause has come to the surface of my memory. I remembered well that my dear father, this excellent Christian, full of love for God and strangers, and hatred for himself and his relatives, used to torture me when my dear mother, an excellent Christian bigot, went away and left her children with him to go and spread the Word of God among the lost sheep. But I had forgotten the exact scenario. To avoid leaving any traces that would have alerted my blissful mother, even when she was perched at the top of her devotion, this sadist had invented a *home-made* torture. It consisted in putting me in a cold and dark staircase, standing with my hands on my head, absolutely forbidden to move, under the threat of even worse abuses. I turned my back to the open door, and the pleasure of the pervert was to come and check in secret if I had moved, hoping to surprise me, then, when all my muscles were screaming with fatigue, when I was cracking, on the verge of fainting, he could then, supreme pleasure, humiliate me for my *weakness*, feast on the impotent rage and tears that I had difficulty in stifling, and make me feel the weight of his goodness and magnanimity, not to crush an earthworm like me. All this was accompanied by a promise to kill me if I said a single word to my mother. That's why any waiting causes me to be in a state of deep despair; Shana obviously couldn't know that.

Finally, after an infinite waiting, following an infinite waiting, she appeared, running, from the alley by which, the day before, she had left. The ecstasy returned instantly, and I started to live again. I jumped up, hugged her, and our lips mingled, simply, passionately, as if our bodies had never

been separated. And we stayed like that, entwined, for a long time. We moved away, and I looked at her. She, the only one.

“I know what you want”

"I know what you want," she said.

"What?"

I was extremely surprised, what did that mean?

"What do you mean?"

She went to sit down. I followed her.

"I felt it, you had a hard on."

"Sure," I said. "What do you mean?"

She did not answer.

"Do you mean that I just want to fuck you?"

I was appalled. I didn't expect such a remark at all. As if she knew what I wanted. Of course I had a hard-on, I have excellent reflexes, thank you, but all the time she was away, I only wanted one thing, her presence; sex was not a problem for me at all; I didn't even think about it, in the face of the urgency of the absence. I didn't have the slightest doubt about the loving and therefore sexual quality of our relationship, what was a problem was her absence.

"I want to live with you, share with you, I love you - who do you think I am?"

For a moment she seemed to be taken aback, as if what I was saying was coming from a space unknown to her.

"Excuse me," she said.

"To have a hard on is just natural, I love you, I feel your body and I have a hard on... it is just natural - you don't feel anything?"

I was more and more amazed.

"Yes, I do," she says, but almost reluctantly.

"You don't need to look for cocaine - we found some," she said, abruptly.

She imagined me at her service, at her devotion, moving heaven and earth to find her coke. She didn't seem to imagine that I wasn't *the type* to do that at all, even if all her worshippers were. I had no idea where they had found cocaine - today I know that it was Jean-Pierre, the island's respectable *French dentist*, on vacation six months a year, who supplied them. But most of all, she had surely taken some - and in the newfound ecstasy of her presence, I didn't notice the signs of the *cool* world she'd fallen back into. She was different from the day before, but I couldn't see it clearly. The grip of her *friends*, through the coke, was invisible, but very present.

Her "*I know what you want*", addressed to me as if I were a customer in her store, showed that she came from a *cool*, emotionless world, a world of power and commercial calculations. She had just spent twenty-four hours there, hours that she should have spent with me, irreplaceable hours that would have a terrible weight in our history.

This world was that of erotic magazines, then of pornography, a world where she had integrated herself in a few months, because her extraordinary beauty and her charm were not enough, she also had to accept the codes of venality and commerce to become a *pornstar*; in this world, humans are agitated by material needs and sex is only a service like another, but more expensive. In a commercial world, beings are objects that can be evaluated according to various systems; in the *liberal* world, these objects are free, that is to say that they sell themselves *freely*.

But it didn't affect me. The euphoria of her mere presence was such that she could have said almost anything to me without altering it. Her long absence said otherwise, but it still seemed to me that nothing could separate us.

Despite the coke she had probably taken, and as if in another space, the vibration, the same vibration, unchanged, was still present. I don't vibrate alone, in fact I believe that nobody really vibrates alone. Is this an illusion? I don't know, but it seems to me that there is a whole set of subtle perceptions that it is absolutely impossible to simulate, and this one certainly doesn't vibrate on command, it needs a real presence.

Living beings communicate in many other ways than speech, and in much deeper ways. There is a world of sensations, emotions, images, dreams that we share, even beyond the species barrier. Some call this world the world of *forms*. It was sometimes called the world of *souls*. Our meeting, the day

before, this *love at first sight*, was a meeting of two beautiful, intelligent and sensitive beings, but that says nothing of the infinite ecstatic sensation that it triggered. It is that we are bathed in an ocean of powerful and deep forces, which go far beyond our space and time. And words are of no use to these currents, other than to distort them or to restrict them.

I don't know if this has happened to others, or if they have noticed it, but I have sometimes seen women stop walking, turn around and come towards me when I am in a public place like a café, even though they could not physically have seen me; but they had *felt* me. And once, only once that I know of, I found myself inexplicably drawn to a café where there was a woman, when I was on the other side of a wide street; and I hadn't seen that woman; I didn't even know I was attracted to a woman, I was just attracted to that café where I had no intention of going, having other things to do. When I entered the café, she was sitting with her back to me, but I noticed her sensuality emanating from her whole being. She also sensed my presence very quickly, turned around and went towards me; she was very beautiful. They say that women have a mysterious *intuition*. And if it was a particular sensitivity to phenomena that males perceive less?

Scientists have tried to explain these phenomena by pheromones, hormonal molecules that we leave traces of and that others can smell unconsciously; this likens us, in essence, to butterflies that can actually detect a female from a great distance thanks to their olfactory cells. But we would need a more global explanation. For example, dolphins do not have olfactory cells as far as I know, but there are phenomena of very strong attraction between dolphins and humans of *opposite* sexes. The possibilities of mating between humans and dolphins are however, physically, almost nil, what brings us closer is our enormous brains. I once snorkeled in Brittany, in a very wild place, famous because a solitary dolphin, which is very rare in this extremely sociable animal, had established her territory there. It was said that she came when divers tapped on their tanks; as I had no tanks, my chances of meeting her were low. But suddenly, I saw a huge mass appearing in my field of vision, very limited in this place beaten by the waves, running towards me and brushing me, as if to play. After my first moment of stupor, she came to slide delicately beside me, her head almost against mine, and I dived several times with her. What happened then was quite extraordinary; I felt a vibration, and I couldn't mistake it, it was a love vibration, a vibration of the same kind that I experienced, very strongly with Shana, but also the

few other times when I was really in love. And I must say, the vibration with this huge animal was strong. And she had also felt my presence, probably from quite a distance; I didn't have to call her. Friends have also told me that, among people who are not very involved in civilization, some can *sense* presences very well, sometimes from quite far away.

Phenomena like telepathy are independent of space, so they are quite probably vibrational, but the vibrational phenomena known to physics are all strongly attenuated by distance, and transmission over great distances requires high energies. Telepathy therefore uses another channel than the known physical channels, perhaps quantum phenomena, which are independent of space, but all this is still very vague. These phenomena are in any case extremely precise, and very selective; unlike the female butterfly, or human, who throws her pheromones into space, accessible to everyone, the systems of attraction and telepathy connect, without their knowing it, people who are, as we say, *on the same wavelength*.

What pulsed continuously, unperturbed, between Shana and me was a vibration; it was immensely powerful, ecstatic, and it had no name. It was probably the same kind of *radiance* that Shana talks about in her little poem. Some very sensitive people, like psychics, also feel a *radiance* in me, which unlike Shana, I am not really aware of. A psychic I contacted used exactly the same term about me, referring to the period when I met Shana, I was "*a very radiant person*" (this word is not often used in French, we use "*radieux*", which has a less active meaning). *Love at first sight* and *radiance* are in the same class of phenomena, almost all of which are ignored by modern science, which only wants to see phantasmagoria generated by the psyche, which is a way of not dealing with the subject.

The only analogy that exists to my knowledge between love at first sight, radiance and the ordinary physical world is that of *magnetism*. It is as if the powerful love at first sight were created by the meeting of two magnetisms of equal power and opposite force, which attract each other irresistibly like the opposite poles of two magnets. This is also consistent with the number of lesser *loves at first sight* generated by the presence of beings endowed with an intense magnetism: all of Shana's partners, however big cynical perverts, invariably fell in love with her, probably to their great shame, just as I collect lesser loves at first sight with everything that moves around me, girls, women and even homos. And this is totally independent of my will; in fact, incredible

as it may seem, it is one of the reasons why I don't go out much - the other being my tendency to be lazy, but it is somehow related.

Money, sex, and other conveniences

If I was still in the rapture of Shana's presence, she had probably taken cocaine, or rather, she had been taken by the cocaine given to her by her friends. Cocaine has many other effects than making you lose weight, it is an anesthetic and neutralizes emotions, while developing in its adepts an illusion of pleasure, inaccessibility and control; the shamans, who are not cut off from the world of souls, say that the substances are spirits, and that these powerful spirits seek to control the humans who use them indiscriminately. I don't believe much in this theory, drugs don't come by themselves to vibrate our brains, they are always provided by other humans, and, very often no doubt, with a purpose of control. Behind what is generally called a *spirit*, there is always the ghost of the humans who created it.

"We have to speak," she said.

"O.K. I said, "what about?"

"Us," she said. *"Do you have money?"*

Money? What did "we" have to do with money? This was totally unexpected. And it was the first time she had ever talked about "us". How could "we" have anything to do with me having money?

"Yes, I get enough money to live, I have a great life, without a lot of money - I get the nature, the sea, the sun, a nice place, and most importantly, freedom... I have more money than I need, life is cheap here. Why?"

"We need a lot of money." , she said.

"Why?" , I asked, surprised.

"For me to be allowed to come with you," , she said.

"To come with me? Money to come with me?" I was more and more amazed. *"I don't understand, why?"*

"It's my friends," she said. *"They want money to allow me to come with you."*

She had to repeat it, it was hard to get into my head.

"How much money do they want?", I asked, still puzzled.

"A lot," she said, without specifying.

I found myself once again reduced to nothing, because I didn't have the money necessary for her to "come with me". I could never have imagined such a thing; it was as if the whole being that I was and that I had patiently elaborated, a being much freer than the ordinary one, and that was in love with her, was nothing, useless, impotent, as if its only useful function was to have money. It was a terrible impression, and it was the second time that I was definitely not, in what she said, the right person, *"the right man in the right place"*. Yesterday I should have accepted to sell myself in porn, today I should have accepted some tempting proposals to make a lot of money. But if I had compromised, I would have probably lost what made me strong, and what probably attracted him as well as many others, my freedom, which is rarer than the money that circulates between masters and slaves.

"But why do they ask for money?", I said

"I signed many contracts. "

"So what? Let's go to a judge, that's it."

"We can't go to a judge. They will kill us. He told me: I want to see him, only with the money in his hand."

To kill us? For money?

"They yell at me because I don't want to do my job."

"So what? You don't want to do your job, you don't do it. Nobody can force you to do something you don't want."

"I want to do my job only with you, but they refuse," she says.

"Do your job with me? How can I do a job I never did?"

"You did it many times - You are good at it - I know it."

I was still confused - *"OK, you know it better than me - I don't know what this job is."* I was still confused - *"But why do your friends don't want me?"*

"You are not a professional," she said.

"Sure not - I am not a professional."

"But you could do it."

"So what's the problem?"

"You are not circumcised."

At that point I almost fell over.

"How do they know that? And why to be circumcised to do a job?"

"It's that job."

I tried to understand. It took me a long time to find a reason to be circumcised to do her "job".

"Are they Jews?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"I have nothing against Jews," I said.

It was the fetish phrase, the mantra, that everyone repeats, without even realizing it, just as the Christian repeated the "*vade retro, satanas*" to protect himself from *temptation*. It is a phrase that protects us from the temptation of evil. As a result of intense traumatic propaganda, inflicted from childhood onwards, to have anything even the shadow of a doubt *against the Jews* is the worst of the worst of horrible *racial hatred*. It is much the same as, in the old days of fanatical Christianity, to dare to *doubt* God or his existence; the slightest *anti-Semitic* criticism is blasphemous, damning, throwing you into hell, and it is a new fanaticism, just as infernal as the old one, or even worse.

A sacred horror has been built around the person of the Jews, innocent *victims* of the filthy *Nazis*, and any dispute is a blasphemy, a terrible sin that attracts the wrath of Hell and public vindication. It is only much, much later, alas, that I will understand that this sacred horror is a cover, and that it hides some very real horrors.

This was not the time to defend against Jewish *friends*, let alone attack them. It was me who was still at fault, one might say, as usual. I hadn't wanted to do porn, I didn't have a lot of money, and on top of that, I wasn't circumcised or Jewish. The accumulation of my faults was becoming phenomenal.

But still, I did not accept this new blow. There was one thing I knew from experience, and from having known young Jewish women who hid to see me,

that circumcision is a catastrophe for sexuality. That it was also a psychological catastrophe was beyond my perception at the time, but as far as sexuality was concerned, I could not be fooled.

"I am sorry, but circumcised people are awful lovers. They hurt women, most of the time, because they don't get any sensitivity. I had a German friend, a girl, who lived with a Jew - a very rich guy - and always complained that she was hurt during sex. And worse, her Jewish female psychoanalyst was telling her that it's normal for a woman to suffer during sex, and that all women simulate pleasure. How stupid!"

And again:

"A Jewish doctor in a hospital once tried to persuade me to be circumcised, but I refused and told him that it was very satisfying as it was. He was furious, and all the nurses around pissed laughing."

The doctor who wanted to circumcise me by authority had decreed that I had a *curved hard on*, and that it was a defect according to him; I had consulted him because I had had a small tear on the frenum, and a kind of small wart, called "cock's crest", had developed on the tear, and bothered me, aesthetically speaking. I had irritated the doctor when he asked me how I got it, and I candidly told him the little story: that I had fucked a Jewish girl several times, who didn't have the slightest orgasm, nor even the slightest quiver, that it had irritated me, that I had foolishly tried to make her come, which had finally caused the little tear, and I had concluded that I wouldn't be caught again; this girl, in fact, only liked to be fucked in the ass, by her usual lover, a Jew. The mad doctor, whom I had not tried to find out whether he was Jewish or not when I went to see him, not seeing any importance, wanted absolutely to make me bear the burden of the fault, and knew only one way to cure me, to cut my foreskin. I had found it a little stiff, to say the least.

I was amused at the time. I didn't know that I had escaped the doctor, but that we would not escape Shana's *friends* so easily. In fact, we were touching the heart of hatred, the unquenchable hatred of the cripple for humanity, but this hatred was not something I was allowed to see.

We weren't there. We just had a little problem with her *friends*. They wanted her to do a *job*, she wanted to do it, but only with me, and they didn't want to. It didn't seem like the end of the world.

"Just leave them, come in my house, fuck them."

"I can't, they will kill us if I go."

"Kill us? Here? It's impossible. They will not even find us - they will not find my house."

"They will find us."

"How can they know that?"

She did not answer. Her *friends* really seemed to have an unusual power.

I obviously didn't believe it. How could they kill us, on a small island, without all my Greek friends immediately knowing about it?

"It does not make sense," I said. *"It's impossible. The Greeks know everything that happens here - nobody can kill us."*

"I am too afraid," she said.

She smiled as she said this. We were still in the rapture of our presence. We were simultaneously in two worlds, there was a world of words, in which she said she was afraid, and a world without words, where fear did not exist. When we feel fear, the emotion created by a threat, we can react to that threat, either by fleeing or by aggression. But here, we didn't feel anything like that. I just knew, with certainty, that it was impossible to kill us on my island. But she didn't seem to want to hear me. Her belief in her *friends'* ability to kill us was total. I couldn't fight it, and it was a pretty scary feeling. The worry, the incomprehension, the torture of the night turned into a kind of despair, as if a threat, dull, imprecise, was holding our lives to a thread.

This deep-seated certainty in Shana is an exact copy of a fundamental instruction implanted in the consciousness of victims of the CIA's MK-Ultra *mind control* program: *"Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide."* This instruction is essential in the slave control program, whatever their assigned role; in Shana's case it would obviously be a sex slave. The same idea is found in the Judeo-Masonic symbol of the *All-Seeing Eye*, the eye in the triangle, that the predatory financiers of the U.S. Federal Reserve Bank have put on their one dollar bill. *"The eye was in the tomb and looked at Cain"*.

This omniscient *All-Seeing Eye*, which probes hearts and minds, has ancient origins in the terrible religions of the Near and Middle East, including those of Baal-Moloch, and those that prevailed in Babylon. This

Eye is inseparable from the notion of *sin*, or *fault*. It is an eye of terrorist surveillance. This Eye That Sees All is the origin of the very strange Judaic custom of the Scapegoat: since God sees all sins, including those that escape the human watchers or guards, he must be offered a sacrifice of reparation, this goat loaded with all the unseen, and unpunished, sins of the tribe.

I tried to reason with her anyway. And also, to get back to the ordinary reality, the one where you don't kill people because they don't want to do a job.

"But do they need you for that job? "

"Yes," she replied.

"So, they can't kill you if they need you."

"I am too afraid," she said again.

It was a fear that defied reason. It was uncontrollable, there was no grip. The darkness, hurting the intelligence, was still thickening. I could feel her like running away, as she had the day before, in panic, and panic was setting in for me too. As the ancient Celts feared, *the sky was falling*.

There are only two natural reactions to fear, the perception of a threat, they are aggression and flight. There is another possible reaction, which I knew well, that can be learned through a mental technique: calming the fear and preventing it from triggering a cycle of violence or panic. It was a technique I could use from time to time in the ordinary circumstances of life, but here, in this extraordinary circumstance, all the dams I had carefully built had been swept away. And this panic that I had more or less managed to control was going to invest me again by sweeping away all my defenses.

So I had to adapt, either fight or flight. As everyone knows, the best defense is offense. I didn't even consider it. In my slave upbringing, I had learned to endure without *fighting back*. After the very brief period when I had surprised myself by throwing paving stones at C.R.S., awakening in me a very sure instinct for combat that I thought I was totally lacking, I had never attacked anyone again. So, there was only one solution left, escape. Today the rage fills me every day, and I dream, in my half-sleep, of transforming his *friends* into waste for the pigs. But I did not have at the time this weapon given by their god to them alone, the hatred.

So I thought only of defensive or evasive measures. I didn't like it, I didn't like to run away, and I proposed them only reluctantly, for lack of any other immediate solution.

"Ok, we can go to another island. I will leave my house. I know many islands here, they are a lot, they will never find us, I swear it."

"If I go, they said that they will kill all my family, my parents, my brothers and sisters."

"How do you believe that? It's impossible, a whole family, there is a police."

"They pay the police," she says.

"They pay the police?" Here, my amazement increased even more. *"But who are your friends? How can they pay the police?"*

She did not answer. We were at the heart of the matter. It was the sensitive point, and it was the forbidden point, the one I had involuntarily touched by saying, the day before, that "it would be a crime".

In my confusion, I had several elements of understanding, but I could not connect them, to give them a global meaning. Her *friends* were *Jewish*, she had signed contracts, she couldn't run away, and they were threatening to kill us or her family. They were apparently some kind of criminals. But I could not connect this to pornography, which would be an *unthinkable* crime, because this foul crime, attacking a beautiful, inexperienced, defenseless European teenager, whom just about any vaguely normal person would have had the natural reflex to love, respect, and protect, could only be done by a monstrous species of psychopaths, and to connect these monsters to the innocent *Jewish people*, the victims of *hate*, was *unthinkable*. To see that some *Jews* are criminals, and sometimes particularly heinous criminals, has become a crime, even a *crime against humanity*. This vision *stirs up hatred*, as it is said, *you don't mean it!*

The question, "Who are they?" was central, as was the question of her *job*, and the two were linked. I couldn't believe the "they pay the police" that Shana seemed to believe, but at the same time I couldn't disbelieve her and treat her like an idiot. Paying the police, to have some efficiency in covering up conspicuous crimes, is only conceivable if you pay them at the highest level of decision-making. At that level, it becomes difficult to distinguish

between corruption and collaboration. I found, in all that I knew, only one entity that could possibly define *who they are*, and what happened next will show that this intuition was not far from capturing an important part of reality.

"*They are the CIA?*" I asked.

"No," she said.

"*But who are they? I get crazy.*"

She did not answer. Perhaps the word was too difficult to say, "criminals". Or, more precisely, Jewish mafia; something that is *unthinkable* and *unspeakable*; to raise the possibility of the existence of a *Jewish mafia* is liable to the wrath of all sorts of *charitable associations* committed to the good of humanity and to the fight against *slander*. Or perhaps she saw nothing but *friends*. They were, after all, honorable *Jewish* sex industry businessmen, beneficiaries of the First Amendment's *freedom of speech*, as decreed by the US Supreme Court, who were doing their job, promoting an adulterated *sexual freedom* and the *right to difference* for the most infamous perversions. The *Jews* could not be *bad*; the chorus of the media and the authorities had sung to me in every tone that the bad ones were the *Nazis*, and that the Jews were the *innocent victims* of the most appalling *crime against humanity*. I was unable to reconcile the image of the *Jews* that I had been taught with the reality of the most despicable *underworld*; any attempt to do so would have put me on the cursed side of the awful *Nazis* who deserved to be exterminated, and it was *unthinkable*. To change these perceptions, or to question them, would have been a psychic cataclysm for which I was not prepared.

In fact, I would have found anything to avoid the shock of seeing reality. In order to find, in spite of everything, a label to put on this threatening reality, I had found the CIA, as the only approach of an occult power, capable of paying the police and of massacring whole families, for a reason of State no doubt, because one must imagine a reason. In the popularized imagery, the CIA is the model of the occult power, which one can suspect, because it is secret, of being malicious. In fact, I would learn much later that close links exist between the Jewish mafia, the drug, pornography and prostitution networks, and the CIA, and of course the corrupt world of politicians and the world of the masters of the game, the all-powerful Judaic financial cabal.

I believe that in the 1980s, in France, the expression *Jewish mafia* did not even exist; Jews and mafia existed in two separate realities without any connection. It wasn't until the 2000s that people started talking about the existence of a *Judeo-mafia*. In the United States, the existence of this mafia was in principle well known, and it had several picturesque names: Yiddish Connection, Jewish Mob, Jewish Mafia, Kosher Mob, Kosher Nostra. It had been linked to the Prohibition trafficking, then the National Crime Syndicate led by Meyer Lansky for the Jewish side and Lucky Luciano for the Italian side collaborated with the American secret services to invade fascist Italy by the South, fief of the Italian mafia. Both Mussolini and Hitler had undertaken to rid their countries of the underworld, pornography etc.; the alliance of the mafias with the Allies was therefore natural. On the other hand, it was fairly well known that Hollywood had been the stronghold of Jewish mobsters Benjamin *Bugsy* Siegel, then, after his assassination, Meyer *Mickey* Cohen.

I don't know if Colleen had any idea about all this, which was no secret in Hollywood; she knew a lot more than I did anyway. Maybe she could have explained it to me - or at least tried. But she was hiding from reality as much and probably more than I was. She wouldn't enlighten me about *who they were*. They were her *friends*. What they were doing was *for her own good*. She was a *star*, she would soon be a *superstar*. They had their methods, but they were *cool*. She was just a beautiful kid who had a whim to fall in love with the first handsome male who came along, a *peace and love* retard on his island. I was just a youthful mistake. She would get over it.

I didn't understand the meaning of "*pornstar*," and now I didn't understand who her *friends* were. I was in a state of complete confusion. And the day before, instead of trying to explain it to me, she had left crying. I didn't understand anything about this damn *job*, nothing that could fit on the beautiful, bright, angelic, blond head, barely out of childhood, that I had before me. I had to be able to imagine a world of horrible monsters in human form, beyond what my worst nightmares could imagine. This world, for me, did not exist, could not exist. And, if it did exist, I would have heard about it. And, without a doubt, she didn't want to realize the existence of this world either. She didn't want to talk about it; as in superstitions, not talking about something is to make sure that it doesn't exist. She could have protested, struggled, rebelled. But not at all. She was calm. Smiling. Control, control, cocaine. Everything was fine. The problem probably wasn't her *friends*, it was me.

It wasn't going well, though.

"How can they be your 'friends,' if they say that they will kill us or your family? They are your enemies, not your friends. I don't understand." - It became a repetitive phrase, "I don't understand"; the more we talked, the less I understood.

"They take care of me," she says.

What was I to understand? That I couldn't take care of her? That she needed them? I felt devastated. What exactly was I in this story?

I'm not sure of what I said, at that moment, after a moment of silence and stupefaction, where I could only see a dizzying emptiness, with my thought spinning out of control, unable to find an exit. You know, that state, in which you think, and even very actively, but you only produce a silence. This is the only moment that remained obscure in my memory; there are many moments that were difficult to retrieve precisely, but this one particularly resists. I think I panicked badly. She needed them to *take care* of her, in their own way; I was probably occupying an empty slot, a huge empty slot, but this empty slot, there was no need for it; I was too much, perhaps.

Friends who threaten to kill you, it's Orwell's world, but better:

"War is Peace
Freedom is Slavery
Ignorance is Strength "
George Orwell, 1984

Better, because it wasn't a figment of my imagination. It was right there, laid out before me, less than two years before the date, 1984. And it was much more sophisticated than Orwell's summary dictatorship, the brainwashing was accompanied by incentives, money, fame, and emotional blackmail from *friends* who are *protectors*. More sophisticated, but it was a very banal policy, that of the *carrot and the stick*, wrapped in manipulative speeches. The situation also mixed the mendacious paradoxes of Orwell's 1984 and the undifferentiated happiness of the drugs in Huxley's *Brave New World*. We were in the middle of a futuristic nightmare written just after the end of the Second World War, at a time when the victors had painted life pink to their advantage. Huxley and Orwell were very well-informed people.

Orwell's world is a caricature, but in fact reality is worth the fiction; in Christian education you are tortured *for your own good*, to obtain a slave-like obedience, while being told that *God is Love*, a great advance compared to Judaism where the God does not hide from being a Jealous Avenger God; the progress of educational sciences never stops, I recently read on a poster painted by the children of a primary school class the slogan: "Difference is not a difference", embellished by uniformly round and identical heads of children where only the colors of skin, hair, etc., were different and of course mixed and *blended* in an imaginary *mix*. Since the end of the second world war, we have made a lot of *progress*. We no longer swallow snakes, we swallow boas. Even Boas, the famous German Jewish anthropologist who invited himself to the United States to impose the nihilistic untruths of relativism, or of cultural and racial *equality*.

I think I said to her:

"You don't want to leave them, then?"

And she would have said, *"I can't."*

or *"I am too afraid."*

But maybe I didn't say anything, too. Or once again, *"I don't understand"*. *Friends* who threaten to kill her if she comes with me, or who threaten to kill her family, people who can find you anywhere, who pay the police, and who "take care of her", what's that, by which end?

It was the famous *double bind*, the situation with no way out. The paradox of the so-called friend who is also an enemy, the paradox that ravages *multicultural* societies, was chaining us.

In reality, all this, the *protection*, the death threats, the collusion with the police, the auctioning of bodies and souls, the slavery through debt, the contracts and various blackmail, all this is the sign of the Mafia, and in this case the oldest and worst of all, the Jewish Mafia. But the power of this mafia is such, since the Second World War, that it is forbidden to even imagine that it exists.

But if I felt the oppression, I was very far from grasping or even imagining its causes, and I was floating without any reference in a hostile universe, without understanding its origin or functioning. The more or less harmonious world in which I lived, my own being, the love and affection that I easily felt, the environment of a sublime and living nature, all this left no

room for hatred; I did not know this feeling, which had become for me like an old-fashioned thing from a forgotten past.

"What shall we do? Suicide? I will do anything with you, even die, I don't care."

"No," she said.

"But what can we do?"

"I don't know. "

Referring to the stories and models I knew, those of Tristan and Isolde, Romeo and Juliet, the only way to stay together was to escape from this world together, since we could neither flee nor fight.

The prohibition of violence was such that I did not even think about it. The whole education of the Christian is aimed at making him a willing victim of a *sacrifice*, and even a quick reading of the Holy Book quickly reveals who are the *sacrificing priests* who will profit from it : the *chosen people*, "a Kingdom of *Kohanim*" (*Exodus* 19:6), the *Kohanim*, plural of *Kohen*, being the sacrificing priests.

You shall not be a hero

In short, we were totally, definitely stuck, simply because our whole European world was stuck in a death trap, and we were in the front line.

Years later, I would hear a recording in which Shana recalled her memories and said, *"I was not feeling bad; I was stuck."* - that's exactly what it was.

And suddenly, emerging from all this confusion, an idea.

"OK. You can't come with me, because your friends kill us. We can't go to another island, because your friends kill your family. But I can go with you to your place, even if they don't want to see me - I don't care about them. I need to sleep."

I thought that at least getting some sleep might shed some light on the situation.

She jumped up, just like the day before, when I had said, "That would be a crime". But this time she had a big smile on her face. And she made a movement, as if to run again towards the place from where she had come.

I didn't expect such a sudden reaction at all, it was a suggestion, I needed to look into it, I needed to know a lot of things about the situation to venture into it. And, since it looked awfully like the previous day's movement, it sent me more or less into *panic* mode.

It was this impression that I had, that there was a powerful force out there, on the side of her *friends*, that made her go into *panic* mode at the slightest opportunity that she *felt* she had to get back as soon as possible. What she *felt* had all the appearance of an instructional program that short-circuited the normal circuits of situational awareness and decision making that sensible people usually use, even when in love. Shana had been taught a version of God's Commandments in which one of the Commandments was that under any circumstance, she had to return to her *friends* and her *controller* as soon as possible or face immediate destruction and annihilation. I was just an insert in this story, and a very troublesome one.

Obviously I hated this impression of being caught up in a story I knew almost nothing about, and I was well aware, having seen her cry the day before, that this story, she didn't master it at all.

On the other hand, traumatized by her panic of the day before, my reaction was rather to make sure to stay as long as possible alone with her, and far from her *friends*, to *erase*, somehow, this impression of panic, and go back to some kind of normality.

I had not even considered, before, to follow her to her house, or to her friends' house, as you like; the place where she had run in a state of emotional shock and panic did not tell me anything worthwhile, it was, in my representation, a place that it was probably better to flee like plague. My obsessive idea was to keep her close to me, with me, as it had always happened in my *normal* relationships, as it normally happens between free beings.

But I also have a taste for risk; I have quite often embarked on attempts that could be called suicidal, but for me it was a matter of *tempting the devil*, to see if I could, in a way, force the fate. There was a romantic, adventurous,

even heroic side to defy the source of evil, the mysterious *friends* from whom it seemed so difficult to get away.

Who, among the little men, has not dreamed of delivering the beautiful princess and being a hero?

And a voice said to me, like a *voice-over* in a movie: "You must not be a hero."

"You must not be a hero. This voice was imposing, it was an order that could not be discussed. I didn't even think of rebelling. I often have a first reflex of rebellion or rejection, as soon as I feel or imagine that someone wants to impose something on me, or even to incite me; this is sometimes, moreover, totally inappropriate to the situation and it has caused me to waste more than one opportunity; it is the result of an education that wanted a little too obstinately to conform me and only achieved a radically opposite result. In the Christian dichotomy, Satan is *the rebel*; there is little choice, submission or rebellion. Both choices are equally bad, if you ask me, but there are no others available in this context.

This voice, inside me, seemed to come from *elsewhere*.

This voice was a very singular event, that I have only experienced twice in my life, as far as I can remember, in the space of a month, and always in connection with the kind of founding drama that is for me my story with Shana.

I do have a very, very old practice of the art and the manner of biasing orders, which I will discuss later. I felt it was necessary for my survival, maybe not my physical survival, but my survival as a *self-aware* being. I'm not sure if "being conscious" really means anything, let's just say that somewhere there was a territory, which I called "me," that refused to be invaded. That's what we call having a *bad head*.

But at that time, nothing. I did *as I was told*.

Afterwards, I wondered a lot about what happened to me there, which will have almost incalculable consequences. What is this *voice*? Was I like Joan of Arc, did this *voice* come down from Heaven? Was I experiencing a temporary state of psychosis, due to an emotional overload combined with fatigue? And some strange side questions: would France have existed if Joan of Arc had not heard her *voices*? Would I have survived if I had not also heard

a *voice*? I am well aware that hearing voices *like Joan of Arc* is, in addition, a subject of jokes; there is something deeply *embarrassing* for the ordinary conscience, which does not like to be confronted with this kind of questions.

Also, the idea of sleeping in Shana's bed was totally mine. It was an illustration of my ability to invent original solutions to problems, something that is essential in my way of *being in the world*. I was quite happy with my invention, which was intended to catch the enemy off guard, in an unexpected way. This *voice* was antagonistic to who I was, who I thought I was, or how I projected myself in this life. It was a totally *extraordinary* break for me in every way.

At the time, I just obeyed. I didn't ask myself any questions, I didn't think about it, which is also not my habit. Maybe it was because, in Shana's presence, I was in a state of total immediacy, I was in the situation and I thought very little about it - except for this magical idea, to go to sleep at her place, and with her, without taking into account the *friends*.

Afterwards, and especially in my effort to write and understand, I wondered what was going on there.

I wandered between various interpretations, always unsatisfied, and always worried; it took me a long time to figure it out, but the question of interpreting what happened to me, and in particular that voice, called into question who I was, how I viewed the world, and ultimately what the hell I was doing on this planet.

I'll talk about this later, because this question, at least for me, is not at all trivial, and it deserves, in my opinion, some reflection.

I didn't tell Shana about the voice that was blocking my way to the hero. I had no intention of hiding anything from her. But, to repeat what I had heard, I didn't even think about it. It was secret, and it was secret even to me; I had absolutely no way of bringing it up in the ordinary world, in this world *it didn't exist*. Perceptions are the object of a coding, which is globally the same for all the people of the same culture, this coding is used for example to describe or evoke perceptions, but there, there was no coding available, it was *out of the ground*.

"But if I go to your place, they will kill me," I said.

In the blink of an eye, I had *switched* too.

So, as quickly as she had stood up, she sat down. The conversation resumed. She hadn't run off like the day before.

Few people seem to be surprised by the fact that we can, in the most charged circumstances of our lives, *switch* with disconcerting ease. It is generally believed that these flip-flop effects, where we change completely, are the work of bizarre beings, the Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, the *possessed*, the *multiple personalities*. But it may happen to anyone. A *switch* is always caused by an external impulse, often when sensitive areas are touched; it is as if a *button was pressed*.

The awareness of the existence of these *switches* is obviously very disturbing, because they suggest the rather awful idea that we can be *trained* like domestic animals, and change our attitude, our behavior, and therefore our personality, when we are somehow attacked by certain signals.

It was something of the same order that happened when I said, like a mantra, "I have nothing against Jews." The trigger was the word "Jew". You might consider that anecdotal, but in fact it's not at all. I generally consider myself to be an intelligent person, a person capable of learning tons of things, but when I say that sentence, who am I? A complete idiot, led by the nose by an imported phantasmagoria that he has absolutely no control over. It is accompanied by a whole set of emotions, attitudes or poses, which can be totally in contradiction with the more or less *normal* attitudes and reactions, those whose practical causes are known.

Shana nodded, gravely, but without comment. She couldn't say, after all she'd told me, that she thought they weren't so dangerous after all. And she had been raised Catholic, as had I; the burst of enthusiasm created by my idea of accompanying her home, despite the threats of the Jewish Mafia pornocrats, could wane on her as quickly as it had on me.

"I don't know what to do - I will do anything you want - just tell me what to do," I said.

But she answered again, *"I don't know."*

We stayed a moment, hand in hand, as if frozen, as if we could never move from this place.

"We can't stay here like that, we shall find a solution," I finally said.

There was always this dizzying emptiness, from which no thought, no feeling could emerge.

And I was so tired from my night, also empty, from which I had come out exhausted, worried, uprooted, not understanding anything that was happening to me. And this conversation did not put me back on my feet, on the contrary. When I had seen Shana again, the happiness which had flooded us had made me forget the calamity of this night, but behind the rapture, there were dark threats, and they awoke my tiredness, which took the front of the scene.

"I need to sleep a bit, I need it to find a solution."

Often the beings in my dreams speak to me, or suggest to me, and I needed, at that moment, any suggestion - dreams, unlike thought, are never empty. And I was really ready to take any suggestion, as long as there was one.

And it was necessary to move, to get out of this confinement.

"Please let's go to the beach, I will sleep one hour there."

"I can't."

"You can't give me an hour?"

"I am too afraid."

"Afraid of what? Nothing may happen to us on the beach."

She did not answer. She didn't seem to be terrorized though, she was bathed in coke's euphoria, and this fear she had seemed all imaginary.

"You can't come with me, we can't go to another island, you can't even spend an hour with me... You tell me no, no, no... Who am I for you?"

I felt as if I were being destroyed, disappearing - she was everything to me, she was my double, my life, and I didn't know how to touch her. I felt myself, almost physically, falling apart.

She did not answer.

"You don't love me," I finally said.

It was a terrible word. I don't even know how I said it. It wasn't a reproach, it was just that I was trying to make sense of a situation that was completely

out of my control. At that time, I still believed, very naively, in the Christian way, in this fatal illusion that love was stronger than everything, and that therefore, if it did not triumph, it was because there was not enough love. It is this idiotic belief, which is imposed on us, that makes otherwise sane people imagine that with more love, the monsters that vampirize them with various forms of terror will miraculously *change*. But the myths of the heroes always tell that love is only possible if the monsters are first mercilessly crushed.

She did not answer. She was smiling, though. The magical effect of our presence was still there. But it was as if our love was from another space, in another place, another reality, and could not be anchored in the ordinary reality. And despite my best efforts, the weight of the reality of this world, chained in a criminal tyranny, weighed on our enslaved bodies. I did not know this world, which was however the world where I lived. As Céline says, "one is a virgin of horror, as one is of voluptuousness". I knew voluptuousness well, which was easy for me; I had almost everything to learn, or to relearn, about horror.

I had experienced horror as a child, as had many others; adulthood held the promise of freedom and happiness, and indeed, I had achieved much of that; but while I had managed to escape my old terrors, I had never been able to truly fight them, and they would return at every opportunity.

For the moment I was desperately looking for a way to anchor our brief and dazzling encounter in reality. The world of harmony, beauty and love, in which we were naturally bathed, could no longer be embodied in what appeared to be the horrible reality of the ordinary world. We were, simultaneously, in two spaces, one was the space of our encounter, where our bodies and souls vibrated in unison, and the other was the space of our old terrors, ready to be reactivated by its minions. Shana and I had succeeded in escaping from our environments when we were young, but it was not so easy to get rid of certain criminals; the German people had experienced this terribly when they wanted to free themselves from them, from their terrorism and their monkey money; wanting to free ourselves from criminal foreign predators is impossible today, because it is *racist* and motivated by the *racial hatred* inspired by the *foul beast*. With a little effort, one could almost laugh at it, so grotesque is it, but *it works*, and above all, it judges, imprisons, proscribes, and *kills*.

We stayed there for a long, long time, without saying anything, hand in hand, eyes in eyes. Paradise was there, and at the same time, it was impossible. It was a wonderful and terrible feeling at the same time. And I didn't understand what demon could be chaining us at that moment. You can't fight an enemy you don't know, you can't escape. I had to understand, and for that, it was necessary to approach the forbidden territory, that of his *job*, of which my clumsy evocation, the day before, had made her flee while crying. After a sleepless night, I was fragile, worried, and terrified that it might happen again.

But the impasse had to be broken at all costs.

"*We can't stay like that forever - we must do something,*" I said. "*What can we do to be together? We can't be together because you don't want to do your job?*"

"Yes," she said.

"*What's this job? I don't understand.*"

"*I told you,*" she said, looking rather annoyed.

"*Yes, but I don't understand.*"

I tried to find, in what I knew, what could be more terrible, and which could have fitted the situation. To understand or believe we understand worlds that are foreign to us, we have films or novels.

"*Are you a call girl?*"

There are some Hollywood movies featuring *call-girls*, who are always heroines of Free America, celluloid Esther fighting against *fascist* oppression, and the courtesan is the heroine of some French novels, the *Dame aux Camelias*, the Odette of *Un amour de Swann*. In the French tradition, the luxury courtesan, beautiful and intelligent, can even be related to princes and kings, and influence them. An activity that is despised if it is carried out with the lower classes becomes respectable if it is carried out in high places.

And there is an aura of luxury, class, even mystery, around the *call girl*, the *geisha*, the modern-day hetaera; but for what I knew of pornography, which was very little, I saw only sordid and disgusting aspects that could not in any way be linked to Shana, it was entirely *unthinkable*.

"No," she replied, laconically.

She didn't have to make much of an effort to tell me that it was close enough, or at least that there was more than one thing in common, and things that were extremely important to our relationship, sex, big profits, bribery, blackmail, slavery, the mafia. But she didn't say anything. She probably wanted to maintain this fiction that she held dear: "*I am a model, I am not a prostitute*," which she says in protest in one of her first films, when she is raped as a *top model* charged "100 dollars an hour," or 250 dollars today, which was actually her rating or rate for *modeling*, and has to pretend to enjoy it in front of the camera. This was a laughable scene by the way, the idea of playing a rape by two actors hovering in coke, with a bottle of lubricant, sign of a certain lack of enthusiasm, visible on some shots, was perfectly grotesque, but the directors cannot resist to print on film their fantasies of rape of very young blonde girls with an innocent look. It was to blindly adopt one of the most obvious scams of the so-called pornographic *industry*, that it would have *nothing to do* with prostitution; in reality, one finds in it the same Jewish mafia which, for a very long time, has been amassing fortunes through prostitution and white slavery, drug trafficking, usury, the whole supported by a well-oiled criminal network practicing blackmail as well as murder and corruption. The label "Hollywood", which is supposed to embellish everything, obviously doesn't change anything; and in reality, Hollywood pornography is in no way less criminal because it has this label, on the contrary, it is all of Hollywood that is, in reality, a vast pornographic and criminal enterprise, transmuting criminals into heroes, and rapists into lovers.

In reality, being a *pornstar* is perhaps worse than being a *call-girl*, because the voracious appetites of the mafia vampires are even more extreme in pornography, where the profits are gigantic. Not to mention that public exposure and fame force one to maintain a facade of a *liberated* girl, happy to be doing the most beautiful job in the world, and indeed one of the most lucrative, in which one enjoys oneself to the fullest, with any disgusting circumcised bastard.

As soon as I didn't understand that *pornstar* is a wonderful job that I should have been raving about, bringing its miraculous illusion down to the level of the other mafia activities, prostitution, drugs, corruption, blackmail, deceit and crime, that prevail in Hollywood, among others, she should have understood that there could be no compromise. It was a terrible mistake to go back to them without a word of explanation. She was going to seek a

compromise; but you don't argue with vampires, they either drain you of your blood or you reduce them to ashes, it's them or you. By destroying, without knowing it, the illusion of the *pornstar*, I had shattered her *comfort zone*, as the Americans say, a very small zone reserved for the *star* that she was. She couldn't understand that despite her immense beauty and devastating charm, she was only a *resource* like the others, just more coveted, rarer and more luxurious, and bringing in mountains of dollars.

"*I don't understand...*", I said, again.

I was most afraid of her reaction the day before, that she would cry and run away; that I couldn't take again. "*OK, don't tell me, I don't want to make you cry again* "

That was the point, though. If I had insisted a little, or if she had had the courage to tell me what her mysterious *job* really consisted of, everything could still have changed. I would have understood at once that no compromise was possible, and I would have entered into a conflict, which Shana probably wanted to avoid, not imagining that we could win. However, on the island, they had no chance to get out of it, and they were likely to be lynched by the angry Greeks, which would have been only fair. But the question of her *job* was *taboo*, and neither she nor I really wanted to risk it.

The unspeakable is killing us

"*Taboo*" is a Polynesian expression, which cultural anthropology has generalized, which is frankly bizarre. The so-called cultural anthropology movement was introduced by the German Jew, emigrated to the United States, Franz Boas. Sigmund Freud, of the same origin, took up the idea of *taboo* in his *Totem and Taboo*. It is a rather bizarre idea to use the *totem*, a specific cult object of the Indians of the American Northwest like the famous Kwakiutl, and the *taboo* of the Polynesians to make generalizations supposedly applicable to all humanity. What's behind it?

The *taboo* is the terror provoked by the Polynesian Great Chiefs, before whom one must prostrate oneself, and whom one cannot look at under pain of being struck by lightning. It is very spectacular, but for an observer who comes from a culture in which terror is omnipresent, it was perhaps not necessary to go so far to make such observations. The People of the Book, Jews, Christians, Muslims, have inherited the horrors of the terror of the

Empires of the Near and Middle East, a terror of which the God-Kings sometimes glorified themselves by exhibiting on their monuments the representations of their enemies flayed alive. The same terror will be taken up by the Almighty God Moloch, then by the Yahweh of the Jews, then by the God the Father of the Christians and the Allah of the Muslims. We see in these populations the terrorized *faithful* lowering their eyes, kneeling down, prostrating themselves with their noses on the ground and their asses in the air, proclaiming contrite: "It's my fault, it's my very great fault", and other horrors. To go looking for the *taboo* of the Polynesians is nevertheless extremely singular, because in many respects, the situation of the faithful of the great religions is much worse. Is it a question of diverting attention from Voltaire's and Nietzsche's observations on the religions they knew well because they were subjected to them on a daily basis? And from the original vector of these religions, the Jews, whom neither Voltaire nor Nietzsche spared?

In the 18th century, in Christian France, the Chevalier de la Barre was tortured and executed at the age of nineteen for blasphemy, because he did not uncover and prostrate himself when the *Blessed Sacrament* passed by. One does not see much use for the word "taboo", except to cover up the most horrible aspects of the Jewish, Christian or Muslim *sacred*. This terror is obviously very *useful* to some in order to maintain the slavery of the masses. Today the taboo on terror of Jewish origin, in particular, which it is forbidden to name, is worse than ever, making us regress, from this point of view, by hundreds of years at least. The idea of a structuring on a so-called *incest taboo*, according to Freud, is obviously only a sinister joke and an actualization of the terrorist notion of *original sin* of which we are obviously eternally *guilty*.

Generally speaking, the introduction of terms of exotic anthropology, such as *fetish*, *totem*, *taboo*, and their generalization as *social* or *cultural facts* that would have a reality in themselves, buries the fundamental question: who does what, why, how? Because behind all this, there are manipulation and terror.

"You have to understand! Too many things are explained to you! That's the problem! Try to understand! Make an effort!" Celine, *Voyage au bout de la nuit*

Was the question of pornography *taboo*? Today, when pornography is spread everywhere, it is difficult to consider it as taboo. On the contrary, it imposes its codes everywhere. But the question where we arrived, the stumbling block, *who* are the pornographer *friends*, what are their monstrously perverse morals, and what are their *crimes*, was, it, taboo, and it is almost even more today. A real *taboo* is made to last, and this one lasts and even strengthens with laws, propaganda, terrorist intimidation. "*It would be a crime*" implied actors, *criminals*, and it is this extremely precise and personal question behind the vague and general question of the *crime* that posed a problem.

But I wasn't terrified. I was completely unaware that Shana and I could be *targets*, because I couldn't see any reason for it. I was more like disoriented, in a state that could easily turn into panic, as I had turned into a kind of panic the day before. Panic is the awakening of old terrors, those that we have experienced or even those that are deeply implanted, for millions of years, in our reflex systems.

After all, it was just a *job*. I couldn't understand how someone could threaten to kill us, and even a whole family, over a simple matter of a *job* done or not. It was unreal. The whole thing seemed *absurd*. That's what happens when you can't see reality: you only see the absurd, the incomprehensible, the soft side of terror.

"Are you sure that if you do your job, we can be together?"

"Yes," she said.

"OK, then do it, if there is no other solution."

She jumped to her feet.

"You said it!" she said.

And instead of staying with me, as I expected, she ran away.

"No, don't do it!" I shouted, appalled and paralyzed.

She did not want to hear.

She was already disappearing. I didn't know when she would come back. I hadn't even asked her, or made her promise, to never run away again, like the day before. This time she wasn't crying, but I was totally crushed. I didn't even think about following her. Apparently, my mistake suited her. Just like

the day before, when I hadn't understood "*pornstar*," the blame fell on me, and just like the day before, I didn't understand my mistake. The prospect of a horrible day, and a nightmare night, without sleep, was still opening before me, terrible, unbearable, inevitable.

The Empire of Fake

When I moved on in this day, then in the night, tiredness, inexorably, accumulated; it became obsessing. I did not seek Shana anymore, as the day before; I had resigned myself to spend a whole day and night to mope, more and more exhausted, looking without respite, in this chaotic hell, for an invisible exit.

In bulk, there was a job I couldn't imagine, circumcision and Jews, criminals, friends, death threats, huge sums of money, complicit policemen, and, mixed in somehow, Shana's love, her immense beauty, her obvious sweetness and her devastating charm.

All the gods and all the demons were agitated frantically in the same saraband; the exaltation of the feeling of life was torn against threats of death; the ecstasy of love was shattered against the empire of the possessions of hate; friends were enemies, artifice was natural, and all my reference points collapsed, in a kind of interminable cataclysm, where any feeling, any thought was annihilated by its opposite. Confronted with an unsolvable situation, my thought looped, tirelessly, until exhaustion, but exhaustion itself did not bring me rest; I was unable to relax and sleep.

And also, there was this *voice*, disturbing, incomprehensible, which I did not know what it wanted from me.

The experience of that day, of that night and of very long days when I tried without any success to understand, was extremely important for me, it was an enigma to which I had to dedicate my life, after having fulfilled more banal and mundane tasks, in the fields of communication, computer science and others. It was my *Rosetta stone*, like the engraved stone that Champollion used to decode hieroglyphics; what I had to decode was nothing less than the world I lived in, which had become foreign to me, and my perception of that world, which was obviously inadequate; a nearly impossible task.

Added to this was the thorny question of fate raised by the existence of the *voice*.

I will expose later, under the heading *The sublime art of capturing spirits*, what I was able to elaborate as a *vision* of what happened to Shana and me. It is not very simple, and it will take some time; let us say that it is

my small treatise to understand my hieroglyphics; it is a question of clarifying the incomprehensible *mess*, so that all that makes sense. It took me years to sort out pretty much what had happened, and how it was intertwined at the time and well beyond.

Beauty has vanished into the clouds

Sleep would have repaired me, and I had a dire need for it; in this critical situation, my forces, my judgement were breaking down, inexorably. I felt myself rushing towards a catastrophe, and without being able to do anything to stop it, or even to slow it down. This increased my discomfort, which took unbearable proportions. I was at fifty hours without having managed to sleep. Fifty of those hours, and especially the last ones, is a very long, long time.

Towards the end of the morning, I went up painfully to the village, at the same time as I had met her, the first two days. My condition was getting closer to delirium. A crazy machine had settled in my head, going over and over the same questions, which were still unanswered. I wanted to see her, but I wasn't even sure I wanted to see her in the condition I was in. Compared to the one I was two days earlier, at the time of our wonderful meeting, I felt destroyed and fallen. It was as if life itself had rejected me. Yet I was one of those beings whose appetite for life is strongly exalted, I loved to live, to feel, to love, but life, this exhilarating feeling of being a full and complete part of a living world, had abandoned me as Shana had abandoned me. It was surely not what she wanted, or even what she perceived, but it was what she had done, twice. Now I hoped for her return and dreaded it. Each encounter, and each abandonment, had created a situation worse than the last.

But she didn't come. I waited a few hours, and still nothing. The place was almost desperately empty. The world was almost desperately empty.

I couldn't wait and look for her anymore. I decided to try to live normally, to regain some of my peace and happiness, and to go to the small nudist beach to do some freediving and try to relax.

She was there. Or she seemed to be there. She was naked, holding a crouching pose in the calm blue water, and she was simply divine, she was Venus Aphrodite emerging from the waves. She was taking poses, as for an invisible photographer, and a small group of people were watching her, in total silence, as if under a spell. She was totally absent, and smiled at the

angels, goddess of a world where only she existed. I stopped a few meters away from her, completely stunned by both her beauty and her absence. She did not see me, I simply did not exist. On the beach, there were the two guys she was with when I met her, when she was there, open to the world, to life and to me. Those two little pieces of shit were joking around, probably quite pleased with themselves. Shana was not chasing them, as she had done two days before; she was hovering in a vast and delicious white cocoon where everything was equal, even me, whom she did not see, a few meters away from her. She was absolutely sublime, her beauty was shining, and she alone filled her own world.

For a moment I thought of settling down on the beach, and going freediving any way, alone and a few steps away from the woman I loved and who could not see me, but I lacked courage; it was too unbearable. In front of this spectacle given by Shana, all that remained of my feeling of reality collapsed. I don't know how to describe the tornado that devastated me when I stood in front of her, knowing what we shared so recently, and seeing her shining in another world, where she seemed fine, and where I was not. I was simply devastated. Reduced to nothing. Null, nada. Even if I had tried to call her, to talk to her, to get her out of her world, she probably wouldn't have heard me. I didn't even try.

Instead of going freediving, I went to the kind of beach bar, an old caravan that had probably arrived there by boat, set on a stony piece of land a little above the beach. There were some cold drinks, and a little shade; I sat down on an old wooden board, and took a bottle of beer, always looking at Shana, fascinated by the beauty of the show, and devastated by it. I stayed for quite a long time, perhaps vaguely hoping that she would eventually see me, that the nightmare would end; but it didn't. The big Hollywood show was unfolding its splendors on the little beach, and the Empire of Fake was there to stay.

My plans for rest and tranquility were over. My beer finished, I decided to go back to the village, even more dismayed than I had ever been. This beach, where I wanted to take her the day before to sleep a little, was a haven of peace, of happiness, where often beautiful people were lounging, naked and quiet. *Beautiful people*, the small clan, between marginality and *jet-set*, of those who continued to believe in the heavenly ideal of *Peace and Love*, and had the means, physical and psychic, to live it. A kind of informal

community, in which all recognized each other, forming a kind of alliance that gently repelled outsiders. A small ideal society, in fact, though without laws, without charter, without status, and even without anyone, including me, being aware that it existed. It was also this little world, part of my life, in which I wanted to bring Shana into; more even, meeting her, it was obvious to me that she could only be part of it; and I was seeing her, showing off on this beach, my beach, definitely foreign, as if she belonged to another planet.

From that moment on, the world became a stranger to me, and I became a stranger to myself; nothing and no one, since then, could restore my relationship to the world and to life.

It is rather strange to say, but it is as if this girl, this resplendent nineteen-year-old nude *model*, Shana, had irresistibly become a part of myself; as if the vibration that had interconnected us, or mixed us, had made her a part of my being; one also experiences this when one reaches orgasm, but it is diluted little by little with the recovery of consciousness; with Shana this fusion had occurred at first sight, and there was no recovery.

Shana is my *soulmate*. The soulmate is not an illusion, or a fantasy. Even if we are just able to see and feel the intense emotional effects of this link, this link has a real, physical existence: it is a kind of vibration that existed before, that multiple beings have felt and will feel in the same way, and that has found in us the conditions of its triggering, a common wavelength. These common vibrations are at the heart of our human lives, they are at the heart of our shared enthusiasm, our joys and our sorrows. And unfortunately there are also on this earth hideous, mutilated characters, devoid of any empathy, gorging themselves on vices, falsehood, money and power, whose main purpose is to destroy this immense world of vibrations that they are unable to feel. And some of these characters had drugged Shana to propel her into a world of solitary artificial fullness.

Shana transmuted to a *stranger*, I became insane, *alienated*. An *alien* is someone with whom you have no natural connection. For me who was fully conscious, I was as if annihilated, I became an empty being. Imagine two magnets, at a certain distance from each other; a powerful force will develop by their proximity. If the magnets are separated, the force disappears, the magnets become scrap metal. This is about what happened to me when Shana became a stranger: I became like inert, empty.

This emptiness would last forever. Never again will I have a fully satisfying relationship with a woman. The physical capacity was intact, but *the heart wasn't really there anymore*. I had lost my soul; our souls are not alone, they are linked to a whole set of other close souls, and when the link is severed, we find ourselves almost empty. This is the case, today, of many people; we live in a world of strangers, more and more strangers, and this is not an unfortunate circumstance, it is on the contrary, the rule. The way of the heart, the way of natural behavior, is more and more banished to build an undifferentiated and inert soulless world

I quickly returned to my little house in the valley to put my heavy scuba bag down, and then I hurried back up. In the village, I sat down heavily on the small square, my mind in turmoil, and I started to wait again, thinking that this waiting was maybe useless. For me, who always hated waiting, I felt like I had fallen to the last degree of decay. I wondered if the stranger that Shana had become would transmute back into the sublime girl I had known the day before, so close, so alive, all in subtle and passionate emotions. I clung to the idea that there could be nothing superior to our love at first sight, but even that certainty was now shaken. And it didn't appear at all that Shana was acting under the pressure of a death threat; on the contrary, she showed all the signs of a supreme well-being, in the narcissistic contemplation of herself. I had never taken cocaine in high doses, a regular consumption of small doses was more than enough for me, as this product is very powerful. If I had, I would have probably understood that it was a significant intake of drugs that had put her in this state, because one can only recognize the states that one has experienced. In spite of my frequent attendance of the capital's *trendy* nightlife, I had never seen anyone in such a state, of total ecstasy and total absence, and I was absolutely stunned, not knowing what to attribute it to. I would learn much later that in order to do her *job*, she needed exceptional amounts of cocaine, her ticket to the Empire of Fake.

While I was moping, alone at my table, an old friend, Ursula, a German woman, suddenly appeared. She had a small store in the village, in which she sold dresses made of a very light veil, tinted with fresh and simple colors, and some accessories like headbands braided with fabrics of different colors. The effect was sensational on the pretty girls, but not necessarily flattering for the others, so she didn't sell much. And now she's rushing at me.

"I have seen you yesterday with *this* girl," she said, in a tone of voice in which she put all she could of Germanic pride.

"Yes?" - I had not seen her pass, absorbed as I was by Shana.

"She came into my shop, with this bunch of horrible people. She's very pretty, but be careful, don't be seduced by her, she's the worst of all. She was making obscene gestures in the fitting room, and they were all laughing. Absolutely horrible. And they were showing off their bundles of money. Vulgar, disgusting people. I don't want these people in my store. Ugh!!! Disgusting!!!"

I remained silent, taking this new blow without flinching.

"You shall not see her again. Not someone like you. Forget her, she is a very bad person."

"I love her," I said, and that was all I could say, because it was the only truth.

"Oh my God, how is that possible? You? Love this girl? It will be a catastrophe," she said, appalled.

And she, too, ran away, as if I had the plague. She was never to speak to me again.

It cannot be said that Ursula's description of who Shana was without me, that is to say, almost all the time, was done to reassure me. It was as if, hour by hour, the catastrophe was only getting worse, and as if any return to the original paradise of our encounter was becoming more and more impossible. It is in this state of mind, sharpened by two full nights without a minute of sleep, that I continued to wait for Shana, for lack of knowing how to do anything else.

In a state that looked more and more like a kind of coma, I was feeling myself becoming a zombie, a being that I could hardly even recognize, and whose reactions would be unpredictable.

And finally, the long-awaited princess arrived, resplendent, fresh and dapper as always. And she had committed the last crime against us, she had brought to our place, the place of our meetings, one of her *friends*, a kind of ugly, ill-fashioned brat, one of the two guys she was with the day we met, and also on the beach. This little piece of shit was called Tom Byron, he was doubly monstrous, by the stunted growth that made him look like a teenager,

and by the huge cock that dangled between his legs. Instead of being exhibited at fairs, he had become an actor, in a particular genre that loves monsters to which the most disgusting spectator can identify.

Whereas the day before, when we had met, we had rushed towards each other, this time absolutely nothing happened. She stopped by my table and continued to chat with her *friend*.

And it lasted, it lasted, it lasted indefinitely. In my state of tension and exhaustion, this horrible state that you experience when you are totally insomniac, it was a real torture. I don't know if they had such important things to say to each other, because I didn't understand anything about what they were saying; in any case I had no intimacy with this pretty girl who was chatting quietly next to my table with some insignificant little piece of shit, she was a stranger with whom I had no kind of connection; she had recognized me, yes, but that was about it. The world had been emptied of all emotion, we were chatting, quietly, about who knows what. A kind of *brave new world* had just invaded the whole scene, and I was in the middle of the scene, there, out of it, stunned, in the throes of agony.

Completely panicked, I tried of course to find something, anything, a *lifeline* like the one to which the drowning castaway will cling. My first reaction, once the amazement of seeing her accompanied had passed, was the most natural one, anger and even rage. I had an overwhelming desire to slaughter the little piece of shit, annihilate it, and throw it as far away as possible. It was an amazing feeling for me, as I could not remember ever having felt it, except perhaps in the distant past, against my torturer father. But the *brave new world* does not tolerate such *crimes against peace*, and I was well aware of that. This way would certainly get me thrown into hell. My only solution was to try to reconnect with Shana in *her world*, the *best* one. I did not even consider the possibility that, like Orpheus descending into the Underworld, I could bring my Eurydice back to *our* world from the fatal place where she was; I no longer had the energy to even consider it.

For a moment I thought of getting up suddenly, and running away without saying a word, as she had done to me twice; but that, too, was beyond my strength. I knew how much it had hurt me, and as we ourselves are always the *measure of all things*, I imagined that it would hurt her in the same way, and the last thing I wanted was to hurt her, no matter what. I couldn't even consider it.

I felt two urgencies: to try to erase this failed encounter, to see Shana again in better conditions, as we had done until now, and of course, to sleep. I thought of the beach; that's where I had seen her last time, totally *elsewhere*, that's where she had refused to go so that I could rest and possibly face her friends, and it was a magical place, a place of nudity, of dream and love. And since I had seen her take poses, I naturally thought of photography. I had built a script: I would go home, sleep, and then go and join her, all fresh and new, maybe take some pictures too, and the world would go back to being what it should never have stopped being.

I had no choice but to enter *her world*, as an image-maker, a trafficker in doctored reality, a photographer. It didn't make sense. Was I going to, high on coke, chat quietly with the little piece of shit and her other friends, as she did? Acquire the status of a privileged lover on the *star's staff*? I couldn't fight it, it would be fighting *her*.

She was not the girl of the love at first sight. The appearance, the sublime beauty was the same, perhaps a little more surreal, but this flesh no longer pulsed, it was possessed by a foreign soul, the one that Ursula had seen, the one I had seen on the beach.

So I got up heavily, ankylosed by the weight of fatigue, and interrupted the conversation.

"I will see you tomorrow, early in the morning, at the beach. The light is beautiful, we will make pictures." - My voice was not my usual voice, and that surprised me - there was a hint of anger, and I didn't even ask her opinion, it was an order.

"Oh yes, so we can make money!", she replied.

"Money? I don't care about money! I'll give you the money!" And this time I was feeling really angry. Money, always money! I've always had an ambiguous relationship with this thing. I almost always lacked money, at school then college I was always the poorest and the youngest, and feeling that life was intrinsically unfair, but I never confused the relief of lack with the liberation from the means of slavery, and money is the means of slavery, suffering and even crime. Whether one has it or not does not change this ontological status, or the status of this thing, to put it more simply. I hate this thing, and the monsters that have engendered it.

I needed money so I could be with her and they wouldn't kill her family, now I was going to find her, and the first thing she thought of was money. The money was going to set us free, that was for sure. I had entered her world, the best of all worlds, the world of the stars and the illuminati, where hidden terror, artifice, drugs, sexual predation and money dominate, what the hell was I doing there with my stupid sentimentality? You shouldn't have gone there, that's all, but it was too late.

Money, freedom for slaves

I'm going to say a few words about money, because as the strategist says, *knowing the enemy* is the first condition of a good war. Money has a central role in the unfortunate detours of my relationship with Shana, as soon as she told me, on the one hand, that she had a lot of money, and on the other hand, that she needed a huge amount of it to *free* her without risking getting her skin shot. I had almost always had an ambiguous relationship with this powerful and strange object; I had specialized in economics, and mainly, in monetary economics, to try to unravel its mystery. I had learned through my personal research that money, this object that economic science claims to be *neutral* as a simple practical tool, is originally a sacred object, which always has magical powers; in agreed terms, a kind of *fetish* or *totem*; expressions of this are found in most societies, including the most rudimentary. Those who handle these monetary objects, which are also objects of *power*, are powerful sorcerers, and in our worlds, magicians, then priests, then financiers.

In all the groups I have studied, the objects of power, or currencies, are closely related to blood, whether that of mutilations or that of enemies, and to the terror inspired by killers and torturers; in cannibalistic groups, currency is obtained against human flesh, and in most groups, against nubile girls sold for sexual satisfaction and reproduction. These are the basics, and they already give an idea of what the thing is. Currency somehow carries in its genes the blood of sacrifices and the sexual predation of very young girls, and it is quite conceivable that this has never really changed, except that in a modern civilization, such as the Western and Far Eastern ones, this must remain hidden.

Money is a good example of the general mechanism of the creation of symbols; it becomes a symbol of life because it predates real life; it is the same system for all important symbols, such as that of God among others.

The idea that money carries in its genes the blood of sacrifice and sexual predation will undoubtedly shock the good souls who believe that money is a marvelous invention designed to balance exchanges between humans. So let me insist on my approach; after all, I was an *economist* in the distant past, an economist who was not very convinced by what he had learned about economics.

There is no indication that money, the medium of exchange, was originally intended to become a means of plunder and oppression. We know that ancient societies, let's say Neolithic, before what we call "civilization", used a form of money, a practical means of exchange. Strangely enough, the form of this money seems to be almost everywhere the same: cowrie shells, small solid shells of ovoid shape, split in the middle, from the Indian Ocean. They have been found in the heart of the Russian steppe and were still in use in pre-colonial Africa.

These shells were a means of measuring the respective value of goods and facilitated exchanges that previously operated by barter. In regions without money, such as the North American colonies at the beginning, the inhabitants invented local currencies; in Virginia, goods were valued in quantity of tobacco. This purely exchangeable money, the only one that meets the official definition of money by economists, is not accumulated, because that would make no sense; it therefore circulates constantly, and a limited quantity can suffice for exchange purposes.

Things are getting worse for us, one is tempted to say, as usual, in the Middle East of the Empires. They will also go wrong, in a less ferocious way, on the side of the Far Eastern empires, but that does not concern us directly. The State, the Empire, and their ruling castes, impose regular tributes on their populations, what we call today taxes. These tributes are in kind, in material goods. Gold and silver may be used in large transactions or tributes, for convenience, high value in low volume, but are not necessary for current operations.

Greek historians tell us that it is the near-eastern temples and their priests who invented the legal and obligatory currency that enslaves us today. In the Middle and Near East, quite particular systems of *theocracies* were

formed, powers based on cults and their temples. This is not a unique phenomenon: Tibet before the Chinese annexation was also a theocracy. The King-Priests impose on their subjects tributes and taxes, renamed *sacrifices*, because they are part of the sacred. These are *debts* to the God and his servants the King-Priests, which must be periodically *redeemed*.

Initially, these debts are redeemed in kind. The best known and most abominable example is that of the ancient cult of the Jews and others, the cult of Baal-Moloch, where one must sacrifice one's male first-born to the God in the fire in order to be redeemed. The example of the Bible marks an evolution, since the flight from Egypt and the declaration of the Covenant, the *sacrifice* of the firstborn can be *redeemed* in gold and silver. When one examines the Bible, one realizes that, from the text of the *Covenant*, most of the obligations of the people are obligations of sacrifice, which makes this text one of the precursors of the Tax Codes. The text of the Covenant, written on the *Tables of the Law*, is generally called *The Ten Commandments*, but it is not the extremely banal Ten Commandments that were probably created later (*Deuteronomy*, Ch. 5) to hide the first (*Exodus*, Ch. 34); in the original text, the commandments, such as that of *redeeming* the firstborn from the Temple, are the counterpart of the *Covenant*.

This *redemption*, which is a sacred obligation, is made in the currency issued by the Temple itself. The believer subject to this Law must necessarily obtain this sacred money; the Temple acts like a bank which sets its tax rate as today it would set its interest rate. In the appalling history of the plundering of nations by Central Banks, the issue of a national currency against interest is always accompanied by the creation of spoliating debt service taxes.

The function of issuing money is necessarily *sacred*, and issuing counterfeit money is a sacrilege. Before the liberal revolutions, counterfeiters were not considered as thieves, but as perpetrators of lèse-majesté crimes, and punished much more cruelly.

Knowing that redemption in hard cash issued by the Temple is essential in the Jewish religion, as it will be in the Christian, makes the story of *Jesus driving the merchants out of the Temple* extremely suspect. These merchants are mainly money changers, the ancestors of bankers; they are there to exchange the cash issued by the Temple, which alone is admitted for *redemption* and *sacrifice*. Now this redemption and these sacrifices appear

in the sacred text of the *Covenant*, the one enclosed in the *Ark*; how could a learned Jew destroy a practice necessary for obedience to the most fundamental commandments?

This is clearly a deception designed to hide from Christians the true nature of Judaism, as if the money changers were just parasites of a God full of Goodness far beyond material contingencies. In practice, the myth of Jesus driving the merchants out of the Temple will prohibit Christians from the evil activities of money-changing and even more so from usury, even casting suspicion on all commercial activities, leaving the good part... to the Jews.

The King-Priests found great advantages in the establishment of a currency in precious metals, struck with the representation of their gods, legal and obligatory. It was obligatory in fact, since it was the only way to fulfill their obligations to the temple and to redeem themselves. In addition to its intrinsic qualities, such as ease of counting and manipulation, legal tender opened up immense prospects for slavery.

Historians tell us that in Lydia, which is believed to be the source region of sacred legal coins, the priests had found a way to directly exploit their flock through *sacred prostitution*. Every young girl, before being married, had to make a stay at the temple where she was prostituted and paid in sacred money for the benefit of the temple. The priests were the first pimps. These are things that cannot be set up with a barter system, or arbitrary non-legal money functioning as a currency of exchange. The system of legal, priced, sacred, and obligatory money was going to extend the field of obligations to infinity, opening the way to systematic slavery, to the usury and the commodification of humans.

For the sacred prostitutes, it is *self-giving*, for the benefit of the divinity; this gift of self is compensated for by gifts of money, which go to the sacrificing priests of the Temple. This sacred fatality of self-giving is not an ancient and exotic curiosity; it is taken up as it is by Christianity, its self-sacrifices and its love of neighbor. Self-sacrificing practices are legion in the lands of the Near East, such as those of the Galles, a sect whose members self-castrated to a Goddess; all these lands, including those of Judaism, the father of Christianity, are the lands of the former mighty Lord, the totalitarian demon-god, devourer of firstborns, Moloch.

The money issued by the Temples, then all kinds of financial organizations, is part of the means of devout submission to horror.

The basis of money issued and controlled by foreign authorities is not exchange but sacred terror, devotion to tyranny, the Moloch syndrome.

By the time I met Shana, I had already understood the main horrors I am exposing here, hence my probably extreme reaction to any mention of money. But history only confirmed a feeling I've had for a very long time.

In the depths of our psyche, money is always sacred, and even more so, it is a right over bodies and over life. This is what the Judaic financier Pierre Bergé, a guy who had undertaken to seduce me, said without equivocation, when he said that since the common people sell their working time, they can, just as much, sell their bellies to grow embryos conceived *in vitro* by and for others. This is probably the only thing that the immense Nietzsche did not perceive, this underhanded recovery, already well advanced, of the monstrous powers of priests and religions by financiers. His contemporary Marx, perhaps enlightened by the voices of his rabbinic ancestors, had more insight when he described capitalism as Moloch, in reference to the ancient god of the Jews whose descendant Yahweh is supposed to be the antithesis, while he is his false nose, just as Christ will be Yahweh's. It *caught on somewhere*, because the public always *senses* the presence of a truth, but he was careful not to mention the key role of his cousins the financiers and usurers in the matter.

In financial capitalism are all the most horrible ingredients of religions: debt, redemption, hatred of bodies and of life, general prostitution and slave submission, and it is the same people, bloody sacrificial priests of Moloch a few millennia ago, financiers and Judeo-Mafiosi today, who operate the same system in different forms. In all its aspects, there is only one war against us, and only one enemy, the cabalistic Moloch under his various avatars.

It is the automatic nature of Shana's reaction to the evocation of photos on the beach that is the most surprising, and it is probably what made me react. A photo shoot between lovers, alone on a small beach in the morning, can evoke a thousand things, on the side of feelings and aesthetics, then, why money? Of course, there was this threat, that she couldn't be free without paying a huge ransom, a threat I didn't really take seriously, but that doesn't explain everything. In reality, it was a sentence of the same kind as the "I have nothing against the Jews" that I had said to her the day before; it was a matter of affirming, in a kind of automatism, something that is of the order of the sacred, of the obligatory and of the inescapable, as the absolute priority

over all other feelings. Just as the Christian must, above all, know if what he is doing is in conformity with the commandments of God, just as the soldier has in mind the orders of his chief, dominating all other preoccupations, the being chained in the financial slavery system has as first reaction: money.

It was, moreover, the second time; the day before, after her strange reflection on my state of sexual excitement, a very ordinary state for me, she had immediately turned to the important question: money. It was shocking: the fact that money was the top priority for us to be allowed to love each other ruined the main thing, love itself, and this, happening for the second time, could only irritate me considerably.

We are thus abused by *categorical imperatives*, which we have never chosen and which lock us up; and these imperatives have been imposed on us by those who profit from them. Our real being is behind, or beyond, and sometimes it even seems to disappear completely. This must be part, I suppose, of what we call the *human condition*.

But certainly not of our *nature*.

Before the slightest natural impulse can be expressed, the predator first demands his share of blood.

Between *our world*, that of our encounter, saturated with living vibrations, where money was at most a commodity much less interesting than the air we breathed and the water we drank, and the *new world*, a *new world order* where money was an all-powerful and cruel god, a double of the almighty Lord Moloch devourer of children, there was nothing but emptiness. We don't live in one reality, we live in several, and they are antagonistic. There is no path between one reality and another; there is only a death struggle between them.

I left without looking back.

She was a dream

I had not taken a hundred steps when I began to regret my outburst, and the desire to have her near me returned. I turned back, but she was no longer in the square.

So I went back home, to finally, sleep. Which I believed. Everything seemed more or less fixed, I was no longer in a total blur like the previous

days, I had an appointment for the next day; I just had to sleep, see her again, and life would be filled again with tenderness and laughter. It was all quite simple. Except that the simple and happy world in which I had lived, and which I believed to be the ordinary world, a world of respect, of affection, of consideration for who I was, a world in which I was loved, and loved easily in return, this world had suddenly disappeared, and my small attempts to find it again were not adapted to the immensity of the disaster. It would have been necessary to mobilize my friends, to make the iron and the blood speak, to clear up this matter, as it is still to be done today. But the idea of violence barely crossed my mind, and it was always so that I would reject it immediately. It *would be* a crime, but it was *unthinkable*, our world is not criminal, at least not officially.

But the tension was not relieved. Falling asleep dreaming of a magical tomorrow, on the beach, with Shana found, resurrected, I couldn't do it. The nightmare continued. I started, in terror and despair, my third sleepless night.

The Greek night in the valley was as profoundly quiet as ever, and the millions of stars were shining as always. In this immensity where the evolution of life was palpitating, I had the impression that there was a being who had been taken out of the normal course of things, and that it was me.

In the middle of the night, not being able to sleep, I thought that I could drag myself to the beach, which is to say to go up to the village, then down to the beach. Maybe I could sleep there, and above all, I would be sure to be there, for the appointment. Because, in my exhausted state, I doubted I could walk that far. I was used to walk at night, in the small mule tracks, and like the mules, I had learned to put my steps, instinctively, between the stones, it was like a sense that I had learned, without really knowing how. It didn't work as well when I was a little drunk, which was very rare. I dreaded having to walk, groggy, staggering with fatigue, all my muscles aching, in the middle of the night, in these conditions. This walk seemed to me like another nightmare, which I did not have the courage to face. And then there was the matter of my contact lenses. I couldn't put them on in the middle of the night, so I was reduced to using my myopia glasses. I was not used to walking on stone paths with my glasses on, and even, accustomed to contact lenses, the distorted vision of the glasses bothered me a lot. It was an additional handicap which, added to the exhaustion, prevented me from setting off.

When dawn finally came, I got up, got dressed and took my old camera, equipped with an 85 mm lens, the favorite focal length of portraitists, because it distorts little, and softens very slightly the perspectives. I didn't imagine, in my condition, to take pictures, nor to do anything. But I had talked about pictures, so I took my camera. And I managed to put my contact lenses on without any trouble. Then I looked at the road I had to take; my house was perched on a small hill and I could see the path unfolding in front of me. I wavered, I was stunned, a huge drone bell, those massive, low-toned bells, echoed in my head. And looking at this path, already vibrating with the morning light, suddenly the dams of reality broke. I was invaded by a dream, it was her, I met her, resplendent, in love, as when we first met. She was there, present, and I was hallucinating her. Reality and fiction mingled, and I was finally falling asleep on my feet. The angel of sleep was touching me with his grace, and this angel was her.

All this urgency I had to reach her, whatever the cost, collapsed. It was also this urgency that kept me awake, against all the ordinary functions of life or even survival. And, as I joined her in the dream, I had only one desire, to sleep. In a burst of consciousness, I thought that she was going to wait for me, that I had to go at all costs, but at that moment, the desire to dream far outweighed the torture of clinging to reality. I also thought, to reassure myself, that after all, she had left several times, abandoning me, and that it could well be her turn. I had probably exhausted the limits of what I could bear for her. And then, when I had seen her the day before, posing on the beach, as if fascinated by her own beauty, she seemed to be able to do without me very well. The vision I had of her on the beach, the prospect of going to photograph her, and my dream blended together, indistinct as one reality, the reality. She became for me what she would be for millions of humans, a dream.

I painfully removed my contact lenses, in a state of semi-consciousness, took a few steps towards my bed and passed out in sleep.

The face of the monster

She is another

I only slept for a few hours, but I woke up fresh, ready, and full of optimism. I was finally ready to see Shana again, and I was bursting with anticipatory happiness. The incident of my absence this morning was not much compared to what we had been through, at least from my point of view, in the last three days. It was easily explained, it was a kind of accident where the part of my will was almost non-existent. *No problem*, therefore, as we say at every turn in a world where everything is a problem.

It was the end of the morning, I went to the beach without much hope of finding her, and she was not there. Back to the village, I went in the direction I had seen her leave the first two days. And I saw her at once, running up the path paved with large flagstones that goes from the port to the village. But I remained petrified. She had changed completely. Her blond hair, which usually floated gracefully on her shoulders, was frizzy in a kind of perfectly unsightly ball, as one sees on the head of some fake blondes. She was outrageously made up, which aged and ugly her enormously. And above all, her face expressed an intense anger, a violent internal tension that I had never seen in her, that I could not have imagined. Her eyes were almost fixed, and their dark blue blazed in the darkness of the eyeliner; she stormed past me, and did not even look at me. I was petrified. As she ran away, still running, I tried to call her, but hardly a sound came out of my mouth. I was too stunned, too, to follow her; and her attitude did not invite me to do so at all. So I stood there like an idiot, once again totally bewildered.

The blow was harsh. The image of her new face had been superimposed on the image of our encounters, and the future seemed darker than ever. That I was now rested had not helped matters, far from it. Whereas I had said to her, the day before, in a moment of fleeting despair, "you don't love me", but as if without believing it, as a word that had suddenly arisen from a doubt that had settled deep down, in invisible regions, during the first night when I lay, alone and helpless, in the darkening of the light, now this doubt was settling in, insidious, even if I repelled with a kind of terror.

I'm not sure what I have done with this day. Without a doubt, I spent an infinite amount of time brooding, sitting in the square, perhaps with a Greek coffee. My thoughts spinning, tirelessly, in an endless loop. Why? What's going on? Where is she? What is she doing? What is she thinking?

At the same time, a strange alchemy was beginning to work in me. The story of my life had its ups and downs, but at every critical moment, I had been successful, and even, hands down. And this had become especially true in what I was really interested in, apart from intelligent knowledge, which was the knowledge of the other, love, ecstasy. Experiences mark you and transform you, and the happiness of loving that I knew, which had found its echo in Shana, had become like a sensitive quality of my being. If there had been, there too, ups and downs, my capacity for love, in the broadest sense, had increased over time, and I had gradually been transformed. And the echoes of this transformation, among others, mainly women, were very positive, reinforcing it again and again. The catastrophe of Shana's absence, three days and three nights, and the lack of sleep, had ended up making sleep and dreams the top priority, a necessity of simple survival. And here, while trying to understand how and why Shana had been able to transform herself so radically, I was rested, in a much better state than the day before, and I envisioned that she did not like me. These two facts, that I was feeling better, and that she didn't love me, were beginning to mix, to bind in this strange alchemy. My love for her, though naturally linked to the magical flashes of love at first sight, was also linked to three days of anxiety, stress, and finally of terrible suffering.

The link, so simple and so natural, between love, happiness and well-being, was loosening little by little, and it was as if a being that I had been, and that I imagined definitively lost in a distant past, was coming back to life and catching up with me. This being was the Christian idiot I had been, and perhaps, in reality, had never ceased to be; this being had learned that *greed is the root of all evil*, as the Church Father St. Augustine says; this being practiced *self-hatred* and, equally, *hatred of the world* as highly moral attitudes leading to *liberation*. The deceptive specter of this *liberation* continues to haunt us, a demonic specter in the figure of Christ who deceives us to strip us. When you think you've got rid of it, it comes back as soon as it gets the chance. The inversion system exists since a long time, since the days of the resplendent Lord Almighty, Moloch, the Eternal, the source of all life and happiness.

After this terrible heaviness of sleep deprivation, in which I felt I weighed a ton, a feeling of relative detachment, of uprooting too, had infiltrated me, loosening the violent link of my passion for Shana. As she had passed by me without even looking at me, I was obliged to distend the link, as it was excluded that I force her in any way. It was a constant rule in my relationships, especially in love: never force, and never even persuade. It was especially an absolute rule in love, and especially in physical love; women are extremely sensitive to all aspects of constraint, including those that may seem minute or inconsequential to an uninformed lover; and in order to share a wonderful moment, it is better to free bodies, rather than constrain them. One never needs to be *persuaded* to rush with a joyful heart to the best things in life; persuasion is sister constraint. In fact, the less *control* you have, the better you are.

I had little else to do but wander around hoping to meet her. And that she would no longer have this terrible face, that I could finally find her back.

The monster's face

I was walking down, troubled, the paved road to the port, when a guy called out to me. He was standing on the path, in a flat and rather wide space, and he was the kind of guys I carefully avoided, because I have a deep dislike, even disgust, for them. He was wearing a kind of colorful Hawaiian shirt, a big gold chain around his neck, had a mass of curly grey hair, and a vague vicious look; I instantly put him in the repulsive category of pervert; at first glance, he was a sort of old faggot to me.

"If you go down this way, I'll kill you."

I stopped, dumbfounded.

"Are you crazy? Why would you kill me?"

I wasn't afraid of this thing at all, I was just amazed.

He felt that he had not obtained the effect he expected, and he sought to strengthen his grasp.

"Are you looking for Colleen? "

"No, I don't know any Colleen."

I was leaving, to get away from this individual as quickly as possible, and without considering his insane threat, but he apostrophized me again.

"The girl you are looking for, the girl you love," he says.

I stopped dead in my tracks. He had touched me, obviously.

"Where is she?", I replied instantly, that was the only question I cared about. I didn't care about his death threats.

"She is gone," he said.

There, he touched me in the heart.

I am of Aryan and Frankish race, we do not know the lie. And, unlike some perverse races, we are not trained to practice and detect fraud. Some of us have let themselves been seduced by the enemy, but in our deepest consciousness, evil is always represented by the traitor, the pervert and the liar, the jealous, Loki, Ganelon, who destroy as much as they can the kingdom of frankness and love. I did not even think of doubting what this infamous being had just told me: she was gone.

I had to break down instantly, and he felt his advantage. Silly *goy* that I am.

It was quite credible to me that she had left, although I had never considered it. Our last meeting, when she had avoided me, with that horrible make-up, and that look of fury on her delicious face, left me to consider her departure, far from me, as possible. It was a terrifying catastrophe; I felt, as the ancient Celts say, the sky falling on my head. The path of my life, on which I galloped with so much happiness, was suddenly nothing but an immense abyss. All my vital energy, directed since our first separation towards a single goal, to find her, collapsed, and I remained staggering, as if affected by a kind of vertigo.

For a moment, I thought of attacking the pervert to extort from him, by force, the keys that would allow me to find Shana. Something I had never done in my life, I could not imagine myself torturing someone, even someone as disgusting as the one in front of me, in order to extort information from him. I really had to be pushed to the extreme limits. And if Shana had left of her own free will, it was obviously useless.

Sensing my dismay, he pushed the nail in, to make me take responsibility for this departure:

"Why did you not go to your date, this morning?"

"I was exhausted, I fell asleep," I said.

The hatred that shone in his dark eyes increased a notch.

"How can you do that? Do you know who she is? Do you know how much are worth her pictures?"

No, I didn't know *who* she was. I didn't know any of this. I wasn't a human flesh peddler on film.

"Who is she?", I asked.

Obviously, he did not answer this question.

"She even paid to do the movie here, to be with you... all the crew, the cameras... It did cost a lot," he said dreamily. The money made him sentimental. But I had no idea what he meant.

I tried once again to stick a description that gave some meaning to the unbelievable reality I had been facing for three days:

"Who is she? Is she the daughter of a mafia boss?"

That was the only explanation I could find for the kind of *protection* she was under. It didn't make sense, by the way, because they were threatening to kill her family, but I was reduced to increasingly incoherent conjectures, partial descriptions, all of which missed the point of the reality that the word "*pornstar*" covered. Strangely enough, this idea of her as the daughter of a mafia boss would be taken up in a movie, *Summer Camp Girls*, where she played the lead role of a rich heiress of a mafia boss, a so-called *Italian* mafia of course, and not a Jewish one, as in all Hollywood propaganda productions, and her partner in the film, a swarthy, curly, greasy, libidinous Jew named Hershel Cohen, *alias* Hershel "Savage", plays the role of a little mobster, obviously Catholic, Italian, who wins the favor of the Catholic mobster dad, ready to execute him, by making a sign of the cross. To add to the sinister humor, the Cohens or Kohens were the sacrificial priests of Yahweh, probably heirs of the sacrificial priests of Baal-Moloch, those who performed the bloody holocausts and burned the firstborns as an offering to the Lord Almighty...

Making a scion of the *Kohen priests* play the role of a Catholic, Italian handyman may have amused the film's producer and director, but it is also

possible that it was imposed on them, since the immemorial hierarchy based on religious offices is still essentially respected in the Jewish world. The *Kohanim* or *Kohens*, the highest priestly race, married only among themselves, which made Yosef Ben Matityahu Ha Cohen, alias Flavius Josephus, say that he was of a "pure race", a token of legitimacy in his quarrel *Against Apion*. A *whistle-blowing* heiress of an American *Kohen* family revealed on an American TV show that her *family* continues to practice child sacrifice to her God, whom the ignorant call Satan or Lucifer according to Christian tradition, but who is none other than the ancient Moloch, of whom the Judaic Yahweh, the Christian Creator and the Islamic Allah are heirs. It is said that one swallow does not make a spring; it is up to each person to make up his or her own mind as to the existence or non-existence of these sacrifices, which have the prestige of the highest antiquity.

Far from Hollywood, and by an analogy perhaps due to chance, the banker of the *Federal Reserve Bank* of the USA who financed Lev Bronstein alias Leon Trotsky for his Bolshevik revolution was called Jacob Schiff, and Schiff is a name of the family of the *Kohen* sacrificing priests; Lenin, becoming demented, will say that the innumerable Russian victims of the Revolution were "sacrificed to Moloch"; one cannot speak of a direct relation of cause and effect, all this is shrouded in uncertainty, but certain analogies, when they are repeated frequently, are disturbing; if this kind of story bothers you, which is highly understandable, you just have to close the case, thinking that I am a paranoid to be at ease.

Identity fraud, *false flag*, are classic in Hollywood. They are Jewish actors who play the roles of Western or *Nazi* rapists and sadists, with a few rare exceptions. Because it is difficult to find Aryan actors who enjoy playing these roles, or who are even capable of playing them at all. Better yet, in films depicting *Nazi crimes*, the sadistic *Nazi* torturer-actors are mostly actually Jewish, while their supposedly Jewish victims are attractive Aryan girls; take away the fake uniforms, and you have a realistic film about enslavement. The height of the *false flag* and *anti-Nazi* scam is reached in the ritual torture of children, where the hooded torturers have, according to the few victims who have been able to testify, a *German accent* and insist that they are *Nazis*; but there are no *German Nazis* in the U.S.A., at least not in the circles of power; on the other hand, the *Yiddish* accent of the Jews from Germany, a degraded version of German, is abundant, so listen to the very official *Henry* (dear Henry) Kissinger to get a sample.

Perhaps the filthy being in front of me, whose name and function I now know, Bobby Hollander, of his real name Ira Allen Sachs, a dashing Jewish mafia *businessman* who makes grow by pornography a little part of the money earned by the extortion of usury, racketeering, drug and slave trafficking, and white slavery, found the idea perfectly suited to the imagination of ignorant little white *goys*, as I had just offered it to him on a platter. And would make his fellows laugh, always ready to appreciate a good scam demonstrating the famous *chutzpah*. Sachs is a well-known name, appearing among others in the name of the hyper-predatory Goldman-Sachs bank; they may not be related, but they are certainly from the same tribe.

But for the moment, I was nowhere near being able to make all these connections. In my worldview, built up over two thousand years of religion, torture, brainwashing and propaganda, there was only one kind of Jew, a product of the excellent Chosen People, innocent among the innocent, and persecuted without reason.

"You are a poor fool. She loves you. She would have done everything you want."

She would have done everything I wanted? It didn't make any sense to me. All I asked her to do was to be there with me, and she hadn't done that. Obviously, the filthy creature who was talking to me had other ideas in mind, no doubt in the catalog of his perversions, sodomy, bondage, torture, or other delights of Moloch's grandsons; and above all, the pimp's Holy Grail, the transmutation of women into sex slaves. But that was another shock to me, this sentence. I had never had any particular *request*, I had never *wanted* anything, love takes its course, simply, and without ulterior motives. This sentence seemed to come from another planet, a planet where the love someone has for you is just an opportunity to exploit. And I had no way of knowing what it meant, it was another riddle, one I couldn't possibly understand. This sentence, of which I had no context, not knowing anything about the incomprehensible psyche of the filthy being, added to my confusion.

"Do you know that she already tried to commit suicide? If she suicides, it will be your fault. You are bad for her. You don't deserve her."

It was the coup de grace. Backed by all the power of his gold, his hatred, and three thousand years of crimes and frauds, the Moloch's filthy grandson had decreed his verdict on our love. Especially on me, who did not "deserve" her. It was staggering. Of course, the question of whether I "deserved" her,

or whether she "deserved" me, had never existed - we had found each other, and we were simply *meant for each other*, as a simple and sensible expression goes. There was no sordid shopkeeper's, or worse, loan shark's calculation in our relationship. There was only an ecstatic natural attraction, and that is far beyond calculation. My world, and that of the filthy being, diverged totally; I could not see and understand his world, as he could not see and understand mine. In this *clash of civilizations*, one of the worlds had to disappear; and for the moment, it was mine, the European or the Christian, that was shattered.

This was no surprise; in fact, the first bloody *clash of civilizations* had taken place just before I was born, between the old cultured European civilizations and the new barbarities, one of which had turned the Russian Empire into a Judeo-Bolshevik paradise and the other had turned the naive American Union into a *liberal* paradise of Judaic finance. It was the world to which I belonged that had been destroyed, and what was happening was only one of the myriad consequences; I was born defeated, although I was told that I was on the side of the victors; in reality, I was a prey to be used or stripped, and everything was done in accordance with the *public order* and *peace* guaranteed by *anti-discriminatory* and *anti-racist* laws. A defeated person has only the choice to submit and collaborate, in the barbaric worlds; European civilization, precisely, had endowed itself with other laws, based on natural law and the law of nations, which preserved the integrity of the defeated peoples. We can easily measure the difference between barbarism and civilization in the way the vanquished are treated.

That my world was shattered in my encounter with the filthy Sachs-Hollander was only a consequence of the fall of European civilization, but this fall is hidden; knowing it leads to revolt. Without the awareness of this mortal struggle of the worlds, which alone gives the keys to what is happening, my world's view was only chaos, and I was lost in a total confusion that only increased almost at every moment.

"If you try to find her, I'll get you killed by mafia."

And he accompanied this threat with his darkest look.

This look filled with the most extreme hatred is supposed to inspire terror, it is the *evil eye* that terrorizes the populations around the Mediterranean. It can be seen, sometimes, in the media, whenever Jewish mafia personalities or their Cabal's wealthy elite superiors are in a criminal

mood, and it is very specific. Perhaps this was one of the sources of Shana's senseless terror. We don't talk about it, because it's not a political fact; yet everything indicates that the very specific use of this look marks membership in the most vile and criminal part of humanity. But no one wants to see it, because it is dangerous to notice it; it would be like attracting the attention of the predator.

The European peoples know anger, they can get *angry*; everyone knows the extracts from Adolf Hitler's speeches in which he is clearly very angry at the Jews. The Greek Aristotle, in contrast to Christianity, praises the virtues of anger: "Anger is necessary; nothing is overcome without it, unless it fills the soul, unless it warms the heart; it must therefore serve us, not as a leader, but as a soldier." Anger is a reaction to injury, disrespect, or offense; the anger of God himself strikes those who have *offended* him. But hate is quite different. You cannot understand it, because there is no reason in your mind. It is that you are hated for what you are, a *goy*, a *Gentile*, an enemy, and an enemy all the more hateful if you are handsome and intelligent enough to overshadow Yahweh and his minions, which is an *offense*. Remember, if you have been drowned in baptismal water and instructed in Christianity, Lucifer is *the most beautiful of angels* before he was fallen to the rank of *evil spirit*, because his pride led him to disobedience. God, the Almighty, Moloch-Yahweh-Christ-Allah, hates the *disobedient*, and the disobedient are those who refuse to be slaves.

I stood there, floating, disoriented once again. "I don't understand," I said to myself, over and over again, mixing it with any other thought that might come up. Should I attack this being, who no doubt had the privilege of being Shana's *friend*? I was deprived of my goal, to find her, having no clue that would allow me to look for her; I was alone, in an immense void. While going up the road, always pursued by this glance full of hatred, I was still tempted to attack it, to rush on this being to destroy it. I even started to prepare myself, saturating with oxygen, as before a dive in apnea, in anticipation of the effort of the blows I was about to make. In the state I was in, attacking him would have done me a great deal of good, would have freed me from this burden that weighed on me, would have released me, no doubt. But finally, I gave up. There were too many grey areas, and I didn't know what it could do for me. Especially, when he had said to me: "If you try to see her again, I will have you killed by the mafia", I had immediately thought: "It is she who will come back", and of that, I acquired immediately a kind of

certainty. There was, on my side, this hidden card, which he could not see, because he knew nothing about love, nor about the violence of true passions. It was better to numb the monster's distrust by giving him the illusion of a complete victory.

I went back to the village; I had the impression that my head was buzzing. Then I thought that he had prevented me from going down because she was taking a boat; so I went down to the port, by another way, but the port was empty, and there was no boat. I could have at least asked if there had been a boat, a little earlier; I had not heard the siren that signaled their arrival and departure. But I didn't. It was simple, though; but at the same time, I was as if I had become tetanized, or zombified, and was unable to enter a store to ask if there had been a boat; I wouldn't even have been able to find the words.

In the sort of disoriented emptiness that had taken hold of me, I was incapable of the simplest acts, a situation that was absolutely mind-boggling for me. It is true that in this circumstance, the simplest act would have been to rid the planet of monsters, but this act was doubly, triply, immensely forbidden, given the quality of the monsters in question, and this perhaps explains it.

As I walked back up the paved road to the village, I heard a girl crying, a really heartbreaking cry, in the little hotel by the side of the road. I thought, but was not sure, that it could be Shana. I tried to call out, "Shana," but only a trickle of voice came out of my mouth. All my strength had gone out of me. The vampire had drained me of all energy.

I climbed back up, more and more overwhelmed. A deafening storm had broken out in my head. Moloch's disciple had plunged me into his world, Gehenna, that horrible and hopeless world of beings born guilty and tormented by a paranoid Judge. Of course, as a Christian, I had already been entitled to the continuous exposure of a divine Crucified One dripping with sacred blood, from which one had to drink the last drop, which was the most sublime expression of a religion of love, in a mystical and mysterious alchemy that linked the sweetest of feelings to the most horrible of torments; then, still suffocating in Christ-like torments, around the age of twelve perhaps, an unknown Charity had offered my whole class a free show, *Nuit et Brouillard*, *Night and Fog*, in which walking skeletons who had apparently lost their clothes wandered around barracks, accompanied by a gloomy commentary on the mass murders that threatened humanity, and calling us to a constant

vigilance against the horrible *fascism* and the unfathomable human wickedness

All this has only one obvious goal: to create terror. Again, the ultimate master. It is pretty easy to notice and to understand that the most violent feelings that can take hold of us in adulthood, whether it is love, terror or anything else, have such a violence only because they were previously violently experienced at a time when only a few defenses were built, in childhood. His is reactivation. It is unlikely to experience a feeling of unreasonable terror in adulthood if it were never experienced in childhood. This is why parish priests, educators and charity groups mainly target children.

Move along, there's nothing to see

Aristotle explains that the theater has a function of catharsis, of purification by the expression of normally invisible emotions; and the emotions that the theater treats are for him what he calls pity and especially fear, which I would rather translate as terror. Two emotions that generally lead us without our knowledge. The ancient theater is not an entertainment, it is a ritual, a ritual of purgation; it exhibits the emotions that lead us, so that we can master them. This is the opposite of the ordinary productions of propaganda today, whose aim is clearly to enchain, through a manufactured pity and terror.

It is very difficult for the modern Westerner, after 1,500 years of Christianity, to understand why pity, this feeling that is considered *noble* and linked to civilization, must be fought. I myself had a lot of difficulty with this, even though for Aristotle it doesn't seem to deserve much explanation. I understood only through the Indo-Aryan *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, in which the relationship between heroism and pity is the central theme. The compassion that prevents the warrior Arjuna from fighting is judged by the god to be: "a shameful discouragement unworthy of an Aryan and closing the gates of Heaven". And a fable by Aesop, which predates Aristotle by a hundred years, sheds similar light on Greek morality, in the fable *The Farmer and the Frozen Serpent*.

"A farmer found in the winter season a snake stiffened by the cold. He took pity on it, picked it up and put it in his bosom. Warmed up, the snake resumed its naturalness, struck and killed his benefactor, who,

feeling himself dying, exclaimed: "I have deserved it, having had pity on a wicked one."

This fable shows that perversity does not change, no matter how much kindness is shown to it."

The moral of the fable is not very interesting, although in our time, the belief in the magical capacity of *right ideas* to transform rotten pumpkins into democratic carriages ruins our civilizations, but a being with a remnant of common sense is still able to see this. What is interesting is that the one who had pity on a villain has committed a *fault*; this is so obvious to Aesop that it does not deserve any particular explanation. After 1,700 years of Christianity, this may seem strange. But it is common sense. It is an ethical fault, ethics being not at all compassion or love of neighbor, but the best behavior for the harmonious development of relationships and life.

Immunization against pity, the function of theatrical catharsis according to Aristotle, as well as immunization against terror, are two constituents of a heroic morality that fights against the forces that can destroy us.

In the early 2010s, some anti-Western organizations mounted a high-impact pity campaign, which resulted in the invasion of the West by hordes of several million invaders from backward and hostile areas. This campaign used the photo of a young *refugee* child named Aylan, said to have drowned on a beach. Ten minutes of Internet research reveal that a drowning man is cyanotic, and that he is blue. I saw drowned people when I was a kid, and I was very impressed by the color. And the fact that they were soiled by sand, algae, and generally in a rather poor condition. But this Aylan was very pink, just on the edge of a sea of oil. On some leaked wide shot photos, we can see some anglers looking at the spectacle a few tens of meters further, while continuing their fishing, and do not seem to see anything exceptional there. The drowned child had kept his shoes and his clothes were not particularly messy. We could not see his face, as we see those of the children victims of the bombings in Afghanistan, Iraq or Gaza. A strange drowned child. *The medium is the message*, an insignificant photo accompanied by a thousand horrified comments and distributed to hundreds of thousands of copies has more impact than a thousand photos *that do not need comments* and are not picked up by the media. This well-calculated fabrication clearly reveals that for the various *psyops*, the makers of *psychological operations* that have their origin in the military, pity is a weapon of war. When we see the

enormous damage caused by *refugees* or *migrants*, human, moral, material, financial, etc., we understand that pity is an extremely dangerous weapon, and that it must be fought in the same way as terror. Pity, the exposure of so-called *victims*, is constantly used as a Trojan horse of terror.

We have forgotten the terror, and the speeches are filled with imprecations, absurd great ideas, destructive dreams; we act, in fact, like terrorized rats on a sinking ship, attaching ourselves to any life saver. Terror is there, more than ever, invisible, insidious, paralyzing, but we no longer understand the meaning of the Greek tragedy, and we no longer know how to fight terror. Terror has become normal, and terrorists heroes.

This is related to the obvious rise of tyranny in modern times, and the accelerating fall of democratic institutions. Democracy, as well as other less popular systems, has risen up against tyranny and the reign of terror. The theater allowed the fusion of the people in the same *pathos*, the same sensibility, which founded in a sensitive way its identity, against the threats of the tyranny.

There are many contemporary examples of the trivialization of terror, and even of its forced importation through *migrants* and *refugees*, but I will select two that show how *normal* terror has become, and the rebellion against *criminal* terror.

On June 18, 1815, the English and their coalition won the battle of Waterloo, a battle that was decisive for the future of Europe in general and the English in particular. The financier Nathan Mayer Rothschild, who was doing his business on the London Stock Exchange, learned of this victory a day before the others thanks to a device prepared in advance. Armed with this knowledge, he began to sell masses of shares ostensibly, as if he wanted to get rid of them as quickly as possible, which was obviously noticed and caused a stock market panic. His agents bought back the shares that everyone wanted to get rid of at any price because of the supposed defeat, and this is how Nathan Mayer Rothschild stripped much of England of its fortune. Students of economics are taught that this is *normal* in the capitalist system, that it's about *liberalism* and *freedoms*; but what exactly is it about? A panic is a form of terror, and this Mr. Rothschild is no more and no less than a terrorist, someone who uses terror as a means of tyranny; this Mr. Rothschild, in a world that would not be lobotomized, would have been judged in the

most infamous way for this swindle, prelude to many other even worse, to the extent of the means he has acquired.

Mr. Rothschild obviously has no great affinity with European democratic customs; his references are rather on the side of Yahweh-Moloch's terror; perhaps this is an excuse, since we always find one.

Another stunning example is the anniversary of the "*terror bombing*", and the collective cremation in *firestorms* of several hundreds of thousands German civilians, including a vast majority of women and children, in the historic city of Dresden, the *Venice of the North*, in 1945. Between February 13 and 15 of each year, then, beings as foul as this horrible crime, which the American writer Kurt Vonnegut documented in his *Slaughterhouse-Five*, parade through Dresden with banners stating, among other things, "All that is good comes from the sky". If this is not an apology for the most abject terrorism, we wonder what could possibly one. And yet, up to now, this has been going on in a kind of terrible general resignation: terror has the right of citizenship, it spreads itself out without complex, self-confident, deliberately spitting on the millions of deaths it has already caused, and the millions it is about to cause. No one flinches. Terrorists hold the upper hand. What kind of world do we really live in? A *free* world?

This is exactly what was happening to me, confronted with the filth and its terror: I was not consciously terrorized, I was apathetic or phobic, disoriented, and incapable of any action, especially that of seeing reality. There is no longer any conscious terror, just a nothingness. Although I was not exactly *like the others*, I was nevertheless for the most part what the spirit of Christ, the messenger advocating self-sacrifice for the glory of Yahweh-Moloch, wanted me to be.

"Why?", "What did I do?" and "What should I have done?" were the questions that haunted me relentlessly, as soon as the filthy one told me that Shana was gone. Far from realizing that the solution, the only solution, lay in violence and war, I turned this violence against myself, poor Christian, designated victim, subjected to the pangs of guilt. It was my fault, inevitably, somewhere. Just as I couldn't see Shana as a high-class slave in the pornographic branch of the Hollywood business, I couldn't see the global pressure that was being exerted against us, of which the filthy Hollander-Sachs was only a more conspicuous agent than the others. After all, we lived in a world of *freedom*, didn't we, and I couldn't see the vile, deadly coercion

of Shana, nor could I even discern the coercion of myself. I was totally unprepared to rephrase the world, to find the words that would accurately describe reality. I was in an indecipherable world, and, buoyed by more than a millennium of self-examination and brain control by ecclesiastical, then psychoanalytical, then *politically correct* authorities, I believed that what was indecipherable, the source of the problem, was myself.

We would be, it seems, *guilty*. In reality, crimes do exist, but we are the victims, not the perpetrators. The real criminals pretend to be victims. It is an art, developed over thousands of years, and it is totally out of our reach, and even out of our understanding.

After long suffering and wandering reflections, if despair has not completely destroyed you, you begin to understand that most of your thoughts and reflections do not belong to you, but that they have been imposed on you by the powers that are in charge of shaping you, and that these powers do not wish you any good. On the contrary, they are in charge of transforming you into a slave, a slave who only revolts against ghosts because he lives in the illusion of freedom. And even worse, a slave who will attack all those whose masters tell him that they threaten his illusory freedom.

The origin of your ills is never in yourself, except perhaps for those who have genetic disorders, it is in what has been done to you, and above all, it is in those who, by various means, from propaganda to coercion, have transformed you into what you seem to be. Of course, there are terrible prohibitions that prevent this understanding, which is dangerous for the manipulators, because the consequence of this understanding is that you go from submission to revolt, and then war. And as it is a war for our souls and our life, it is a total war.

No discussion is possible, even though we are supposedly in a *democracy*, where free discussion is precisely the way to avoid violence; if you look at the reasons for the establishment of the Athenian democracy, you will see that the avoidance of civil war is the main one, if not the only one. No discussion is possible, because you can't discuss with someone whose whole strategy is to slander you, to accuse you of horrible crimes in order to crush you, you can only accuse him of being a horrible criminal himself, and act accordingly. The strategy of excessive guilt-tripping, if it fails, and it eventually will, can lead to a reaction commensurate with the terrorism of guilt; it is a dangerous

extremist strategy, born long ago in the closed Holy of Holies of Baal, Moloch, Yahweh, whose consequences can only be extreme.

I was very far from this awareness, of course. And also very far from thinking that Shana was immersed in the same bath as I was: following without knowing it the rails of her catholic education, she easily sacrificed herself to monsters, although with the help of impressive quantities of cocaine to *make the pill go through*; she had, in spite of her obvious natural reticence, no *fundamental* objection; after all she was *guilty*, and had to make *amends*. The terror that bound her was only the latest avatar of an ancient, millennial terror that had taken hold of her almost from birth.

It is not easy to get rid of the horrors of education and propaganda, and when you think you have done it, you have very rarely done it completely. I imagined her different, because with me she was different, she was herself, as nature had made her, free, happy and beautiful. And that was my first impression of her, a dazzling impression that would never fade. I couldn't imagine her trapped in the same trap as me, and especially surrounded by a bunch of criminals who *took care of her* in their own way.

In reality, the state in which I plunged was far beyond guilt, and beyond consciousness. It was in an awful state of shock, close to the stupor. Only one thought twisted my head: "She's gone. She's gone, she's gone, she's gone... It is hardly if I could formulate a "why", look for a cause that, while she was talking to me, I wouldn't have understood. The search for a cause, and for a solution, I had failed in it while she was there, and I was now confronted with a single reality, a terrible reality, her absence. There was, extremely tenuous, this hope that she would return, in two weeks. But for the moment, I was horrified and tetanized. The bite of the vampire, the infection of Yahweh born of Moloch's hatred, had begun to gnaw my soul, turning me into a slave, terrorized and helpless.

I stood prostrate in the village square, almost unable to move. I thought, against all reason, that she might appear again. I was no longer able to do anything but wait, being almost certain that she would not show up. I was nothing, I was a dog lying on his master's grave, and that nothing can move. It was atrocious. The sky had really fallen on my head. I was a living dead, my soul had been butchered by the Jealous God.

Yet I managed to sleep, without difficulty. I had no more goal, no more research, nothing. A total emptiness, on which still floated a meager hope, that she would return in two weeks.

The next day I resumed my faction without object on the place. I was in a nightmare that did not cease for a moment. I had no way of understanding that this nightmare did not belong to me, that it was due to an alien cause, the infection by the vampires, by the considerable mass of their pressure which was growing stronger every day. Like almost all my unfortunate race brothers, my cognitive structure had been seriously altered. I couldn't even recognize an enemy, let alone if he was a member of the excellent Chosen People, when I had him right in front of me. There was indeed *something wrong* with me, a very serious disorder, a latent nightmare, but this disorder did not belong to me, this disorder was an implant, my head was an occupied territory, the nightmare was a violent conflict between my true nature, my original, living, loving, fighting nature, and the vampiric implant of Yahweh born of Moloch who imposed upon me his vision of reality, where he is the predatory Lord, and I am just a poor wretch chained by guilt. I was not quite a zombie, the zombie gave up, emptied out of all nature, to be only a soulless slave, a pure instrument. The nightmare was a sign that something was still strongly alive in me, protesting and suffering; but I was far from being able to see the very relative positive side of the situation.

In the course of this nightmare, where I could hardly see or hear the outside world, a guy suddenly came to my table, as if out of nowhere. He was a fairly young guy, who didn't look like anything special at first glance, dressed normally in jeans and a shirt.

"I got pity you both. Come, I know a hidden place where from you can see the movie shooting. I got pity of you both."

"I am not interested in movies," I said.

"The movie, the girl you love," he said.

"The girl I love? She is gone."

"She stars in the movie - I will show you."

"She is gone - why doesn't she come to see me? "

I was locked in my nightmare, and deaf to anything else. Obviously, this discouraged him.

"I regret having come - as you wish, you will die an idiot" and he started to leave. Waking up a little from my state of prostration, I moved a little to follow him. *"Don't follow me!"*, he said. It didn't take much to stop me, and I immediately returned to my nightmarish state of expectation.

Apart from this small incident, this state did not cease, not for a single moment, for days and days. I clung to one thing only, that she would come back, in fifteen days. That she would come back, in fifteen days. May she come back, in two weeks. Rather than remaining prostrate in the square, I started to occupy myself again, to maintain myself physically; but even while freediving, in this state of relaxation and concentration that a good diver must reach, the infernal machine unleashed in my head did not cease exploding.

When the fortnight was over, I got up in the morning with a little hope, which made me come back to life. But she did not arrive.

With each passing day, the faint hope that kept me alive diminished. Little by little, during my haunted nights, an idea began to germinate in me: I could not continue to live like this, and I was certainly going to die. I had to regain control of my life, of my thoughts, and to do that, I had to forget her.

I had had, in my adolescence, a little experience of meditation, of the techniques of mind control divulged in yoga. I had even achieved, without too much difficulty, what in yoga is called *samadhi*, total control, the cessation of thought, which is indeed a state of pleasure, relaxing and beneficial; commenting today, I would say that it is there that we can realize that our *consciousness* is torturing us. I knew how to stop my thoughts, which often passes for a union with the divine, but which is undoubtedly a return to our *true nature*, the original nature, which is not separated from the world. It is a similar feeling that one experiences in ecstatic orgasm, pure fusion, although in orgasm the feeling is incomparably more powerful. These ecstatic states, which embellish life, make you more sensitive to the beauties of the world and also more aware of its ugliness, are not, however, transposable into ordinary life; they remain isolated moments in the overall experience, and even if one wishes to live one's whole life in this state, it is not, to my knowledge, possible. The Zen doctrine, which can be roughly summarized as "acting in non-action", claims to have found a solution, but I am not really convinced. In short, if I didn't know how to live in a state of permanent immediacy, I at least knew how to control my mind, if necessary.

The thought control techniques I know of, inspired by yoga, have only one goal: to stop the thought. There may be others that would have brought a different result, but I don't know them. One can imagine, for example, a technique which, while preserving the memory, would make it less painful, harmless. Maybe, it exists, I'm not a specialist. I only knew one technique: the stop, the erasure.

Without knowing it, I applied two very common mental transformations to myself: one, natural, is post-traumatic amnesia, the other, artificial, is brainwashing. Most likely, there is something innate in these procedures; in an emergency situation, confronted with a life-threatening stress, the soul switches off. It is not that it actually erases a part of the past, but that it installs a cordon sanitaire around it, preventing access to it. The technology of brainwashing does not rely on anything else: basically, a trauma, and possibly a repeated trauma, will isolate a part of the memory; and eventually, certain signals will allow the forbidden memory to be reactivated. The first works of the neuropath Freud dealt with traumas, and one of the fashionable subjects in psychiatry, after the First World War, was post-traumatic amnesia. One does not need to be a genius to understand that if one can claim, falsely but what does it matter, to unravel traumas through analysis, the amnesia having been renamed "repression", one can also, conversely, and this time effectively, through the use of traumas, create said amnesias to *reshape* the victims of the experimenters. This is the basis of what is called "*mind control*": traumatize, create amnesia, remodel. This is what will be done, in a big way, against the unfortunate defeated Germans, defenseless victims of hordes of unleashed propagandists, equipped with enormous means of coercion and terror, who will work on this work of collective brainwashing called "denazification". And then, the same torturers, armed with their experience, will throw themselves en masse on the souls of Americans, who will be purged of all natural feelings, and especially of all positive feelings of love for oneself and one's loved ones or fellow human beings, in order to make them enter into the collective psychopathology where the servant of Yahweh-Moloch reigns without sharing.

In short, I self-administered my own cobbled-together mixture of post-traumatic amnesia and brainwashing. I don't know if this has ever been described in any psychological accounts, nor if this practice has a learned name. Perhaps it is quite singular, although I doubt it. The aim of the

operation, in any case, is clear: to ensure survival by isolating a part that is too dangerous.

Was it a good decision? It was a terrible decision, to consciously amputate an essential part of my past, an amputation that would make me a shadow of my former self for a long time. Afterwards, a long time later, I would understand that the awareness of what had happened would inevitably lead me to the awareness of the criminality of the minions of Yahweh-Moloch, and that this taboo awareness was punishable by death, as Shana, a little later, would have to experience.

So I began my thought-stopping exercises. I made quite rapid progress; after a few days, the near past haunted me only half of the time; the rest of the time, I could enjoy a relative peace, not a real bliss, but a relief.

A little dive into paranoia

While I was swimming and snorkeling, as I did every day, combining the control of my breath with the new control I was taking of my soul, a very strange incident destabilized me once again. Swimming on the surface, I heard the sharp sound of a speedboat approaching, very fast. Glancing around, I saw it still quite a distance away, heading straight for me. I didn't think for a moment that he might not have seen me. I took a quick breath and dove in. The roar of the raging engine, the foam of the propeller, all passed over my head as I waited, lurking in the depth. I could hold my breath for a while, and I had instantly, by reflex, made the right decision. If, by reflex, I had immediately understood that this was a mortal danger, and that I was the target of an attack, this did not correspond to my world view, and as soon as I got my head out of the water, safe and sound, and this time slightly terrified, I began to recharacterize the incident. The only speedboat on the island belonged to a French dentist, who I had no idea was a Judeo-mafioso, and whose little house was quite close to the nudist beach of the former *hippies*. I knew very little about him, whereas I knew just about everybody, if only by a few affectionate greetings, on this island. That he wanted to kill me seemed totally implausible; it could only be an accident, no doubt, he had been distracted. A familiar process, which I thought I had forgotten, began to take hold of me, a process I called "my paranoia", following the sinister habit of the Christian to flagellate himself for all the turpitudes of the world, replacing, as modernity requires, sin with *mental illness*.

For the French dentist to try to kill me, by carrying out the threats of Shana's American *friends*, there had to be a link, and therefore a *plot*, a hidden link. A plot? But *you'd have to be crazy*, don't you think, it would be a crime, another *impossible* crime in our *liberated* world.

The idea that there could be a conspiracy linking this *French* dentist and Shana's *Jewish friends* was simply impossible. I was missing an essential ingredient for understanding, which was that this dentist was himself Jewish, of this profession where you can *lie through your teeth* and sell stainless steel for the price of gold. Yet I knew, in the depths of my being, those governed since the dawn of time by simple and efficient mechanisms, that there had to be a link between the death threats of the filthy Hollander and this attempted murder while I continued to wait for Shana. But this link was somewhere on the side of an invisible, unspeakable, inaccessible, and therefore perfectly terrifying plot. This invisible and terrifying plot was the basis of what I called *my paranoia*; *something* was bent on destroying me. And this *something*, say the shrinks who know everything about your soul, is *imaginary*, a false reality, a *paranoia*.

Under the influence of this very powerful drug, LSD, I had experienced powerful ecstasies, extraordinary openings, but also, afterwards, like a backlash, panics and terrors that I had named *my paranoia*. It is not very difficult, afterwards, to understand that it was the result of too many years of education which punished me for having dared to betray the sublimities of *charity* and *sacrifice* and to be *alive* at last.

In a world that functions naturally, and without requiring any feats of intelligence, the question of what could possibly connect these two major events that occurred within twenty days of each other, specific death threats, announced by both Shana and Hollander, and an attempted murder, would have been the focus of my attention at the time. I could at least seek to understand. But it was the "*move along, nothing to see*" that immediately began to work.

I am not the only one who suffers from this automatism, in fact it is probably the most common case. I can even tell a little story involving the same *dentist*, which was recently told to me by a close friend who lived on the same island as me. He had once given shelter for the night to a pretty girl who had argued with his friend and had left a sailing boat docked in the harbor. As he was going to Athens a little later, the girl had told him that he could

sleep in the boat that would be moored at the port of Athens at that time. When he went there, the boat's owners caught him and pretended to kill him, thinking that he was a cop or an informer. In reality, they were carrying drugs from Turkey and had stopped over on my island, and my friend had a hard time persuading them not to feed him to the fish. I immediately made the connection with Shana who had told me that she had found cocaine, and with the *dentist* who very conveniently had a pontoon where a sailboat could dock. If Shana and the whole gang of pornographers came to shoot on the island, it is because it was a place where they knew they could get their drugs, essential to their well-being and the effectiveness of their *work*. This is also why, on several occasions, I had met very beautiful girls on this lost island, all *models*. But when I told my friend about my discovery, he immediately got angry: all this was not possible, and besides I could be sued for defamation, etc. Terror, paranoia and alcohol had taken over his life; although he had been chased out of the Garden of Eden in his native Algeria by the infamous *progressive* Muslim terrorists, he kept singing the praises of all that was brown, black, foreign and hostile, in an attitude of abject helplessness that he called *humanity*. This is the fate of the unfortunate Christian, or ex-Christian, who has been put through the *Human Rights* mill: if he is stripped and driven out of paradise, he does not fight back, does not hate, does not even protest, since it is *his fault*.

Moreover, since simply noticing that a person is Jewish, as Shana had reluctantly admitted, is already *anti-Semitic*, Judaism in general and the Jewish mafia or the high-ranking criminal Cabal in particular had acquired a kind of invisibility, and it was all the more impossible to link the dentist's actions to something invisible; there was effectively *nothing* left to see, and all I had to do was to *move around*.

To imagine that there could be a conspiracy, a secret connivance between people who, on the face of it, have no reason to know each other but the conspiracy itself, is an awful, conspiratorial, mentally ill, paranoid idea, and, like the idea of the pornography associated with Shana, I rejected it with horror. It cannot even be said that I rejected it, I would have rejected it if it had simply appeared, if it had dared to surface in my consciousness from the dark and nauseating depths where such unhealthy ideas are forbidden. I had *nothing against the Jews*, and I was not a *conspiracy theorist*, I was completely *normal*, and that's what drove me crazy, because nothing *fit* in this world where meaningless events followed each other. The idea of the

existence of such a *conspiracy* is systematically considered by the powers that be and their various media relays, academic or otherwise, as a *conspiracy paranoia*.

A person who would not have been subjected to terrorist propaganda would have immediately gone to the *French dentist*, with his best diving knife, a nice, sharp and serrated object, to demand with all the necessary insistence some explanations. But no. I asked myself if I was crazy, and that was it.

The Israeli, the unsuspected

The idea of the existence of a conspiracy is a *conspiracy theory*, but I have a little story to tell that is full of lessons about the unsuspected existence of occult powers.

I had just returned from Greece, it was maybe six months, in spring, or a year, in autumn, before I met Shana. My wife had left me to join the film director who had unfortunately missed his suicide; it was also the time when I had rejected a beautiful Australian woman without knowing what I was doing, there had also been a Norwegian woman, in Greece, and a Finnish woman, in Paris, with whom I had managed to screw up; my relationship with women, at that time, was not optimal. Seen from afar, given my potential for attraction to women, one could say that I was at that time, without realizing it, particularly dangerous.

I was leaving the airport, and I was alone. I had on my shoulder, as usual, my big military canvas bag with one shoulder strap, in which my scuba bag, which was the same size, was lodged. A pretty blond woman came out at the same time as me, on my left, pulling a big leather suitcase on wheels. She was looking at me; I wasn't too surprised, I knew I had the *look*, a little adventurous, a little offbeat, a little wild, that gets you noticed in airports. She was, almost the opposite, entirely defined by the standards of the *jet set*: discreetly styled, almost natural hair, silky but not too flashy clothes, and obviously some jewelry, not too flashy either. Chic, and passe-partout. But she had no makeup, she had a pretty natural skin. She had a type of Eastern European blonde, neither frankly Slavic, nor frankly Nordic. She stood next to me as we walked out the door; feeling a vague intimacy with her, I nodded in greeting. Then she headed for the cab stand, and I headed for the bus stand. I looked at her again, idle, but I liked her very much; she had a certain

grace, even dragging her branded suitcase. I was well aware that we were not living in the same world, and we were no longer on vacation; our worlds were separated between cabs and buses; I didn't have enough to offer her the golden life to which she seemed accustomed. She looked at me too; she suddenly changed her mind, and crossed, still dragging her suitcase, the space that separates the cabs from the buses. "Hello", I said, and she answered "Hello".

On the platform, then on the bus, we had a long conversation, at first filled with the usual banalities; our first names, and I don't remember hers at all, and where we were from; she told me she was from Israel. I didn't pay much attention, the only thing that interested me about Israel was that it wasn't an island, and I had an immoderate taste for archipelagos, boats, and the feeling of being out of the world that one has trouble finding on the continents, if not in inhospitable places. I don't remember what we talked about; usually I always oriented the conversations, when I could, on what my interlocutor liked, on what I liked too, practicing a kind of instinctive *positive thinking*; I didn't talk much about the subjects that make people angry, or the ones that can bring out the differences.

In order to arrive little by little at the great sexual accord, the ecstasy, it is necessary to develop harmonics; it is a kind of artistic talent, and many women I have loved were, in various ways, artists. I have the intuition that this is linked to a particular sensitivity to what is called harmony, which Pythagoras, among others, emphasized and which he applied in his musical rules. We find a similar sense in the I Ching, with its rules of balance and correspondence. What is the basis of this feeling, why some develop it more or better than others, I don't fucking know.

What makes some people develop this talent, and others not, remains a mystery to me; people reputed to be very intelligent can be real scumbags in their intimate relationships; a horrified friend told me that she had been drugged, unconscious, by a famous professor of the Collège de France, and had woken up naked, bitten with blood all over her body, especially on her breasts, by a lover of living flesh; this was towards the end of the 80s. And in many places of power, it is not at all harmony that is the order of the day.

I have sometimes been asked "how do I get people to love me", since it seems that *everyone loves me*, except those who want me dead of course; this is a question that has embarrassed me for a long time, even irritated me,

because I don't know anything about it, and I have no recipe. First of all, women often find me beautiful, even very beautiful, which cannot be invented; not being a woman, I have no idea what triggers the impression of *beauty* in them; I would be incapable of describing how I am beautiful in their eyes, whereas I could write a treatise on the thousand sometimes minute details that make women beautiful and the fortune of women's magazines. What is sure is that *beauty* opens all the doors, it fascinates, it is a fact, and it will be even more obvious for Shana than for me.

But for a long time I was not aware of it; I saw everyone I met as more beautiful than me; my Christian, anti-fascist and anti-racist education had persuaded me with repeated abuse that I was an abominable being, arrogant, rebellious, a *good Aryan*, who had to put himself *at the service of others* and stop *pissing off the world* with his pretensions. A thousand times I despaired the girls I loved because I was totally incapable of understanding that they loved me too, I guess I imagined that it was impossible for anyone to love me, all this is awful and I feel guilty about it, although the ultimate responsibility lies with the scum who created religions and the great *progressive* ideologies and who continue to use them to destroy everything that is better than them.

When we arrived in Paris, my new friend and I had a moment of hesitation; we hadn't thought about what to do next. In a blur, we went to a café, because we didn't want to part, but we didn't know how to stay together. The question of "what to do" deserved a little clarification. During the conversation, I understood that she wanted to come to my place; but I could not imagine her, with her *jet set* style and her beautiful suitcase, settling in my not particularly luxurious studio, even if it was on the Saint-Louis Island, next to Notre Dame. I would have preferred that we go to a hotel, but she wanted to come to my place at all costs, especially since I was alone there, my wife was gone. I don't know why, but the idea of her coming to my place upset me a lot. She wanted to be with me, and that was all; she didn't care about the place; she was about to take the place of my absent wife, showing up with her suitcase; she had decided that she loved me, and she was ready to go immediately from being a stranger to being a full-time lover. This was a situation I had never experienced; I didn't even think it was possible; in the world I usually lived in, the post-hippie world, let's say, the codes are very different; you have sex first, and then you decide, exceptionally, to live together. It was an upheaval in my rituals that I wasn't used to; I felt like I was in foreign territory. There may have been something else that influenced

me, although I didn't realize it at all; I'm not sure about that. She had told me she was from Israel; I think I understood that she was Israeli, and therefore Jewish. It was not *marked on her face* at all, but it appeared, perhaps, in her jewelry. Now, Jewish women evoked for me, without my understanding, traces of memory that were often incomprehensible, and rarely pleasant. Not all of them, some of them, out of their milieu, *de-Judaized* in a way, and not dating Jewish boys, were quite normal, sexually or amorously, as you like. But most of them posed me rather incomprehensible, and sometimes disturbing, riddles.

There had been Malka, this brown girl, who had seduced me by her vivacity, and who, after a beautiful night where nothing seemed to separate us, declared to me that she was a rabbi's daughter, that she could not live with a *goy*, and that because of the immense pleasure of that night, which she would never know again, she would be unhappy all her life; it was incomprehensible and chilling, the *cold shower*. It was not the first time; when I was the very young, brilliant and unstable student of a provincial university, I had seen, at the bottom of a café, a very beautiful brunette girl, immersed in her books, and my friends had told me, seeing my interest, that it was not worth it, she was unattainable. She became my absolute priority, and we started to date; this dating was limited to sentimental walks, I hardly touched her, but she was beautiful, brilliant, charming, I was crazy about her. One day, when I stole a book for her, I think by a certain Isaac Singer, but I could be wrong, she was so excited about it that she made me angry. I had the impression that our relationship was standing still, I didn't understand what was going on, or rather I interpreted that she didn't like me, that she was using me. I was wrong, she said; she was Jewish, she had to marry a Jew chosen for her, and arrive at the wedding a virgin; then, once married, she would be my mistress. Her father was also an important rabbi, I guess it's a kind of curse that follows me through the centuries. I felt dizzy, it was as if I had suddenly bled to death, I must have been very pale. I told her that I was going to go crazy, that the mere idea of her giving herself to another man out of obligation revolted me, and that I would rather not see her anymore; it would hurt a lot, but it would pass. She told me that we could *work something out*, that a friend had explained to her the technique of anal sex, that it was almost the same thing, that it was not expressly forbidden, while waiting for the damn certified *kosher* deflowering, and that many men and women liked it a lot. But this practical or utilitarian compromise, this kind of

bargaining, finally made me fall off my cloud. I was, and always have been, a fanatic, especially in matters of love; it's all or nothing. I didn't give her the book, which I later threw in the trash, because I didn't want her to remember me well, I wanted her to hate me. It left me with a very bitter taste, like one of those monstrous injustices that trample on poor humans.

Much more worrying, there had been this beautiful blonde with a bit of a busted nose, a very energetic body, a militant in a tiny group that followed the terrorist theories of Lev Davidovitch Bronstein, known as Leon Trotsky. One day, in a street, coming out of a show, she caught up with me and, arriving at my level, said, without looking at me: "Don't turn around." - "What?" said I, incredulous, but I did not turn around. "I want to warn you, be careful, there are people who want to kill you." I'm not sure she said "people", maybe it was something worse, like "my friends". I didn't believe a word of it, I wondered if she had gone crazy, but still, I didn't turn around. I wasn't afraid, I didn't have the symptoms of fear, but, still, that invisible threat of people behind my back may have remained, may have still been active when I met Shauna.

All these events float, invisible, and sometimes determining; and it is not only about the events that actually happened to me, it is about all the events that, in the course of innumerable histories, can be associated with what I lived; we are the expression, partial and momentary, of deep forces that cross the people in the course of time. Through the particular events, we perceive confusedly, without being conscious of it, the rumbling of the deep waves.

I have this kind of intuition, vaguely supported by what we have learned from the discovery of quantum phenomena, that there is wave motion, waves, harmonizations, discordances, in almost everything; a host of phenomena cannot be explained by the so-called *corpuscular* theories of bodies as strictly separate entities, such as the essential phenomenon of evolution which seems to proceed by waves and massive changes in a population.

Was it this inaudible rumbling of the groundswells that suddenly blurred my perception of my beautiful Israeli, turning me from the euphoria of pleasure to a dark sadness? Was it simply the fact that she claimed to be moving in with me, becoming my official companion? She insisted on coming to my place; I told her it was not possible, we talked for a while, and finally, to her amazement, I said something like, "I can't," got up and walked out of

the café. My action was inexplicable, I don't know *which fly bit me*, but I certainly felt something, had a kind of very strange intuition. There was no major obstacle for me to bring her to my house, especially as I was very attracted to her; it was as if there had been a strange break in space-time. I was crazy, no doubt, was it an effect of *my paranoia*? Why should I run away, since it was a flight? I had nothing to fear, indeed, logically. And I was very used to taking risks, nothing ever happened to me, I have been almost always incredibly lucky. What force suddenly pushed me out of this café where, the moment before, I was eye to eye, hand to hand with this lovely woman?

It was as if I had sensed, God knows how and why, a *threat*. *Paranoia*, always. But, most extraordinary of all, this *threat* really existed.

A few days after returning home alone, without understanding what I had done and bitterly regretting it, I went to my usual haunt, the Closerie des Lilas. There, two guys, brown, olive-colored, not beautiful, and dressed in dark clothes, rushed at me immediately. "We know who you are", they said to me straight away. Hell, I had never seen them, I didn't know them *from Eve or Adam*. But since I am, after all, only a *Gentile*, a *goy*, they could afford to be on first-name terms with me. "Who are you?", I said, terribly surprised. "That's none of your business," said the shorter one, who looked as if he had just come from the offices of the Lubyanka, where the Cheka was organizing the genocide of white Orthodox Russians, under the pretext of *class struggle*. His black eyes shone, with a brilliance that I would see again later. "Don't ask questions, we're here to warn you." "Warn me of what?", I said, stunned. "Not to try to see the girl you left behind two days ago." "How do you know that?", I said, increasingly stunned. "We got her back. She's a very famous singer in Israel, there's no way she's in love with a *goy*; you're lucky, if she'd stayed with you, we would have killed you." "We got her back, she cries a lot, but it will get better." Knowing that she was crying made me want to see her again; I have hurt people very often, especially women, but I always do it without wanting to know the consequences of my actions; in reality I hate to hurt, and when I am confronted with the reality, I will do anything to fix it, which is usually not possible. "Where is she? I'd like to see her," I said. The little Jew, since he was obviously one, seemed enormously surprised by my reaction. The death threats apparently had no effect on me, no conscious effect at any rate; and their telling me they would have killed me did not stop me from suddenly having a strong desire to see her again. It was as if these threats were unreal to me, which did not prevent them from being registered

somewhere, outside of my consciousness. "We're here to warn you," he added. If you try to see her again, you're dead."

These threats, of which I was not aware, probably existed from the very beginning of our meeting, and they were probably the reason for my separation from this girl I was so attracted to. She probably had a hidden motivation for not wanting to go to a hotel that would have matched her *standing*: she knew perfectly well that if she checked into a hotel, she would be found easily. In reality, she had to come to my place so that we could be hidden, at least for a while; if she had told me, I would certainly have accepted, but this was one of those things that was too monstrous to be said, just like Shauna's *pornstar* status, and these unsaid things, that we don't even guess at, nevertheless carry an immense weight, that we feel confusedly.

In fact, the plots, the threats *exist*. This is not paranoia, it is quite real. Even, if we take the original meaning of paranoia, *false knowledge*, the real paranoia is to believe that these threats do not exist. On my island, when I had just escaped a scheduled murder, I was paranoid about believing in the existence of a conspiracy. As is often the case in our propaganda-driven world, the reality is exactly the opposite of what we say it is. When one understands, or admits, the non-existence of God and the existence of *conspiracies*, the world makes sense and all the delirious drift constructed to try to create meaning from a truncated reality, called *paranoia*, ceases.

We know today that there are global surveillance systems, like the NSA; *whistleblowers* have spilled the beans. But at the time, in 1980, without all the modern technical spying means, I was spotted, known, catalogued, and not only by my country's intelligence, which is banal, but by Mossad, the Jewish intelligence, perhaps through its innumerable *Sayanim*, the Jews spread all over the world who follow the plans concocted by the leaders of their tribe. There may be an elegant alternative term for *conspiracy* to characterize this, perhaps a *philanthropic* or *humanitarian organization*, hidden to conceal its excessive goodness. It's rare that they present themselves as they are, shadowy little killers willing to organize *accidents* and *suicides*, and I should probably consider myself privileged.

This kind of incongruous, abnormal event is quickly forgotten: you don't know where to put it in your intimate architecture, it doesn't *fit* anywhere. Or, if we take it into account, we have to start rethinking everything, and generally, we don't have only that to do. But the consciousness of the event,

even if forgotten and recluse, remains. *The Jews must not be touched*. It certainly played a hidden role when Shana told me that her friends were *Jewish*, and when for the third or fourth time a Jew, this time Hollander, threatened me with death, and when a dentist tried to kill me with his speedboat.

A word about the obsession with *control*, *intelligence*, and pre-emptive elimination that characterizes this kind of system. It is the system itself that is paranoid, not the humans who undergo it, and who become paranoid because, in fact, being paranoid is a condition of allegiance to the system itself. Why is *paranoia*, false knowledge, indispensable in the system? Because the whole official ideological system built up after the Second World War, the official version of German-Jewish relations, the value system of abhorrence of racism and anti-Semitism, promoted by Universal Human Rights, is built on lies - the whole system of interpretation is a lie, and it is necessary to ensure that no truth about the real role and actions of either side, or ultimately about right and wrong, leaks out. This control is paranoid and generates paranoia.

An unattractive path

I had not, until then, paid much attention to the death threats of the filthy individual in front of me, when I thought Shana was gone. They seemed very abstract to me. But the speedboat incident had changed all that. There could indeed be some kind of *conspiracy*, a secret organization that could, among other things, kill, which Shana had warned me about, and which I didn't really believe in until then. And Shana was not coming back. For the first time, and unexpectedly, I no longer felt totally safe on *my* island. It was an extremely disturbing feeling. So, a new idea started to germinate, very quickly, in me: leave.

I could never have imagined that I would feel this way, in this place where I had always enjoyed being, even though my life, like any life, had its ups and downs. This unexpected attack of the good old paranoia had very deep effects; and it became like an emergency to get rid of it, to forget it as I would forget Shana. And for that, I had to change my place, to erase all traces.

I find it very difficult to remember these moments, and to describe them. Not that the memory is inaccessible, on the contrary it is available, and even, as it was occulted for a very long time in amnesia, it is present intact, in all

its original freshness, contrary to the majority of the memories which are often more or less remodeled in the course of time, when one accesses them to reintegrate them in new models that one has just conceived or adopted. What is difficult is to put myself back in the state I was in at that moment, a state that is properly catastrophic, a state of apocalypse. I told myself, in all seriousness, that I was dying, and that I could only lead the life of the living dead. Although physically in good shape, I no longer felt capable of living.

Three weeks had passed, and my hope of seeing her again was but minuscule. And throughout those three weeks, I had been afflicted with a kind of mental infection that was increasingly taking over my being.

At that time, I was still very far from being able to grasp the cause of evil, and without a defined cause, there can be no fight. I was quite erudite on a lot of subjects, but in general, all the analyses of the time were done in terms of *structures*, structures on which one could dissertate endlessly, but which remained no less elusive: according to Marx, all the problems of the humanity were the fact of the structures of the capitalism, and according to Freud, they were the fact of the structures of the unconscious, a kind of irrational and dangerous entity lurking at the bottom of the psyche of the humans; in no case, it was a question of designating the real action of certain men as the main cause of the torments of other men, because it was *paranoia*, everything being due to the holy *structures*, as eternal as the spirit of Yahweh floating on the waters.

Céline, who was a doctor and never gave up that profession, wrote: "The delusion of lying and believing is caught like scabies." There is a similarity between mental infections and physical infections; it is that they are not generated from within, as a Freud would have us believe, by so-called "impulses", they come from outside, and indeed, from other humans. As long as one looks inside oneself, which is the usual method in guilt-ridden civilizations, one finds nothing, or false causes, and this method has been instituted, obviously, by those who profit most from it. In reality, in the field of psychology, we should make the same revolution that Pasteur made in biology: there is no spontaneous generation, there are only microscopic and invisible foreign organisms parasitizing a healthy organism. The Yaqui sorcerer Don Juan of whom Castaneda speaks, when he talks about an "alien installation", probably provides a more effective key to understanding than

modern *psychologists*, and, if Castaneda's controversial account is to be believed, can prove it.

The famous president Schreber, a very respectable jurist of Freud's time, who suffered from *paranoia* and who left us his memoirs, had an impressive expression: he said that he had suffered from "soul murder". Freud, who took up the case in his *Five Psychoanalyses*, sees in his stories with the Father, a *repressed* homosexuality and other internal-anal causes. The *murder of the soul*, in the mouth of the victim, is nevertheless much more striking. A murder, there must be a murderer, it is not spontaneous generation. It is undoubtedly Schreber's father, a fanatical hygienist; Nietzsche's Lutheran pastors family was probably no better, and Nietzsche's soul will also eventually succumb, after having struggled for a long time to assert its right to life. I think I remember that Antonin Artaud also expressed more or less the same thing. The conscience of this fact, the *murder of the soul*, exists well, but it is generally *repressed*, it is here the case to say it, by the *mainstream* conscience, *politically correct*, which wants that we generate our affections and that we are guilty of them. Because we must not be able to look for the culprits of this murder.

For an infection to develop, it needs a favorable *terrain*. It is not important to know who I am, who my parents were, my brothers and sisters, the family history and tutti quanti, favorite objects of the analytical dismemberment. A Christian and republican education, and their heaps of learned automatisms, form for almost everyone the favorable ground for all future infections, including the most deadly ones. As in the case of bodily infections, the best terrain for the development of mental infection is that in which the natural defenses against the aggressions of foreign elements have been destroyed, which the *universal* doctrine of Human Rights imposes on all. Also, during all this time of solitude and anguish, without Shana, I became the more and more terrified spectator of the development of the infection, in me, in my own head. It was my death, my disappearance that it wanted; not my physical disappearance, but my disappearance as a free being synchronized with the world.

It was easy for the disease; indeed what resists to the infection, what always resists to it, with more or less strength, it is this deep feeling of life, the refreshing experience of love. And, since my dazzling encounter with Shana, this encounter that was supposed to exalt our beings, it had been one

blow after another, more and more virulent and hateful attacks, which always shook the very roots of our beings a little more. The resistance, which was extremely strong at the beginning, began to erode seriously, and the infection gained.

There had been the death threats, and all the horrible phrases of the foul being; that she had left, without speaking to me, and apparently of her own free will; that she could commit suicide, and that I was of course responsible for it, that I didn't deserve it, in short that I was the vector of misfortune, and that everything was fine without me; and then, of course, the attempt to assassinate me, an attempt that I couldn't believe was real, but which posed an invisible threat.

I had no element to fight the infection; any element, no matter how small, that would have allowed me to reattach myself to Shana would have filled me with hope and life; but there was nothing, absolutely nothing, she was totally gone, body, soul, and signs. I had only understood very vague things about her; she was a *star*, but from a world whose existence I could not even imagine. She was probably in Copenhagen; but my chances of finding her there were zero.

One morning I began to pack my bag and empty my little house. I was in a state of total apathy; and, while this departure was the loss or the end of my life, I felt a sense of relief to finally do something, something other than wait. As with my decision to forget Shana, I also felt like I was regaining control of my life, that I was breaking some of this terrible addiction that was keeping me locked in. It was an act of desperation, and also an act of independence. Life had betrayed me, and I was going to try to live without it. Absurd, isn't it? And yet, this is the ordinary situation of the zombie, of the one who has given up living in order to *function*. I was preparing to function, deprived of the consciousness of myself. This ritual of leaving my island, which I always performed with a little nostalgia, had become, this time, a macabre ritual.

There was still an exceedingly small chance that she would be very late, and that she would arrive after I had left. I thought of leaving her a note, with my phone number, at the café where we had met. And I went back to the village, with my bag.

When I arrived at the café, it was empty. The café owner, Dimitri, was out, which happened, but rarely for long. I decided to wait, thinking of giving him my address, with the instruction to give it only to Shana, and nobody

else. Since the speedboat incident, I had begun to take Shana's assertion that her *friends* could find us anywhere on this planet very seriously, and I didn't want to give them the opportunity to find me.

But Dimitri did not arrive, and I remained alone, sitting on the empty square. And my anxiety was growing. It was relatively easy to leave with a little hope, however small, a phone number given to a friend. I could leave a paper with my name and number on the counter. But I feared the paper would fall into other hands; perhaps I vaguely suspected that the dentist Jean-Pierre, the man with the speedboat, was part of the plot. I could also go back home to the valley, unpack my bag and wait a few more days. I thought that if by chance she came, extremely late, and didn't find me, and didn't have an address either, it would be a terrible blow for her.

Finally, in this village square, with my gear, I had only two choices, in the form of two paths, one that went back down to the valley and my house, the other that went down to the port. I could clearly see both options, and as the time for the boat approached, my head became caught in a maelstrom of contradictory thoughts.

To leave, to stay? It's as if my life is being decided on a roll of the dice: "*Alea Jacta Est*". The I Ching was always in such a dark mood: "leave the place of trouble before it breaks out". The option of staying was very tempting, it kept a hope of life; but at the same time, if I finally left an address, I would not be able to forget her completely, there would always be a hope of seeing her again, and I would never be released.

And then I had started a process. Instinctively, I have always hated to back off, and even more to go back. Of course, there was this unforeseen accident, Dimitri's absence; but finally, in my thought, lacking reference points, engaged for three weeks in a flow of incomprehensible and uncontrollable events, it appeared as a kind of sign of the destiny, that I had to leave without leaving any trace.

Obviously, even through my attempts to forget her, my whole being longed for only one thing: to see her again, and to find the enchanted space we had created, one in the other. The pain of being torn away continued to scream inside me. At the same time, the pain was such that it had gradually eroded hope. Between the destiny whose signs were opening in front of me, supported by an I Ching whose signs did not change, and the revolt against this violence done to my nature, even to nature itself, I could not really decide.

Several times, I took my bag and took a few steps in the direction of the valley, my home on the island, and several times, a doubt stopped me, and I returned to sit down. The time for the boat was approaching. I knew that if I went to the harbor, I would not come back. My distress, and my madness, increased every moment.

Speaking of destiny, a bit like people who are close to death, the movie of my life began to unfold in my head. That hard, Christian, laborious and poor childhood, marked by incessant sacrifices, during which I angrily counted the years I still had to spend in that hell before being able to escape thanks to my school performance. This awareness, very quickly relayed by *authorities* attentive to the submission of the sheep, that I had a *potential*, and that I did not have the right to waste the gifts that Heaven, the Society or Chance had so generously granted me. This awareness, later, when I was going through all the *courses of study* like a meteor, without forgetting to be also a painter and a writer, even a little musician, and a great traveler in the spaces of the psyche, that nothing was out of my reach. This idea that I would assiduously pursue, that only one thing really interested me, love.

I felt I was really dying. My life had no more interest, no more flavor, and between really dying and dying psychically to live a life of living dead, really dying seemed a more desirable solution. Reasonably, and instinctively, living this way was the worst solution.

It is then that a thought imposed itself on me, and this thought could not come from me, in any case from the *me* that I knew. It is tempting to consider this entity as external, but I believe that it is a part of myself, an occult part, which I did not produce, but of which I would be, in my earthly existence, a product, the expression in this world. In an imaginary way, I would be, like all beings, the local transitory expression of an immense substratum which is generally imperceptible to us, but of which we can sometimes grasp certain expressions or directions. This can lead to infinite discussions, and I will stop here on this subject. This voice placed me in a destiny, and, in a way, this voice was that of the Pythia, the one who says in obscure words what she hears from the song and the lyre of Apollo, from the immense and subtle vibrations of the world to which we are linked. The one that the Jews and the Christians and then the Muslims destroyed, to impose in terror a uniform future of hate, destruction and post-apocalyptic paradise reserved for the Sacrificers. My Pythia said to me: "Leave, forget, you will understand later".

I had for a long time, almost forever, the certainty that I should, one day, do a literary work, and it was also something that people I knew expected of me, as if it was written somewhere, because I had no intention of becoming a writer, and even though I had written a few well-lit pages that had caught the attention of a major publisher, I had rather rudely refused the adventure of being published, with no other pretext than that I was annoyed at having to rework the presentation a little. It was one of my whims to consider that, having been installed in the necessarily somewhat prestigious role of the writer, one could no longer really be the worker, or even the slave, of one's work; the work became a means, and no longer a goal. This strange awareness of the work to come, perhaps in gestation without my knowing it, may have played a role in the "you'll understand later", but how could I know that one day I would emerge from the amnesia I was installing to contain the incineration of my soul? Did this phrase become true by chance, or is there a foreknowledge of the future, as sure as gestation ends one day in birth?

I believed, blindly, in that voice. She didn't tell me how long I had amnesia, and if I had known, I would have probably given up. Almost twenty-five years. The time to build the Internet, and the World Wide Web, indispensable operations, to which I will devote a good part of my time, while trying to survive in a world which had become foreign to me. It is through the Internet that the stranglehold of the false reality imposed by the hate-mongers of Hollywood, Wall Street, the City of London and others would be loosened, and that I would be able to recover my memory.

I took my bag and went down to the boat.

At each step of this journey to my grave, this place of oblivion, I resisted. When I got off the boat in Athens, finding the teeming horror of modern cities, I was very tempted to return to my island. When I got off the plane to return to Paris, I was tempted to take a ticket in the other direction. When I got back, I thought of asking a Greek friend to call Dimitri, to see if he had any news. What I was doing seemed like pure madness. Yet, in the end, I let the grave close on me, and I totally erased from my memory the whole month during which I had met, then waited and waited for Shana.

The sublime art of capturing spirits

It would be a crime

The smell of crime permeates all this book; it was like an uncertain smell, which I was not very sure of at the very beginning, but which will become more and more pervasive, more and more repulsive, when I approach the centers of power, in Hollywood and in the USA.

What *would be* a crime? This expression is rather particular; one can say for example that it *would be* good or bad to do this or that, or that it *would be* surprising if an event had or did not have such and such a cause, in short it is a projection of something that is not determined, and that is partially in the realm of the imaginary; when children play, they *would be* such and such a character. What *would be* a crime is very different from what is determined as a crime in a codified legal system. What *would be* a crime is very much open to personal appreciation and intuition.

What is clear is that the category of crimes referred to in "it would be a crime" is not the same as the category of crimes recognized by public law. The Law does not recognize as a crime the filmed prostitution of eighteen-year-old girls in pornography, because the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that it is a matter of "freedom of expression"; the official Law that determines what is criminal can be influenced or corrupted by groups that are themselves criminal.

What is the basis for the impression of a crime that is not a crime codified by the Law? It is necessarily something that has older and less artificial roots.

In my native French culture, a mixture of Latin, Celtic and German, one easily uses the expression "it would be a crime" when something disturbs the harmony, the beauty, the propriety, the well-being, in short all that is felt as good and pleasant; it would be as much "a crime" to spoil a good wine, as to neglect a beautiful woman, to spoil a landscape or a work of art, or even to spoil an atmosphere by letting morons get into a reserved place.

In short, it is globally about the respect of cultural notions of beauty, decency, good taste; as the notion of good taste indicates, it is a sensory notion, these notions are close to nature and natural laws; the feelings of beauty and harmony are surely not entirely cultural; the laws of musical harmony determined by Pythagoras are mathematical and physical laws. Culture and its refinements are built on natural feelings, and are thus distinguished from ideologies and religions, especially those that hate nature.

A civilization can only exist based on natural feelings, that is, fundamentally, on biological feelings. These feelings can be manipulated in their expression by various ideologies, propaganda, education, but at the deepest level, at the level of unconscious reflexes, they never change.

Natural, biological reactions are different between races, enough so that a civilization is the product of a particular race and sensibility, and can only be shared superficially.

What makes one say: "That would be a crime" is not the application of an abstract rule as in a legal judgment, but a feeling of discomfort, a minor expression of disgust.

Criminals can manipulate abstract laws, as they did with pornography and a host of other things, such as nationality and immigration, but it is more difficult to manipulate the feelings of the people, in whom disgust reflexes can be buried and hidden by means of propaganda, coercion, and the like, but never completely disappear.

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It was this "truth effect" that gave Shana a shock that she did not expect, because it addressed the same common psyche in her. Psyche is the ancient name for the soul, I use this ancient name because the notion of the soul, strictly individual and alone before its Creator and Judge, has been seriously perverted by the Judeo-Christians.

Shana's surprise is also due to the fact that the American "It Would Be A Crime" is different from the European one; it is, as one might expect, more legalistic than sensitive. This can be seen in a Tina Turner song, *It Would Be A Crime*:

« *It would be a crime*

*A crime if the sun forgot to shine
A crime if the stars forgot to align
It would be a crime
If we don't find a way
To love somebody. »*

There is no question of sensibility, but only of rules that must be followed, like the sun that must shine. Love is a rule to be followed, a commandment like the Judeo-Christian love of neighbor; not to obey this abstract law is a crime.

Americans have long been famous, in the eyes of Europeans, for their *bad taste*; their bad taste having been introduced into Europe by the invasion of barbarians, attracted by artificial rights of American origin that despise natural rights and civilizations, it is less clear today. This lack of *taste*, these unwritten civilizational rules that govern the harmony and cohesion of societies, has created an infamous legalistic society, rotten with lawyers and legislators, each more crooked than the last, all of which based on the sacrosanct Jewish Bible and its totalitarian Law. Or rather, it is this legalism devoid of any civilized humanity that has destroyed taste, and even prohibited its expression, even and especially in sensitive matters such as sex, race, etc..

Love, in the French version, obeys nature, the passions, but certainly not the Law:

*"Love is a rebellious bird
That no one can tame
Love is a bohemian child
It has never known any law".
Georges Bizet, Carmen*

These are so-called "progressive" laws that lead to the destruction of civilization and its invasion by various forms of barbarism.

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It is the sense of this repugnant monstrosity that is, for example, the backdrop to Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*, where we see a citizen disgusted

with legal corruption illegally take charge of the release of an underage prostitute and the punishment of scum.

These unnatural crimes arouse much more disgust, a stronger emotional reaction, than, for example, assault or fraud. If the written law punishes them, but sometimes it doesn't, it is never up to the level of the disgust they inspire, and Scorsese's film skillfully plays on this gap.

Often, these crimes seem too inhuman to be possible to normally constituted humans, which is why they are not even codified by laws; it is the crime of Oedipus sleeping with his mother - without knowing it - that brings the plague to Thebes; humans feel that there is something abnormal, unhealthy there, and it is in an intimate register quite different from a pretended *law* of prohibition of incest, such as the one that Freud stated.

No law prohibits the employment of an 18-year-old girl in the sex industry, which pornographers will argue, in a largely corrupt legal system; the realms of crime against nature and legal crime are completely separated in modern artificial worlds. In my opinion, which is obviously not a revealed truth, this is one of the main symptoms or causes of the collapse of Western civilizations.

Like money, the law has no smell, which is why crimes that we feel and experience as repugnant are not crimes from a legal point of view. The establishment of laws is increasingly subject to the financial powers; thus, the legal framework of the so-called "universal human rights" laws, and the organization that validated them, the UN, are creations of the usurers and financiers who have taken over the finances and power in the USA. These laws, especially those that repress racism and anti-Semitism, are entirely made for them, to prevent the revolts against their crimes of the enslaved peoples and in fact they are wicked laws. It is not surprising to see that these laws favor everything that is unnatural: migration of hostile races, interracial sex, homosexual relations, pedophilia, etc., all of which are presented as *progressive*.

The President of the United States, George H.W. Bush, announced in 1990 the advent of a rule of Law in a *New World Order*, against what he called the *law of the jungle*. We will see towards the end of this book that this Bush is a criminal of the worst kind, perverse, a liar, manipulative, corrupt, and ultimately murderer. Bush's person and actions tell us a lot about this wonderful "rule of Law". What he calls the "law of the jungle" is the old order,

what we usually call "civilization". This New World Order is nothing but destruction, both of civilization and of nature, and pornography is one of the legal consequences of this rule of Law against civilization.

Pornography, as such, didn't particularly bother me, as long as it remained confined to its chosen milieu, the perverts and the losers, which I didn't want to know. It turns out that pornography is criminal, in the fullest sense of the word, but at the time I didn't care and didn't know it. Shana understood it in its strongest sense, because it was precisely something that she lived and did not want to know. What was natural to me, seeing pornographic prostitution as a crime, was devastating to her, who only saw it as a perfectly *legal job*. It was all about the relationship between law and corruption in the westernmost part of the Western World.

Wandering souls

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I am lost

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more; it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*

When I lost Shana, and I started to lose her from the very first moments, when she ran away at the mention of a *crime*, everything I thought I knew about the world collapsed. It wasn't just a *communication* problem, as we say rather stupidly today, it was something that challenged my existence, my life, even what I perceived of life in general. This story had dispossessed me of everything; I had become a walking void, Shakespeare's *walking shadow*.

This is why I took refuge in amnesia, maintaining an ordinary, more and more artificial life. And I was gradually sinking.

I was lost.

I often dream repeatedly that I am *lost*; the term means both being disoriented and being screwed up, having no possibility of survival. The language, as often, corroborates the link between two feelings that are not necessarily logically linked, and of which one is not necessarily aware of the connection. Being *lost* is terrifying. If not everyone has been driven to the extremes to which I have been pushed, many, no doubt, have experienced this feeling to a lesser degree.

I am not the only one who is *lost* in the West, where the consumption of sedatives is at an all-time high. Ancient peoples, on the other hand, organize their world in such a way that the possibility of being lost in it simply does not exist. The Australian aborigines make their territory the book of their ancestors' history; every place has a myth attached to it, and particular properties. In the same way, ancient societies still have their sacred places, populated by various spirits that can communicate with humans.

All humans have mental maps that map their perceptions, make representations of them, and attribute qualities to them. German philosophy has called these mental maps *Weltanschauung*, worldview. This is a very encompassing concept, and perhaps not easy to grasp, but we will see several practical applications in the course of this story.

Carl Jung gave a description:

"The German word *Weltanschauung* is hardly translatable into any other language [...]: it designates not only a conception of the world but also the *way* in which one conceives the world."

I would say, to be more precise, that the *Weltanschauung* is far from being only an abstract vision, but that it is a specific organization of perceptions and feelings.

The worldview, this set of representations will orient the course of our lives. We have lost, for the most part, the use of intuition, the immediate, unmediated knowledge. This is what Rilke says in what I have already quoted: "With all its eyes the creature sees the Open. Only our eyes are as if *turned around*, and around them stand like traps, encircling their free

opening." Clearly, for Rilke, all *Weltanschauung* is a set of traps, distorted representations that have been imposed on us, and only intuition, immediacy, the freedom of bodies and souls, are authentic.

But it is not so simple. Even if I know, in the depths of my being, that Rilke, or the Amerindian shaman who says more or less the same thing, are right, what was destroyed in me, unusable, was my previous worldview, which no longer corresponded at all to reality, and deprived of landmarks, I was wandering, a ghost ship without a home port, lost at the far end of the ocean. Human, you cannot live without reference marks, without attachments, without positions conforming to one order or another.

The awful reality is that every *trap*, every *representation*, is constructed, and that it is totally illusory to imagine that we have constructed it by ourselves. It is the product of the *sublime art* of magicians, alchemists, cabalists, evangelists and many others. This art has its artists and its rules, some of which we will see in the chapter on the Moloch principle.

For now, let's look at how my fatal encounter with Shana literally blew my worldview out of the water, through what she let me see.

I will repeat, as a thread, what was said and done in my magical and catastrophic encounter with Shana.

Separation, disjunction

"I know what *you* want."

This little sentence, seemingly insignificant, the first one she said to me when we met again, carries a whole world view. First of all, this conception of beings as separate, between the self and the others. What seems to us to be obvious is not: in many ancient societies, the consciousness of a difference with, at least, the others of one's own group does not exist in such a clear-cut way, and the terms corresponding to "I" and "you" may not exist; the "I" is a particular form of the "we".

The *open* world, the *original* world, the world of our *true nature*, is a world that hums all the songs of the world, a world where there is no need to know or understand. All interpretation is false by nature. Immediacy does not interpret anything.

By the time I met Shana, I had immersed myself sufficiently in the world of a small village on a Greek island, in which bonds are forged between all the members, and reactivated constantly, to feel that there is something profoundly unhealthy, and unnatural, in the solitary and individualistic model that has been imposed in most of the West. In communities remote enough not to be entirely subject to globalist tyranny, progressing, surviving, defending, and simply living, is done together. This is what the tyranny that I expose later in the Moloch principle wants to destroy, because it is an obstacle to its totalitarian power.

That's why I was shocked by Shana's "*I know what *you* want*", which was somehow saying that we weren't having the same experience, that we were separated; if she had done cocaine before coming, it was probably true. In the USA, caricatured by the chess genius Bobby Fisher as *Jew SA*, the destruction of the space of natural relationships by incessant propaganda, promoting off-the-wall monsters, criminals who are made martyrs, and other contemporary horrors, was already well underway in the 1980s.

Even in love, a cooperative activity if ever there was one, the destructive totalitarian pressure has shifted us from "let's make love" to "fuck me".

The Judeo-Christian worldview, born in the Jewish world to serve its interests, is probably at the origin of this catastrophe: desire will be assimilated to greed, the sin of Cupid, god of love, *the root of all evils* according to St. Augustine, then it will become a fundamental base of psychoanalysis, which will thrive on the same coupling between desire and guilt. Not only desire, but *guilty* desire. One might as well say that Eros, the god of love and union of men, was thrown into Hell; only the Love of the Almighty God could reign supreme.

In Christianity, in its most rigorous, fundamentalist or puritanical version, inherited from the biblical tyranny, everything that is an occasion to vibrate together, to rejoice, love, dance, song, celebration, play, folklore, is forbidden. Only the individual must remain before God and his priests, locked up alone in his conscience, like Job on his dung heap.

The tyrannical totalitarian spirit of the Near East, of the Bible, is undoubtedly the main origin of what is called liberal individualism, which is supposed to have been invented in the 18th century.

Even if Judeo-Christianity, the Trojan horse of Moloch's tyranny, is unquestionably responsible for the modern disjunction, there was a similar tendency in the West, in Greece, close to the East, well represented by Socrates.

In Plato's most famous book, *The Banquet*, Socrates exposes and imposes his theory of love, Eros, which according to him would be linked to *lack*. I'll skip the so-called dialectical method that allows our Socrates to manipulate his victims to sell them his theory, an early technique of consent engineering, but we can suspect that this theory is linked to the fact that Socrates was very far from the canons of Greek excellence, from the physical point of view for sure, and from the point of view of ethics, debatable. For the Greeks there was no difference between Beauty and Goodness, it is a conception that Hölderlin took up without expressing it clearly; in modern Greek, it is still the same word, *kalo*, which means indifferently *beautiful* and *good*, and its opposite, *kako*, which means ugly and bad.

So we have a being *in need* who desires to possess another to satisfy himself, exactly like what Shana told me, confusing me with those she was dating, her *friends*.

The Athenians did not appreciate at all that Socrates disguised their god Eros as a god of desire and lack, nor that he made the realm of timeless Ideas superior to that of real life. The ordinary pagans that they were, who venerated Eros as the principle of life and union, took this joke very badly and condemned the pervert for impiety. Judeo-Christian commentators have generally blamed this condemnation on misunderstanding, jealousy, the deep native wickedness of humans who attack the innocent out of a desire to harm, or some other nonsense; bogged down in the same pathology, they were unable to see how the Athenians were profoundly right. The exclusion of Socrates will finally serve no purpose; ideologies and idealistic religions would eventually sweep away the old world where Eros was the positive creative force.

It is remarkable that at the same time, the 5th century BC, in India, the Buddha considered that desire is *dukkha*, the origin of unhappiness, and that one must preserve oneself from it, preserve oneself from lack, settle into a state of apathy, then of commiseration or abstract and undifferentiated compassion, in order to reach fulfillment. I don't know why such doctrines emerged, at about the same time. The older Far Eastern Taoism did not

undergo this kind of evolution, although the figure of the Sage is characterized by his perfect indifference to the affections of the world, the source of his power; this is certainly not natural, but it does not imply a depreciation of nature. But on the same basis, Confucius will also install an abstract rule of compassion, joined to the respect of rites partially replacing natural affections.

The *ennami*, the friend-enemy

"How can they be your friends, if they say they are going to kill you or your family? They are enemies, not friends. I don't understand."

There is no danger more deadly than being unable to distinguish between friend and foe. This is the whole plot of *What Would Be a Crime*, it is much of the main plot of Shakespeare's works, and it is the plot of the ancient Norse and Celtic myths, obsessed with the devastating power of the figure of the *traitor* or the *liar*.

The *ennami* is a chimera, a particularly dangerous being, half friend, half enemy. I invented this name with two French words, "ennemi" which is *enemy*, and "ami" which is *friend*; the *ennami* is an *enemy-friend*, a dual being, a born traitor. In ancient myths, hybrid beings like chimeras are always enigmatic, extremely deceitful and dangerous. The Sphinx that terrorizes Thebes is a chimera, a hybrid of human, lion and eagle, and sometimes with a dragon's tail.

We can easily guess that what causes the devastating effect of the chimera is that with it, there is an indecision, a fatal hesitation on the attitude and the behavior to adopt, with it, *we don't know where to turn*.

Through neurosciences and experimental psychology, we can easily understand the causes of these devastating effects, which I experienced firsthand in my confrontation with Shana's *friends*, but which we all experience on a daily basis, without being aware of it, in our relationships with the *ennamical* powers that manipulate us.

Pavlov's experiments allow us to easily understand the violent effects of the chimera, or *ennami*, the friend-enemy. Pavlov conditioned dogs to respond to a signal: at a signal, the dog will receive a treat, and show its contentment, at another signal, it will receive an electric shock, and show its terror. All this is classic, and finally, it is the basic principle of education or

propaganda, the carrot and the stick. When I hear the word "Jew", I react to a signal that has been programmed, and indeed, programmed with very large means. It is a *conditioned reflex*. *Heavy* programming will produce exactly the same effects on the whole of targeted populations, and anyone can easily see this by bringing up a hot button issue to see the reactions, always stereotyped, which it is also *unfortunate* to submit to the slightest examination. All of this has basically become commonplace. But Pavlov made other experiments, less banal and more interesting for our purpose.

Pavlov conditioned dogs to react positively when presented with circles and negatively when presented with ovals. You can guess the experimenter's intention: there are an infinite number of gradations between the pure circle and the pure oval, but there is one shape that is at equal distance from the circle and the oval: circle or oval, friend or foe, good or bad?

Generally, the poor dogs were able, as long as there was a dominance, rather circle or rather oval, to adopt the adequate behavior: pleasure or displeasure, even if it was less and less obvious. But when they reached the critical point of undecidability, they went crazy. Their behavior oscillated between incoherent attitudes. They were totally *panicked*. At no time do they have the choice to say "stop, I'm not reacting". The reaction is triggered no matter what you do, even if they don't know *how to* react anymore. That's the whole point of the experiment. The only way to calm this extremely stressful situation, if one cannot escape the presence of the signal which has become toxic, is to stop all forms of reaction by anxiolytic drugs which will *break* them.

This situation is very unlikely to occur in nature, and it takes human pervers to create it. I do not blame Pavlov, who reveals it to us, the *ennami* and the chimera are not his creations.

Neuroscience tells us a little more about how these mechanisms work, or possibly malfunction. According to this science, there are *circuits*, often complex, that go from perception to reaction, and trigger several *response* systems. The fear and aggression circuits, responses to perceptions of hostility or danger, are separate from the pleasure circuits, responses to pleasant perceptions.

In Pavlov's experiment both types of signals, positive and negative, are treated equally, but in reality the perceptions of fear, and also of disgust, are the most powerful and have a clear priority over the perceptions of pleasure,

because they are more vital, which explains why in the case of undecidability, we enter an anarchic and unpredictable state of panic. Because very clearly, this undecidability makes our chances of survival collapse, in a world where *we no longer know what to do*. The fear, the perception of danger, or suffering, are states that we know, they are coded in some way, but panic is different. Panic only exists in disorientation, in the face of an extraordinary and unmanageable event. In the situation I was experiencing with Shana, of extreme attraction and extreme threat, fear, in its extreme form of panic, had to prevail. Unfortunately, this is coded in the depths of our reflexes, and the monsters who manipulate us know it.

Lies, dissimulation, slander, falsehood, are essential in the establishment of world tyranny. Exposing the lies of tyrannical scum is an essential step.

The lies, the dissimulation, the slander, falsehood have reached a critical point. After the massive immigration of hostile peoples, including many criminals, under the guise of benevolence, solidarity and brotherhood, the height of horror was reached when the group that is normally the most friendly, the one that takes care of you physically, the group of health professionals, often themselves coerced, collectively lied and slandered to promote the more or less forced inoculation of a pseudo vaccine. This operation carried out by the most tyrannical and evil forces, pretending to act for the good of humanity, is the worst horror, to date, produced by the *ennamis*, the friend-enemies.

Slave contracts

"I signed several contracts".

The *contract* is the marvelous brick, guarantor of the individual liberties, which is used to build the splendid *rule of law*. Today, individual liberties are reduced day by day under the pressure of totalitarian mob, but Colleen says she was trapped by contracts, and it is from there that the progressive announcement of the existence of the death trap begins. When we see the result of these contracts, we can ask ourselves some questions about the world that uses them as pretexts, or as a smokescreen masking reality.

In one of his most famous films, *Suzie Superstar*, Shana Grant (Shana) plays a rock star who has signed an exclusive artistic and sexual contract with her mobster manager, of whom she is, as it is expressly said in the dialogue,

the *property*. Since this contract is *freely* consented, according to the usual formula, being someone's property is not theoretically *slavery*, although practically there is no difference. Fortunately, she frees herself... not by claiming her freedom in a revolutionary act of liberation, but by manipulating a higher ranking mobster, and all's well that ends well. This is pretty much a course she followed in her real life, though it didn't end well at all. The movie script is designed in such a way that the actors, and especially the lead actress, have no difficulty in getting into their roles, which are very close to reality; it is not a compositional role and the actress can refer to a real-life experience to express her emotions, except at the end of course where she has to imagine her deliverance, which in reality will only come in the form of a bullet in the head. The film also has a few acid notes close to reality:

Suzie: "Am I crazy or were things a lot simpler when we were broke?"

Rick: "Well, making a lot of money doesn't necessarily solve all the problems. You can just afford bigger ones."

The *contract* is one of the foundations of the *rule of law*, and the main activity of swindlers is to get people to sign contracts, which have a sort of sacred value sanctified by the courts. The signatory is always supposed to have signed "in all conscience", etc. Goethe's Mephistopheles makes Faust sign a *contract*, the God Adonai or Yahweh offers a demonic covenant to Abraham or Moses with reciprocal obligations and promises, which is sealed as a contract.

It is a marriage contract that binds Susette Gontard to her banker husband, separates her from her lover Hölderlin, and finally kills her; this contract has replaced another one, the one that bound Susette's father to this or another banker by an unpayable debt. In our *free* world, Susette has simply been sold to the usurer Jakob Friedrich Gontard; this is slavery. Traditionally, usury is one of the ways of obtaining slaves, this repugnant practice has existed since antiquity; Solon had abolished it among the Athenians to establish Athenian democracy, the Church had also forbidden it, but Jakob Friedrich Gontard was a *Huguenot*, follower of the Calvinist Reformation which was based on the Judaic Bible to create a new *predestined Chosen People*; in this Bible usury towards the non-chosen, and their slavery, is permitted and even recommended to exalt the pre-eminence of the *People of God*. In the Bible, all pre-eminence, all tyranny, however

abject, is a sign of the *election* of the chosen people. This is exactly the doctrine of *election* and *predestination* of the Protestants, which horrified the Catholics, unable to understand that their religion was only a steppingstone to the worst, and that Judaism, which was at the base of their religion, was going to resurface to destroy them.

Judaic usury had perpetuated a violently anti-democratic state of exception in Christendom, and this state of exception will tend to become a general state with the Huguenots and other new *Chosen Ones*; serfdom, which had been abolished almost everywhere, will be reintroduced in the form of slavery disguised by the various liberal revolutions and usurious contracts, and then the seizure of the currency. The whole thing was called, ironically, *liberalism*. So-called *progress* is a descent into the hell of Moloch.

Model Isabella Lanza, *Penthouse Pet* 1980 under the alias Isabella Ardigo, arguably far more knowledgeable than the 18-year-old Shana or Colleen who arrived in Hollywood two years later, resoundingly turned down the title of "*Pet of the Year*" and a very large sum of money. She claimed that Penthouse was "planning *my* indentured slavery" and said, "*I never agreed to the idea that I was a Penthouse slave girl...a robot for their purposes.*" The contract makers said, of course, that she had *bad intentions*.

The feeling of love, and its ecstasies, appears only in evolved civilizations; in France it appears in the Middle Ages, though, so decried, with the troubadours, the songs of Tristan and Isolde, Lancelot and Guinevere, and the love of Abelard and Heloise; it is refined in the Italian Renaissance and becomes sublime in Romeo and Juliet, that fusion of Italian splendor and Celtic passion. The modern world, directed and manipulated by the criminals subjected to Moloch, under its various manifestations, Judaic, Masonic, psychopathic or businessman, is, from this point of view, in a state of terrible regression.

The eradication of all values, except that of the new single god, money, is gradually destroying the achievements of civilization; today, bands of beings underdeveloped in every respect, invading civilized lands with the blessing of Moloch's minions, practice rapes and *tournaments* in an apathetic world to which the propaganda has made lose the reflex of lynching, and the civilized people are getting used to a more and more pornographic world in which the totalitarian predators hold the cash drawer and the capacities of manipulation and repression.

In the worldview of the modern man of power, which has its roots in a long tradition dating back to the times of the Assyrians and Moloch, through the Chosen People, the Bible, the Kabbalah, and some Freemasonic lodges, the world and humans have meaning only as objects of exploitation and predation. Sexual relations, which in ordinary humans, still close to the natural state, are love relations, follow the same pattern as the rest: the criminal can only be satisfied by forms of rape, and prostitution is one of these forms. The empire of Money built a fiction, that the relations of dependence, slavery, prostitution, were *consensual* or *contractual*; the fiction of the Money masks an empire of slavery and rape.

Voice, way of the hero

Voice: "*You must not be a hero*"

To understand the awful sequence that led us, for the second time, to a separation, it is necessary to try to understand the essential role of this *voice* that told me: "*You must not be a hero*". If the "*it would be a crime*", cause of the first disjunction, was easy to spot, to analyze, to catalog, was like a normal result of the setting in relation of what I had under the nose and of my representations of the world, the *voice* did not allow itself to be seized so easily.

Moreover, it took an unknown channel, unseen, secret, of which I had not the slightest intuition.

What the hell was going on in my head?

It was all the more shocking because I was, *roughly speaking*, a Taoist; and the fundamental principle of the Tao Te King, the Book of the Way, is: the Tao that is said (expressed) is not the Tao; Nature, the Way, is in no way what one can say about it; Taoism does not believe in words. Now, there, *it* spoke. Damn it. And it sounded, unhappily, like a *Commandment, from God*, from that Semitic god of whom we have become slaves, *do this, don't do that*. A respectable god, like any European god, is asked to tell men two or three sibylline words about their destiny, he does not vociferate his commands to the dumb masses. This *voice* was not at all welcome in my ordinary psychic organization, and it is very clear that it caught me completely off guard.

More importantly, in my ordinary perceptual and interpretative apparatus, this event had no place. I could not think that I was crazy, a

common way of evacuating this kind of problem; I had incoherent behaviors later on, but here I was perfectly *normal*. This voice was unlike anything I knew, or thought I knew. And yet, it didn't surprise me. It was as if it was familiar. Yet, if it had been familiar, it was in the distant past, of which I had no memory whatsoever.

It was an event that I could not *avoid* for my understanding of the world, but yet, at the time, carried away by my emergencies, I completely ignored this question.

The interpretations that one can make of a phenomenon such as a *voice* that speaks to you distinctly, such as one could hear in a dream, distinct from the usual processes of thought, are extremely variable: they go from the all-internal to the all-external; either the voice is a process generated by our brain, or it has an independent external reality. And there are also a lot of hybrid interpretations. It is a phenomenon for which, as for most so-called parapsychological phenomena, there are more questions than answers.

The all-internal is the rather general option of psychiatry, of most of psychology, or of psychoanalysis. Everything comes from within, from childhood traumas, from family history, etc., in short it is the strange, psychotic expression of *unconscious* or badly managed contents, of old traumas, or of neurological dysfunctions.

One could say, in this case, that it is a kind of trick to camouflage my fear in a kind of ban, which would allow me not to be aware of this fear. It is possible after all, except that I am incapable of feeling fear. I have tended to boast about it, I have also used it, because the one who is not afraid is felt to be dangerous, but I understand now that it is a real handicap, which has almost cost me my life several times. I think the reason is that I have known terror, real terror, mortal terror. My crazy father once started choking me, and didn't stop until I was on the verge of fainting, and possibly a coma. It's a horrible feeling that I felt at only one other time, when, while freediving, I exceeded my limit and, laboriously palming the last few meters of the ascent, while trying to keep calm so as not to waste my last traces of oxygen, I was on the verge of asphyxiation and felt myself losing consciousness. Did I subconsciously want to replay a scene this time? It is possible. Was this passion for diving that I had, even though at first it terrified me to simply put my head under water, a kind of exorcism? All this is possible, and not surprising from the point of view of classical psychology. In any case, those

moments when life is hanging by a thread are moments of real terror. And I believe that this real terror has burned away the feeling of fear, which has become almost insignificant. The result of terror is not fear, nor any feeling for that matter, it is apathy, the absence of feelings and reactions. The totalitarian world of Orwell's *1984* is dull and apathetic, and its terror only reveals itself against the deviants who, it is well seen, feel something by some kind of accident, desire, love. This is important to understand, because I talk a lot about terror, but most beings will say that they don't see or feel this terror, which must be a mirage; in reality, apathy, lack of reaction, or even outright lifelessness, or a depressive attitude, are the very clear marks of the presence of terror.

So this voice would be a way to prevent me from doing something, to reintroduce *by the way* what fear normally protects me from? Because, objectively, I should have been afraid; knowing the rest of the story, and quite a few similar stories that I have heard, it was quite possible that I would end my life prematurely, without having well understood what was happening to me. It was as if an authority had taken over from the failing instinct.

This is where it gets complicated: this instance would have *known* that I should be afraid, which I was almost totally unaware of, not knowing what I had gotten myself into, and this implies that it would have had, in a way, a prescience of the future. When she spoke to me again, some time later, this foreknowledge of the future would be made clear.

It so happens that, by other detours, the prescience of the future is not entirely foreign to me. From my twenties, I don't know why, I had been interested in astrology, and I had quickly reached quite good results; there was at that time when all calculations were done by hand an additional attraction, it was as if it was a question of solving an enigma, that of destiny, and one had to know how to calculate for that. Then, intrigued, having read some basic occultism books, I switched to Tarot reading, because of its intuitive, acrobatic and risky side, and to I Ching reading, for its wise advice more than for pure divination. And, yes, it has strongly modified my perception of time, or of our place in it: we are able, through various devices, to perceive signals from the future. And that, whatever the distance, the proximity, and for whoever it is. With experience, we are almost never wrong, if we let ourselves go with our first intuition without fear of saying stupid things. It's amazing, but you get used to it.

Therefore, I cannot exclude the hypothesis that there exists, in me, a function capable of being located elsewhere in time, and that this function, shifted, expresses itself in a particular way, because it is not in the domain of the ordinary functions. In various esoteric theories, it is said that there are bridges between our ordinary world and the world beyond where our ancestors, and perhaps also astral doubles of our terrestrial beings, are active; these worlds beyond would have a wider perception of space and time. I quote this for the anecdote; the certain reality for me is that we have a function allowing us a relative displacement in the future, unless we are the toys of beings, possibly other forms of ourselves, which dispose of us according to pre-established plans; all this is quite complex, only the precognition function is certain.

At the same time, the mysterious "*you must not be a hero*" is not a completely isolated phenomenon: it was preceded by other kinds of voices in my life, and also by the cultural environment in which I was bathed like many others. In the extraordinary and incomprehensible circumstances in which I found myself, this voice was not discordant.

I had, in other circumstances, the doubtful privilege to hear a voice speaking to me very clearly; it said to me: "I am going to strangle you", and the being of this voice joined the gesture to the word; it was in a half-sleep, between dog and wolf, and I awoke terrorized. I had no difficulty in identifying this being, very recognizable; it was God the Father, the Almighty God, the Jealous God, the white-bearded god of Michelangelo who seems to come straight out of the Bible. My father, in a sudden crisis of his ordinary paranoia, had one day thrown himself on me, when I was about fifteen years old; I had started to go out on all occasions, making friends far from home, escaping the family atmosphere, and this enraged his jealousy; he had thrown me on a couch and started to strangle me. I understood immediately that he needed resistance to be able to enjoy the impression of a power that he actually lacked, so I *played dead*, dissociating myself in a state of paralysis; I experienced a real feeling of absolute terror. This was the only time that my father's hatred, or God's hatred, of me came out in all its horror, at least as far as I can remember; usually it was expressed in a host of *moral* justifications.

I thought, having easily identified this voice that came between dog and wolf, that I would be able to identify them all; one of my first ideas was that

all the *voices* had a common origin, the abominable beings, bent on subjugating or destroying us, that have been implanted in what we call our *consciousness*. However, there was little connection between these *voices*: I was not in a dreamy or semi-sleepy state, and above all, I was not terrorized at all.

I thought for a while that there was a kind of being, always the same, that had expressed itself, under different forms. It was a representation of the father, a real father, God the Father. In the dream, this being threatened to strangle me, and in the awakening, he gave me orders, to which I obeyed like an animal under the boner. It was the option: everything endogenous; the dream reveals, the conscience hides and shackles; the content is the same, it is a question of one and the same reality, expressing itself under a different form, in different conditions. This interpretation is somehow standard in the ordinary conceptions of the world today.

That the being wanted to strangle me was somehow commonplace, though not all fathers are so detestable, but the potentiality that they are exists. The *hero's* ban was less ordinary, and problematic. It could not have come out of nowhere; this ban had to exist, already present, in the environment, since my consciousness could only be a reflection of the existing; causes and effects follow one another in a finite world. And indeed, I found traces of it.

Like all the losers, my crippled father affected to despise the heroes; he overwhelmed with his sarcasms, but from afar, the *good Aryans*, good for nothing, of whom according to him, each time I showed my rebellion, I followed the horrible fatal slope. And like all young boys, I had been nourished by mythological fantasies in which the valiant Hero fights a Dragon to save the Princess he loves; of course I only wanted to be a hero; heroism is one of the expressions of the ceaseless gushing of life, and it needs no learning and teaching. I once saw myself in a crystal ball, and there was a question of seeing my past; it was for fun and curiosity, but the vision stunned me: I was a warrior, bare-chested, with a two-handed longsword, a Siegfried, lost in a kind of black stone fjord, as if basaltic; I was fighting a Dragon, about my size, but I never managed to kill it. It was long after the time I had met Shana, I had amnesia, my life was as if frozen, and that is probably why the situation seemed fatally blocked for eternity.

The implicit prohibition of the hero also exists in Christianity. It will be said that this commandment does not appear, in the sacred texts, anywhere; but it is contained, hidden, in the commandment of humility that is imposed to the proud Frankish nation that has become miserably Christian; Hölderlin, the one who had felt in himself, in love, the song of his own divinity, will sign all his last poems, solitary and reclusive, with a terrible: "with humility, Scardanelli", having lost even his own name. Scardanelli would have been the name, ignored by all, of the poor genius dwarf hidden in the bottom of a pseudo-automat who made sensation in the eighteenth century by playing very well chess. In the Bible, it is only a question of obedience, and nothing else; one does not find there the least trait of ethical reflection; Yahweh-Moloch distributes his commandments and his punishments, and Satan, his damned soul, *tempts* the unfortunate ones to disobey, to rebel by *pride*, which is only the meaning of independence and freedom.

What have I heard about the terrible cardinal sin of my race, the sin of pride! How many means deployed to break it, to break me! Worm you must be, and worm you will be, under the boner of the god of Universal Love.

Whoever says heroism, today, refers most of the time, implicitly or explicitly, to Nietzsche. The competing, relatively grotesque attempts at proletarian heroism have not overshadowed him much. From the end of the 19th century, the heroic tradition in the West became almost a German specificity, in the wake of Romanticism. It was primarily a rebellion against tyranny and *pious lies*, and, of course, coming out of childhood with an exacerbated spirit of rebellion, I adored Nietzsche; I can even say that I devoted myself to him. I should have rebelled fiercely against the "you must not be a hero", but I did not. It is because, without realizing it, I had let myself be seduced by a contrary ideology, *in tune with the times*, the one, roughly, of May 68 and of the future apostles of a pseudo *liberation*; the ideology that we call today globalist, anti-racist, etc. I was still in *advance*; I had read Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization* in its French translation before anyone else.

Marcuse was promoting what he called *liberation*, including *sexual liberation*; this was a shocking argument for someone who, like me, had suffered like a damned in the hell of a sexual repression perhaps even worse than any other, and was badly bruised by it. So I became a *Freudo-Marxist*, as if the meeting of Freudian and Marxist tyrannies could create a movement of liberation. Looking at things from a distance, today, the *sexual liberation*

coup was a magnificent stunt aimed at student youth, often immersed in their books in maid's rooms when others are already raising their first kids.

Marcuse was one of the masters of the 68 *revolution of morals*, and I had gone blissfully to swallow his teaching when he came a year or two later to give a lecture at the university where I had a job; I had been very surprised and disconcerted when he had given me, one of his fervent admirers, lost in the middle of the assembly, a perfectly icy look; I wondered how my appearance deserved his enmity, and it was only much later that I began to understand this bizarre incident; he probably saw me as my father did, a *good Aryan*, or the one that Nietzsche, as a visionary, calls the *blond beast*, that is, an unconscious offspring of the race *to be slaughtered*.

This is the vision of the new *liberated* man that Marcuse promotes:

"This image of man was the determined negation of Nietzsche's superman: a man intelligent and healthy enough to do without all the heroes and heroic virtues, a man without the impulse to live dangerously, to take on challenges; a man with the positive consciousness of making life an end in itself, of living joyfully a life without fear. "Polymorphic sexuality" is the term I used to indicate that the new direction of progress would depend solely on the opportunity to activate organic, biological needs, repressed or stopped: to make the human body an instrument of pleasure rather than of work."

Herbert Marcuse, *Eros and Civilization*, political preface, 1966

I am not going to go into the details of Marcuse's career, his mission in the mass brainwashing operation, against the background of terror and witch-hunting called *denazification*, in the company of other merry men who *had their hands* in mass manipulation operations such as Henry Kissinger, his involvement in the OSS, Office of Strategic Services, and then in the CIA which succeeded it, etc. When I reread today the text that I quoted, it is quite clear that the hunt for *heroes*, those who refuse to be only a *machine to satisfy organic needs*, under the control of Marcuse and consorts, has spread to the whole West, and above all, that his proposal to impose *polymorphic sexuality*, invention of the neuropath Freud, is well on the way to being realized. And yet, I have been blinded, and I have seen nothing. I probably believed, more or less, naively, confident in my intellectual capacities, that I was going to make the synthesis of all that in *the Hegelian way*, which was really very stupid. In short, the denunciation of the *hero* was in the spirit of

the times, and so in the end, in this context, my lack of reaction has been just normal.

The body *instrument of pleasure*, put in opposition to the *hero*, is the one that can be sold and bought, a body reduced to its most primary erotic functions, the body of prostitution and pornography. This body *instrument of pleasure*, what instrumentalizes it? What instrumentalizes a body without soul, without *will of power* and without destiny? The answer lies in the very being of Herbert Marcuse and his *revolutionary* objectives: what instrumentalizes this body is propaganda, and the dictatorial laws that accompany it. Marcuse's *liberation* is in reality the brainwashing of *denazification* applied to the whole of the West.

It is in the same vein as the war against *authoritarian man* of his comparator Adorno; this war is officially launched by the post-war *Macy Conferences* which established the rules of conduct of *cybernetic control* and of what is today called the *Deep State*, and also, in a less visible way, of universal and undifferentiated *Human Rights*. Undifferentiated, mixed and *powerless* beings are the toys of cybernetic control, the destruction of the so-called *authoritarian man* is a prerequisite for the omnipotence of totalitarian control. This was already the *revolutionary* idea of the Marquis de Sade, in his pamphlet *French, one more effort* annexed to his *Philosophy in the boudoir*, which advocated that the new *citizenship* imposes that one has the obligation to accept any form of sexual intercourse coming from anyone.

In advance, this Nietzsche, whom Marcuse insinuates is neither "intelligent" nor "healthy", had characterized with a single word, which sums up everything, this tendency to the debasement and degradation of humans, so characteristic of the *post-modern*, festive, liberated and multicultural era, he had called it *nihilism*. We are in the era that will perhaps be known as the era of the *Great Degradation*.

This obscene world is opposed to that of the hero, and it is not that of freedom, but rather that of the worst tyranny.

Because the hero, in its original, most ancient form, is above all the one who fights terror and tyranny, which were not born yesterday.

This terror often takes the form of a monster or a dragon. In one of the oldest European heroic myths, that of Theseus and the Minotaur, the terrifying monster demands a tribute of young men and women to devour

them. This child-devouring monster has the head of a bull, just like the Semitic Moloch, to whom the priests sacrifice the first-born in the fire. One of the essential differences between the European world and the world of the Bible's minions and its One God, between Nietzsche's world and Marcuse's, is that in the European world, as it existed before it was subverted, terror and its priests are fought by liberating heroes, whereas in the biblical world, heroes, *disobedient* rebels, are hunted. In a way, the "You must not be a hero" simply acknowledged this fact, the proscription of the hero.

The most amazing thing is that when I heard "you must not be a hero", the theme of the hero was totally foreign to me, and I thought it was lost in the comic books of my childhood and the silliest mainstream cinema. I had never thought of contrasting Nietzsche with Marcuse and Adorno. My tendency was Taoist, to regulate myself according to what I perceived as the laws of nature rather than the ideas, fabrications, mental constructs and delusions of my contemporaries. Yet this formulation about the *hero* had an immediate impact on me. As if coming from a very distant past, forgotten but still present. In the Indo-European world, one is either a warrior, which leads to heroism, or a priest, which leads to understanding, or a practitioner, for want of another term, those who practically confront the material. And it's very clear that the hero's road, for which I undoubtedly had gifts and an appetite, was blocked for me to follow another, less immediately gratifying, one of writing. It's as if I had been presented with a sign: no road, to direct me on another one, willy-nilly.

Time to understand

Voice: *"Leave, you'll understand later"*

A few weeks later, when I was hesitating between leaving the island and staying, the same *voice*, quite recognizable, told me: "Leave, you will understand later". In the same way, I obeyed. And, indeed, I *understood later*, although it is an understatement to say that at the time I understood absolutely nothing.

This voice, when it told me: "You must not be a hero", had therefore, it seems, a *project*, which it continued by telling me to leave to "understand later".

I can't sum up the whole story in a few words, but for me to *understand*, and there was a lot to understand, I could not be a *hero*. If I had broken the ban and gone to Shana's room, as I intended to do, there were two possibilities: either I would start my life with Shana, sweeping away the threats, in which case the world would seem harmonious to me, as it had always seemed potentially harmonious, at least to *gifted* people, and I would just have to continue to enjoy my life, without worrying too much about the state of the world: *happy people have no history*. It was for me to remain in my Taoist continuity, quiet and detached. Either I was finished, and probably Shana as well, unless she could be drugged to the point of losing her mind completely; the story ended there. In either case, I would not have been able to understand what the voice directing my destiny said I should understand.

With all these premonitions, precognitions, and interventions that directly influence my destiny, I could be aware of being a tiny cog in a gigantic machine, which should horrify me, but it is not so. It is one of the most astonishing things, that the knowledge of the future, the loosening of the strict connection to time, changes absolutely nothing to our immediate perception of the world, and to our reactions to events. I have sometimes had the awful experience of *seeing* disastrous futures, and knowing that nothing can be done about it. The worst, I think, was when a young foreign student asked me to make a drawing about her future in France. Intuitive people had already told her that she would have a disaster. She asked me for advice, something I refuse to do: I have no power over the future I reveal. I saw in the cards a catastrophe of the first magnitude. Contrary to my habits, I told her that she was in danger and that she should leave. Of course, she took no notice and stayed. *So it goes*.

So, the strangest thing is our perfect coupling with an unfolding, called fate, which seems to be *set like clockwork*. And we rush, with more or less enthusiasm, towards our future.

The ancients had personalized the thing, they had named it *Fortune*, and had put a blindfold on its eyes. Even they, who generally practiced divination, refused to see an intention in it; there is something absolutely unpleasant with the *intention* that manipulates us.

Many commentators on so-called occult phenomena mention *guides*. They are the ones who could be at the origin of the *voices*. But this is a strange matter: where do they come from, why are they especially linked to us?

It is also said that the guides in question are not alien beings, but versions of ourselves in other dimensions, which is already much more acceptable.

In this conception, everything that happens to us has a meaning, and leads us to more understanding. In my case, this is indeed quite obvious, and in Shana's case too, although she did not survive her understanding for long. In the end, what would remain would be that, understanding. Very dearly acquired, it must be said. As Céline said, I paraphrase: "Everything is paid for in this life, good and bad; good is more expensive, necessarily"; he knew what he was talking about.

In the end, even if we are actors in a play that has already been written, all this is not in vain, because it is a kind of initiatory journey, of which the initiatory journeys of the sects are only restrictive imitations leading to dead ends.

The Moloch principle

Every Angel is terrifying

*"Denn das Schöne ist nichts
als des Schrecklichen Anfang, den wir noch grade ertragen,
und wir bewundern es so, weil es gelassen verschmäht,
uns zu zerstören. Ein jeder Engel ist schrecklich."*

"For Beauty is nothing else
than the threshold of terror, which we can hardly bear
and we marvel that he disdains to destroy us.

Every Angel is terrifying."
Rainer-Maria Rilke, *Duineser Elegien*

This poem always had strange resonances in me, as if it touched on something perfectly invisible, something I had no understanding of whatsoever. It's one of the rare and precious phenomena of great poetry, the only one capable of piercing the wall of appearances.

I don't know if Rilke really experienced such a devastating shock between Beauty and Terror, or if it was his intuition that made him feel, more than others, this terror hidden in Beauty. But I lived it, fully, in my meeting with Shana, and I lived it again afterwards in other meetings, as if this link could not be undone. And this is no accident: this fusion of Beauty and Terror permeates our entire universe, at least what I know of it, the Judeo-Christian universe.

This is why I have refined this extraordinary poetic intuition into a principle.

The Angel of Terror is the one who blocks the road to Paradise, it is also the one of the Apocalypse, it is the envoy of the God of Terror himself, this evil God who installed his acolyte, Satan, in the middle of Paradise, mythical place of Beauty and Harmony, to *tempt* and trap the poor humans who are too curious. Beauty became the attribute of the Angel, and the offending woman was degraded. And it is also an Angel who stands with his fiery sword before the door of Paradise. Above the Angels, the Almighty God, inconceivable summit of Grace and Terror. If the horror I was struggling with came from Jews, the owners of the *God, Lord Almighty* brand, and in a way its specialists, it was certainly no accident.

To disobey the Lord Almighty, through an unhealthy curiosity that would like to know the Good and the Evil created by the Creator according to his good or bad pleasure, is the *original sin*. Only the Lord Almighty, and his minions on this earth, can judge what is Good and what is Evil; all the poor ordinary sinner needs to know is that he must *obey* the rules imposed on him *for his own good*. To try to know, for oneself and by oneself, what is Good or Evil, to appropriate the Knowledge of Good and Evil is forbidden. This knowledge is sacred. Even today, at the beginning of the 21st century, certain knowledge is *sacred*, and it is forbidden by law to try to find out what it really is, to try to check the truth of the established dogma. And this revolt very few people, and even, fanatical multitudes are ready to impose and defend the said dogma. When it is forbidden to *discover* what is intentionally *covered* or veiled, when *there is nothing to see, move along*, one can be sure that it hides abominable little or big secrets.

In a modern myth, *The Wizard of Oz*, Dorothy lifts the corner of the veil that hides the manipulator and confuses him, but in reality, today as in the darkest barbaric times of biblical Genesis, lifting the veil generates the worst punishments. It is the same prohibition as in the Bible, it was also the same one that was opposed to Galileo at the beginning of the 17th century. Four centuries to get to this point, despite the Renaissance and the Enlightenment, this God has a hard life. His reappearance has been imposed on us, quite clearly, by the bribes, swindlers and Bible fanatics from across the Atlantic.

All this is the visible appearance, but to know it is insufficient; it will be necessary to know the invisible processes which make possible the existence of these phenomena, which I have called syndromes.

To understand, that is the question

"I don't understand."

"Leave, you'll understand later.»

In my short encounter with Shana, the list of what I didn't understand is impressive: how her *friends* would ejaculate on her face, how they would threaten to kill us, or her family, how it took a big chunk of money for her to "come with me," how she didn't call them enemies because they cared for her, how she was too scared to do anything, and finally, the key question, what the hell her *job* was.

When we don't understand something, we usually engage in disordered actions, which rarely have good results. This is the strategy of trial and error; it takes a lot of mistakes to understand. But this is impractical in critical situations, which require immediate understanding. The understanding of the enemy is the main point of the art of war.

I was not used to *not understanding*; it was an unfamiliar situation, and all the more panic-inducing. I even had a great capacity to understand very quickly almost everything that could be explained; I had only had one episode of incomprehension, also dramatic, in an adventure in Morocco, which I will talk about later. In fact, the overall incomprehension went back a long way, to childhood, when I was forcibly taught self-destructive dogmas, such as the *love of neighbor*, according to which, if you do not destroy yourself by *loving* any neighbor, no matter how close and disgusting, *as yourself*, the Good Lord will punish you by destroying you in flames, whether in this life or in the next. Or, the dogma that the Son of Almighty God *sacrifices himself* because of *my sins*, such as selfishness, or vanity, or gluttony and lust, which I keep committing while being inspired by Satan. But I had finally, like everyone else, surrendered in the open field, and I *understood* that I was irredeemably *wicked*, driven by infamous carnal *greed*, and that I had to devote my life begging for forgiveness.

Not understanding thus brought me back to the archaic periods of my childhood and their major existential panics, and this reopened the normally well healed and well buried wound of the innumerable crimes that we undergo to twist and set ourselves against our nature, or against nature altogether.

These malicious attacks or crimes against nature, or our nature, were already described at the end of the 19th century by Nietzsche, Rilke, and a few others, at the beginning of the 19th century by Hölderlin, before that by the few atheists of the Enlightenment, and beyond that, in a deist form, by Spinoza, and even further, in a moderate way, by Thomas Aquinas. In general, there is no precise description of this crime, of how it was committed, with what support and complicity, and by whom. Nietzsche does incriminate *the priests*: "The priest lies", but this is extremely vague and general; in fact, one cannot do much with such a statement.

To understand, the only way was to *dig*. As in a kind of archaeology. The roots of my incomprehension today lay in the way I had been forced to

understand the world, when I was still driven by natural impulses and an immediate understanding of situations. I had been forced to understand the world and to conform to it according to the codes of the Almighty Lord and his various modern-day minions, the State, the Finance, the International Organizations, the Media, etc. These codes told me what I was supposed to do. These codes told me what I was, or at least what I had to be.

By digging, I gradually discovered several strata in the oppression, first the modern stratum, that of the pseudo Human Rights and the dictatorship of the New World Order, coming from the Christian stratum or Our Lord Jesus Christ, itself coming from the Judaic stratum or the Avenging God, Almighty Lord of Moses, itself coming from the oldest stratum I know, the stratum of the Almighty Lord Moloch, god of the sacrifices. Digging deeper and deeper, one discovers abysses of horrible crimes and immense perversions, which one understands very well that they are *occult*.

The last layer, the deepest and most fundamental, is that of the *Principle of Moloch*.

What is this principle of Moloch? It is a principle that has been applied in various ways, from the ancient Semitic empires of the Near and Middle East to modern times: the more terror is applied to a population, while persuading them that this terror is *their fault*, the more the veneration for the terrorist entity increases.

The application of this principle has taken several main forms, and has been expressed by distinct syndromes: the primitive *syndrome of Moloch*, the *syndrome of the Chosen* of Judaism, and finally the *syndrome of the Sacrificed* of Christianity.

Why talk about *syndromes*, and not, as usual, about *systems*? Because what we call a system is always, when it comes to describing human organizations and relationships, more or less abstract, and its contours more or less blurred. The definitions of the same system can be very different; there are several contradictory definitions and descriptions of the capitalist system, for example. A syndrome is a set of clinical signs, symptoms, which, when present together, characterize a condition, usually a disease. The idea is that any human system can only function if it is based on a form of manipulation of perceptions that can be identified as a syndrome. The more powerful the system, the more powerful the manipulation, and the further the syndrome is from the natural normal state.

The most spectacular syndrome, and perhaps the most talked-about, is Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). "Stress" is the result of a trauma that has severely affected a person's life, safety or relationships. The term post-traumatic stress disorder is generally used only in the most dramatic cases, when victims are virtually unable to live. But in reality, the religions of Moloch, Yahweh and Christ, and also that of Islam, derived from the Judaic Books of the 5th century AD, are profoundly traumatic, and all their followers live in a constant state of post-traumatic stress, hardly visible from the inside because it is shared by all.

Everyone has heard of *Stockholm syndrome*. It is used to characterize certain behaviors that do not seem rational and disturb the usual conception we have on humans. In short, Stockholm syndrome describes the strange behavior of people who, having been taken hostage in Stockholm by thugs, and whose lives were being blackmailed, showed sympathy for those who had their lives in their hands after they were freed, as if they were grateful to them for not killing them.

Explanations for the psychological mechanism behind the onset of Stockholm syndrome have remained relatively obscure, probably because the phenomenon is so deeply disturbing. Where is civilization headed if ordinary humans can come to value and defend those who originally wanted to harm them?

Those who threaten to take your life have your life in their hands, if their threats are serious; and if they let you live, it is as if they were the ones who gave it to you, and so you have a *debt* for this gift. A debt for what has been stolen from you, that's the whole mechanics of religions, just as it is of finance.

This is the whole mechanics of the Moloch syndrome. And Stockholm syndrome is just a benign version of it.

The Moloch syndrome

The Moloch syndrome is of a simplicity that can be said to be *biblical*: people who have been *converted* to the cult sacrifice their first-born in the fire of Moloch, venerate him and worship him as Lord Almighty, and also venerate those who carry out the crime, the Sacrificers. It is a syndrome of the same type as the Stockholm syndrome, but infinitely more powerful and

horrible, and it is the basis of a religion that has had Judaism, Christianity and Islam as its heirs.

This syndrome, which is originally the expression of religious practices, has remained solidly implanted when the aspect of these practices has completely changed, when the discourses they generate have become *humanitarian* and *secular*. The discourses pass, the illusions change, the syndrome remains. What is decisive, constant, and inevitable, what shapes our behavior without our being aware of it, is the syndrome.

The foundation of the system that creates the syndrome is terrorist violence.

In the natural state, disproportionate violence against which it is impossible to defend or flee, after having generated panic terror, then generates the desire for revenge and hatred. This is as true for certain animals as it is for humans; we know that an elephant is capable of sustaining its hatred for years or even decades, to take revenge as soon as it gets the chance. In systems such as the vendetta, enemy clans can be at perpetual war to avenge the crimes they commit against each other.

The terrorist violence that creates post-traumatic stress disorder must be sufficiently strong and constant to eliminate any natural reaction of hatred and vengeance; in trained wild animals, the threat of the whip or whatever is permanent, but sometimes, when they've had enough, they take revenge; in humans, a more radical transformation takes place: not only do they not take revenge, but they venerate or worship the sacred beings who have bruised them.

This is the principle of the *Moloch syndrome*: this extremely violent post-traumatic syndrome is such that any hint of resistance, any outbreak of the desire for revenge and hatred against the terrorist oppressor, is *guilty*. And the guilty party is punished according to the scale of his or her *hateful* desire to resist. The terrorist entity becomes sacred and good, and the eternally guilty is definitively evil. This is the central principle of all religions based on the Moloch principle.

The *veneration* of the sacred entity that exerted a form of terror on you is the product of a *conversion*. The energy of hatred is turned against the *culprit*, converted into veneration, and vengeance is converted into abject submission.

The word *conversion* means as well that a human becomes the obedient follower of a cult, as the conversions of magic or alchemy, like the conversion of lead into gold. It is not a matter of creating a cult, a religion or an ideology out of nowhere, but of converting a *materia prima*, a raw material, which is none other than the passion of revenge and hatred. It is a *work*, or an operation. The cults are thus linked to works of conversion, which must be constantly reactivated.

This operation, which consists in replacing an extremely violent natural reaction by a reaction constructed almost as its opposite, can only be done by means which are also extremely violent.

The use of terror is well known as the most powerful way of influencing minds, simply because fear is the most powerful emotion and the most important one in almost all animals, for simple reasons of survival; terror is worse, it is a fear that never stops, and it is a human specificity. This means has been known to manipulators since time immemorial; in the 20th century, Kurt Lewin, a distant descendant of Moloch's minions, inventor of social engineering, whom I will quote later, said:

"If terror can be induced on a widely disseminated basis in a society, then the society returns to a *tabula rasa*, a blank slate, a situation where control can easily be established."

The idea of *tabula rasa* is false, but the goal, the use of terror to establish *control*, the obsession of tyrants and paranoids, is real.

It is indeed much more complex than the simplistic *tabula rasa*.

You can't erase what is genetically coded and reprogram it - we are not robots. Natural reactions are going to happen anyway - you can't change them, but you can deflect them.

The brain is made up of layers successively added by evolution: these areas have been called the reptilian brain, the area of fundamental instincts and reflexes, the mammalian brain, the area of emotions, and the reflexive or human brain, the area of superior control. We can see very well, by this simple example, that there is never any reprogramming, but that it is always a matter of adding a layer of control on top of those that already exist. In humans, most of the emotions are under control, and the more civilization

advances, the bigger the reflexive or intelligent brain becomes, the more important the control is.

These various layers of control are what we call personalities, i.e. particular management systems of our emotions and thoughts. What is not well known, and about which there are many illusions, is that these various layers can never be changed, but it is always possible to add new ones by appropriate methods. This is how so-called multiple personalities are created. I experienced this phenomenon through my own amnesia, during which I had a completely different personality from the one I had before, and from the one I reconstructed when I came out of amnesia.

Terror and torture are the radical means of creating new controlled personalities that completely cover up the previous lost personalities.

Terror and the loss of bearings, the collapse of the world view, are linked, terror creates the collapse and vice versa. On this collapse, we can build a new worldview, a new *order*.

Criminal secret societies, or what is generally known as the Cabal, do not hide from this: the motto of the Freemasons of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, considered the oldest, is "*Ordo ab Chao*", order from chaos. This can be interpreted in two ways: the world is originally disordered, and the Cabal will order it, or the world must be made chaotic so that the Cabal can reorganize it in its own way, where it will obviously be all-powerful. The idea that the world is originally disordered is patently preposterous; the natural world is dynamic, changing, but whatever the situation, complex ecological balances are formed. The true meaning of the motto, or maxim, is clear: if chaos does not exist, it must be created.

Another famous maxim in esoteric circles is: "What is below is like what is above." The maxim *Ordo ab Chao*, creating order out of chaos, applies to individuals as well as to the world as a whole.

There is a considerable number of ways to create confusion and chaos, ranging from simple lies to the most refined tortures; this issue has been quite extensively dealt with in the so-called *conspiracy* literature, focusing on the hidden activities of corrupt cults and organizations; what is more interesting is the result: how the syndrome will be installed, how terror, confusion will serve as catalysts to *convert* natural reactions, anger, rage, despair, instinct of revenge, or even hatred, into attachment and veneration.

First, the horrible sacrifice of children in the fire is an event that is prepared by a long initiation; education can also play a role from childhood. Every child has had a predecessor, the eldest, who was sacrificed; he is therefore himself *saved*, he owes his life to the murder of the previous one. In Christianity, which from my point of view has many secret links with Moloch, it is sometimes said, rarely, that the sacrificed Christ, the *Savior*, is the Elder. And the ideas of debt, of fault, of disobedience, are inculcated very early.

But there is always a difficulty, which is the existence of a clear objective. It is all very well to worship a despotic and terrifying God, or a tyrannical New World Order, and of course their servants the sacrificing priests or the paranoid usurers, but does that make a system? No, the objective is spectral, the world that chaos claims to build does not exist, has never existed, and will never exist. But the destruction remains.

The reality of cults is that they are, in reality, negative, they are *anti*. Anti-nature first of all; it is difficult to imagine an attack on nature, on the most violent natural feelings, worse than the sacrifice of children in the flames of Moloch. It is certain that such an operation *breaks* any natural, instinctive, naturally *good* reaction in what it has of more intimate and more essential. The being who has undergone this becomes a soulless being, a zombie, a slave who no longer has any natural ability to defend himself against the instructions or to attack his tormentors. In modern terms, this is brainwashing. Today's methods are less spectacular, more devious, but it is not certain that they are, in fact, less violent.

The cabalist doctrine, as it has been defined in the *Frankist* movement, a Judaic sect which is said to be that of the Rothschilds, is that the world is evil, and that only parcels of *light*, the cabalists, are lost in the midst of this ignorant and evil universe. This world must be completely destroyed so that the parcels of light can remake a new world that would be *good*. To destroy entirely, that is their delusion. I have known cabalist Frankists. I can assure you that they are quite serious and that it is not a folk belief that they profess on the Sabbath in the synagogue and forget about it the next day.

The cabalistic doctrine of *Tikkun Olam*, the reparation of the world, to which Jewish doctrinaires such as, in France, Bernard-Henri Levy, Emmanuel Levinas and others are attached, considers that the so-called *reparation* of this corrupt world goes through its destruction. And this

reparation through the destruction of what exists goes through the Saints, the bearers of the Light, the Jews. What is the Sacrifice to Moloch? It is a *reparation* of the original Fault, by a gift of blood, and more precisely of roasted child flesh. The Kabbalah has retained this conception of reparation, reparation of the world, while traditional Judaism and Christianity have amended it with the notions of *redeeming* and *redemption*, without abandoning the doctrine that the world is fundamentally evil. Clearly, the Kabbalah, the doctrine of the all-powerful Frankish financiers, which persists in the heart of Judaism, as Judaism persists in the heart of Christianity, is a sacrificial doctrine infinitely more dangerous to humanity.

In the cabalistic system of the *Ordo ab Chao*, bloody revolutionary chaos followed one another, but no order ever emerged. Even today, the themes of the Cabal are *anti*: always anti-natural, according to a very old tradition, the most zombified anti-natural ones falsely claiming to be ecologists; but also anti-racist, anti-fascist, anti-sexist, and, in fact, anti-democratic, as they are always ready to crush freedom of speech.

Order is for tomorrow, but Chaos is for today, and if nothing opposes it, today will last forever.

You probably think, lucidly, that such a system is so unnatural that it is impossible to implement. You are right, but the progressive installation of this system, in the Middle and Near East, was undoubtedly the work of hundreds, even thousands of years. Quite probably, child sacrifices were practiced in the cults of Baal and Ishtar; this goddess combines, in her representations, the lower body of a raptor with powerful talons and the upper body of a seductive woman; the *veneration* generated by the *conversion* of terror comes from *Venus*, goddess of love and pleasure. Yes, *Ein Jeder Engel ist schrecklich*, the Angel is terrifying.

The occultists, magicians, and sacrificers have not left us a manual for converting hatred and pain into veneration, but each of us can find the trace of this long history by examining the history of his own education. It is still necessary to remember it; for my part, the amnesia was unblocked thanks to particular circumstances, but I do not doubt that everyone, in the West, passes through the same phases, in view of all the programmed and standardized idiocies that everyone tells, once they reach adulthood.

Everyone knows that humans are born totally unable to survive on their own, and even to move. The reason is that the human species has made the

strategic choice of a large brain and intelligence. No one is able to say how this so-called "choice" is made; there is most probably an unknown instruction, in the genes, or in an invisible dimension, in short *somewhere*, that controls this kind of thing. Forget about chance, which is the all-purpose god of fools. The brain became bigger and needed to be expelled before being fully functional, because a fully functional child would have been much too big to *pass*. To illustrate this point and to make more than a billion enemies crying out for revenge against the injustices of nature, sub-Saharan African women, whose children have notably smaller brains than those of other races, expel them a week earlier than other humans, and their passage is narrower.

All mammalian offspring are dependent on their mothers, but in humans, this dependence is total. And this brain, which creates new neurons over a period of twenty years, has all the space available for a multitude of learning processes, and also for the *conversion* work of the Moloch syndrome.

Here's how this whole thing works: young children are programmed by nature to become unconditionally attached to their parents or to those around them who take their place, whoever they are. This attachment is unbreakable, probably regulated by the attachment hormone oxytocin. In its natural state, a child's expressions of attachment elicit identical reactions, in mirror, by empathy, in adults. But adults may have been trained or *educated* otherwise.

The attachment relationship of the newborn dissipates over the years, but it has the characteristic of being almost independent of adult responses: the attachment exists even if the adult is abominable, and can coexist with hatred - the classic case of love-hate, where one cannot help but become attached to someone one hates.

The deprivations and punishments of all kinds, or even simply the unnatural distancing of the parents, will create in the child, first of all raw anger, cries of suffering, then anguish, then, finally, hatred for what persecutes him, and from which he cannot deliver himself. It is when this *bad feeling, hatred*, appears that the proof of the native wickedness of the victim is made, and that the magic process of the *conversion of* hatred into veneration can take place, by the creation of a *reasonable* personality which knows that any resistance is impossible.

What I call *hatred* represents in fact a whole confused and mixed set of negative sensations, terror, despondency, despair, but also rather positive ones, like anger, rage and the natural desire for revenge. Hatred predominates and gathers them all, because it is concentrated and directed against a precise object, which will become the unique object of *veneration*.

All Moloch's terrorist systems, including the most modern ones, base their power on the repression of a *hatred* that they create by various criminal means, such as usury, slavery or the importation of hostile populations.

The sinister beauty of this system, it's absolutely magical side, is that the more terrible the hatred, the more atrocious the abuse, the more monstrous the slander, the more the victim suffers, the more fanatical, absolute, unconditional the veneration generated by the *conversion*, the more Almighty the Lord is. The *Moloch syndrome*, the first such syndrome known, is exemplary: it is difficult to find anything worse than throwing one's firstborn into the fire, and it is difficult to find an equivalent to a deity as omnipotent as Moloch, although his successors, Yahweh and God the Father of Christ, have inherited the title and its powers.

Terror creates hatred, then represses the hatred it has created, as an instance of Good fighting against Evil.

This black magic is practiced early on, on the weakest, the most helpless, the most gullible beings, children and adolescents. It is no coincidence that Adam Weishaupt, the Jesuit who founded the Masonic order of the Illuminati and joined forces with the Rothschild cabalists, had education as his main target.

The learning of terror, and the worship of the God or sacred *values* of the Authority, is taking place earlier and earlier, and in more and more horrible ways; examples of atrocious terror propaganda directed specifically at young children were seen with the recent Covid-19 pseudo-crisis; it was, as in a reverse Moloch ritual, to make them responsible for the death of their grandparents or relatives.

The blueprint for the alchemical work of creating worship is this: the god, the authority, the cabalist is supremely *good*, and the one who rebels, fights, or even just tries to defend himself, is *evil*, and this justifies punishment, abuse, confinement, and even murder, including mass murder.

To question the holiness, the righteousness, the profound humanity of the kabbalist, the priest, the sacrificer, is to be *evil* - and in the most recent versions, anti-Semitic, racist, sexist, etc. The system works if the victims are convinced of their *guilt*.

The *Moloch syndrome* is a perception of the world in which people, subjected to constant terrorist brainwashing, imagine themselves *guilty* of some horrible crime against a deity, against the priestly caste, or even against *humanity*. The *guilty* have a *debt* to *repay*, either with blood, money, or any form of self-destruction.

Let's look quickly at the three phases, that of the original Lord Moloch, that of the Almighty Lord Yahweh, the Jealous and Avenging God, and that of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the exemplary Sacrificed One. There is no need for complex and refined analyses: everything is written. It is enough to read. But *converts* do not read, they *repeat*.

The Moloch syndrome, its context, its sources

It is rather difficult to trace the genealogy of such an awful system, perhaps because none of the previous cults will rush to claim authorship. It is almost certain that child sacrifice existed before Moloch, just as it is almost certain that it still exists today, but apart from the episode during which this ritual was obligatory, official and public, this kind of practice, revolting to most humans, has remained hidden.

In the oldest known civilization, that of Sumer, there existed a myth that we find very curious: that of Gilgamesh. Gilgamesh was king of the city of Uruk, dominated by the temple of the powerful goddess Ishtar. Depending on the version, Gilgamesh is a demigod, tall, strong, handsome and sexually charming, and he tyrannizes humans by seducing all their women. The gods, wanting to calm him down, create a rustic being, Enkidu, with goat's feet, and a forehead lined with horns, from mud; this being, which strongly resembles the images of the god Pan, then those of Satan, must fight Gilgamesh. He does so, but nobody wins, and finally the two cooperate. Gilgamesh gives up his sexual frenzy. Then the goddess Ishtar, furious at Gilgamesh's insulting refusal to marry her, unleashes her wrath on Earth, and the story is one of the two allies' battle against the goddess.

Between this story of humans or semi-humans fighting a goddess, and that of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of humans under the ferocious yoke

of an Almighty God, there is a long and gradual evolution, which undoubtedly passes through the feminine figure of Ishtar, the goddess who is at the same time the goddess of love, of war, and of sacrifices, and who already gathers in her person a great part of the attributes of totalitarianism. It is possible that children were sacrificed to her, which is the most spectacular and well-known mark of the cult of Moloch.

The ancient myth of the Garden of Eden is the basis of the totalitarian hold that will triumph with Moloch, Judaism and Christianity, and later Islam. In this myth, a good and generous Lord creates humans and gives them a beautiful Garden, but, God knows why, forbids them a tree. Humans guilty of disobedience then fall victim to the Lord's righteous fury, are driven from the Garden and must atone for their horrible crime, they must pay an eternal debt to make amends. This myth probably dates from the beginning of the second millennium. It seems to appear with the terrorist Semitic civilizations, Assyrian, Babylonian and others, which will dominate the Middle East for more than a millennium.

The Bible takes up a great number of myths and legends of ancient civilizations, claiming that it is the history of the People of Israel. In reality, it was probably written in the second half of the 6th century, when part of the Jewish people were deported to Babylon, and when the scribes or priests had access to Middle Eastern sources.

The history of the Jewish people as described in the Bible only begins in earnest with the book of Exodus, the figure of Moses, and the Covenant with Yahweh. It thus begins with the moment when, according to this Covenant and its Tables of the Law, the sacrifice of the firstborn to Moloch becomes forbidden. Most of the references to Moloch and his Sacrifice focus on this prohibition. However, the terrorist imprint of Moloch remains present in Yahweh, and also in Christ, as we shall see later.

According to the official history of the Bible, Moses dates back to 1000 BC. But there are a few kinks in the story that make it very doubtful that the cult of Moloch disappeared so long ago.

"You have raised up in procession the tabernacle of Moloch and the star of your god Rephan, the idols that you have made to worship them. For this I will send you into exile beyond Babylon." *Acts*, 7:43 and *Amos* 5:26

The Babylonian exile dates from the end of the 6th century BC. This would mean that the countless vociferations of the Prophets promising incineration to the disobedient People would not have been enough to *convert* them entirely, or that the abolition of the cult of Moloch would date from the Babylonian captivity, where it would certainly not have been tolerated by the Persians, a non-Semitic people of the Indo-European branch. The whole story, Exodus, Covenant, would be a historical novel endowing the deported People of Israel with a miraculous destiny.

"They built the temples of Baal in the valley of Hinnom to make their sons and daughters pass through the fire of Moloch - which I never commanded them, nor did I ever think that they could commit such an abomination and provoke Judah to sin." *Jeremiah*, 32:5

The god Jehovah is a god who devours by fire just like Moloch:

"His anger burns, his fire is fierce, his lips are full of fury and his tongue a devouring fire. *Isaiah*, 30,27

Finally, some civilized writers describe the persistence of these practices long after the deliverance from Babylonian captivity, at the end of the 6th century. Here is what Aristotle's main disciple, Theophrastus, wrote in the 4th century BC:

"The Syrians, including the Jews, still sacrifice living victims. They were the first to institute sacrifices of both other living beings and of themselves. The victims, animal and human, were not eaten, but burned as an offering to their God," and "The Greeks would have been horrified by these practices."

The 5th and 4th centuries are the classical age of Greece, which experienced impressive advances in intelligence and in the arts. The Syrians and Jews are somewhat distant neighbors. And the cult of the One Almighty God still seems to be contested among the people of Israel in the 4th century. Unless, for the People, there is little difference between the worship of Moloch and that of Yahweh, or that these gods are more or less the same, the distinction established by the Priests having taken a very long time to be really adopted.

"At that time Solomon built a temple on a hill east of Jerusalem for Chemosh the abomination of Moab and for Moloch the abomination of the Ammonites." *Kings* 1, 11:7

The very prestigious King Solomon, the mythical builder of the first Temple, was not therefore a convinced monotheist. This opens up the possibility of knowing whether a more or less visible or confidential sect, based on the cult of Moloch and his sacrifices, would have persisted within Judaism, and then beyond.

Solomon has the reputation of being the first of the cabalists. The so-called *seal of Solomon* is the sign which, according to tradition, can be used to *summon demons*. This sign originally red and drawn with blood became the *Star of David*. We do not know for sure if this sign is the same as the *star of Rephan*, but there is a strong probability. It should be noted that the so-called *Freemason* cult uses a whole symbolism linked to the *wise* Solomon and his so-called *architects*. And the first to have taken this sign as an emblem are the cabalists of the Middle Ages. According to some sources, difficult to control, a red Seal of Solomon, the color of the blood which is used to draw the Seal and to call the demons, would have appeared on the coat of arms of those who called themselves *Rothschild*, *red coat of arms*.

The role of demons, generally, is to destroy. The demon to which a cabalistic rabbi of Prague gave a physical form, the *Golem*, only knows how to destroy. Nietzsche gave a philosophically more acceptable name to these demons that haunt the universe of religions originating in the Near East, from that of Moloch to that of Christ or Mohammed: he called them *nihilism*.

The terror of Moloch

Moloch, MLK (written Hebrew has no vowels), means The Lord. Adonai is The Lord who made the first Covenant with Abraham, Yahweh is The Lord who made the Covenant with the people of Israel, and finally, Our Lord Jesus Christ dominates Christianity and its New Covenant. Moloch is the oldest known ancestor, and the Bible refers to his sacrifices. Religions always claim to be unique and to have arisen from nothing, but they have a genealogy, as do species, races, languages, philosophies, customs, and just about everything else on this planet.

All the heir religions add their own elements, but keep the genes of their ancestors, which are their foundation.

The original basis of Moloch's terror is the terror against his own people, the people of his followers who in the first version sacrifice their firstborn children to him in fire.

This terror will then be transformed and partially redirected: in the system of Yahweh, that of classical Judaism, it will be redirected against the Nations, i.e., all non-Israelites, and in the system of Christ, it will be redirected in the form of self-sacrifice against the Christians. But in all cases, the original terror persists, other terrors are added to it but do not replace it.

Here is the expression of this terror in both systems, the system of Yahweh and that of Christ. First in the system of Yahweh:

"The sin of Judah is written with an iron chisel and with a diamond point; it is engraved on the table of their hearts and on the horns of their altars. As they think of their children, so do they think of their altars and their idols of Astarte by the green trees on the high hills. I will give my mountain and its fields, and your possessions, and all your treasures, and your high places, for your sins, for a spoil in all your land. You shall lose the inheritance which I gave you, and I will make you a servant of your enemy in a land which you do not know; for you have kindled the fire of my anger, and it shall burn forever.

Thus says the LORD: Cursed be the man who trusts in man, who takes the flesh for his support, and turns away his heart from the LORD. (...) Blessed is the man who trusts in the LORD, and whose hope is the LORD. (...)

The heart is crooked above all things, and it is wicked: who can know it? I, the LORD, test the heart, I search the reins, to give every man according to his ways, according to the fruit of his doings."

Jeremiah, 17

Do you realize the profound horror of this imprecation, for which all that is most profoundly human must disappear for the sake of the Lord?

The sin of Judah, that is to say of the Chosen People, was to have kept ancient popular cults closer to nature such as that of Astarte, a female goddess close to Ishtar. The God of Israel being a jealous God, this deserves the worst punishments. The disobedient people ignited the wrath of God. The Bible is full of imprecations against the *disobedient*; clearly, the basis of the God's absolute power is terror.

What is interesting in this quote is the condemnation of natural perceptions and reactions, which are evil: "Cursed be the man who takes the flesh for his support, and blessed be the man who trusts in the Lord". In the same way, the heart, so prized today by all kinds of humans who want to be

benevolent, is *tortuous* and *wicked*. Only God knows what is good and what is evil, he searches the heart and the mind, and unquestioning obedience to his commandments is the only rule. Everyone can see that this is a perfect totalitarian system.

What was naturally positive, the realm of the *heart*, as we still say today, is defined as bad, and comes entirely under the control of the God. The worship of God is the only positive feeling allowed. Any other feeling, inspired by the evil Flesh, is a disobedience that must provoke terror. We shall see later that the Christians will elaborate, on the same basis, a more complex, and even more tyrannical and self-destructive system.

Another terrorizing quote from the prophet Malachi specifies the means of terror. It comes at the very end of the Christian version of the Hebrew Bible, as a conclusion; the original version of the Bible or Torah used by the Jews puts the prophets in a different order.

"For behold, there shall come a day burning like a furnace; and all the proud and ungodly shall be as chaff, and that day which cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts; it shall leave them neither seed nor root.

And the sun of justice will rise for you who fear my name, and salvation will be under its wings; then you will go out and jump like the calves of a herd.

And you shall tread down the ungodly, when they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet, in that day when I shall act, says the Lord of hosts.

Remember the law of Moses my *servant*, which I gave him on Horeb for all Israel, with my precepts and my ordinances.

Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the great and dreadful day of the Lord comes.

And he shall turn the hearts of the fathers to their sons, and the hearts of the sons to their fathers, lest I come and strike the land with *anathema*."

Malachi, 4, Fillion Bible

This religion is a nightmare. But the translation erases the worst aspects of it.

First of all, the word "servant", which is often used in both Christian and Hebrew texts, is a translation of the word "*servus*" which has only one

translation: slave. The word for servant, which is a free employee, is *minister*. It is clear that in any case, the God of hosts addresses Moses and his flock as slaves, or soldiers, whose only legitimate action is to carry out his orders, and who are punished frighteningly if they do not obey to the letter, mostly by fire - the fire of sacrifice, the same fire that burned the firstborn dedicated to Moloch on the plain of Gehenna.

But that's not all, there's even worse.

Who understands "strike the land with anathema"? Just as *servus* is translated as "servant", *anathema* is usually translated as "curse", a common enough name, or kept as it is. But this is far, far away from the meaning of the Hebrew word in the Bible.

Anathema is the translation of the Hebrew word *herem*, חֵרֵם , which means: curse, destruction and total eradication of a being or a people, annihilation, to the point of erasing all traces of its existence, its culture, its cities, its works of art, its history, etc.; a reduction to ashes of a people and a culture. To have an idea of what *herem* or anathema means, it would be the city of Dresden and its hundreds of thousands of victims, women, children, old people, incinerated alive by phosphorus bombs, or the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki vaporized by nuclear fire, all on the scale of an entire people who refused to submit to the Lord and his Sacrificers.

To my knowledge, the word *herem*, which appears 78 times in the Bible, does not exist in any other language. It is about total terror, about what the abominable bloodthirsty paranoid Yochanan Ben Z'badiah aka Saint John called *Revelation*; the book of Revelation closes and concludes the Gospel, the *Good Christian Word*, just as Malachi closes the Christian version of the Bible. The disobedient, the rebels or the dissenters have something to worry about.

Terror and violence permeate almost the entire Bible, even the part of it that is supposed to preach Christian love. In the *King James Bible*, which is a standard translation, the root *kill* appears 233 times, and the root *slay*, to slaughter, 149 times. I know of no other text in the world's classic literature that manifests such obsessive ferocity; and if you like to shine in society, at your own risk, with your knowledge of texts, you can slip in the fact that in *Mein Kampf*, *slay* does not appear, the root *kill* appears only 6 times, and always in the passive form *killed*, speaking of Hitler's murdered comrades and threats against him. But one of the texts is filled with devotion to the

Almighty Lord, God of Vengeance, God of Jealousy, God of Armies, while the other ignores him.

The method of making a totalitarian, tyrannical, slave-owning, murderous god an object of veneration is not in doubt: it is the extensive use of terror.

Why call this system the Moloch system, when there is a plethora of texts in the Bible that give us a very precise picture of Yahweh, and almost nothing about Moloch? Because the Bible itself tells us that the cult of Moloch provided the main indispensable elements of the cult of Yahweh, the Original Sin, the guilt of the People, obedience, the eternal debt to the Almighty God, the Redemption, the abhorrence of the Flesh in favor of the Sacred, the Sacrifice, and of course, the caste of Sacrificers, named *Kohens* by Jews.

Let us see how this terror is taken up, almost word for word, in Christianity:

"If anyone does not confess that Adam, the first man, for transgressing the commandment of God in Paradise, immediately lost the holiness and righteousness in which he had been established, and that he incurred by the offense of this prevarication the wrath and indignation of God, and thereby, death, with which God had previously threatened him, and with death, captivity under the power of "him who has the dominion of death," that is, the devil, and that Adam as a whole by the offense of this prevarication, according to body and soul, has been changed into a state of decay, let him be *anathema*. "

Council of Trent, June 17, 1546

Decidedly, Prophets and Councils love to *anathematize*. It is a mania.

We have seen the meaning of *anathema*, *herem*, חרם : curse, destruction and total eradication of a being or a people, today we would say genocide, to the point of erasing all traces of its existence, its culture, its cities, its works of art, its history, etc.; a particularly heinous destruction. As in the novel *1984*, it is a question of destroying every trace of the past and any witness of the most monstrous of crimes. And the *original sin* is essential, as a justification of this terror, although, if one is not subjected to the terrorist blindness, it is difficult to see any connection between disobedience and total destruction.

The text of the Council, which is decidedly well informed, gives an indication of the operation that is performed on Adam and all humanity: "The whole of Adam by the offense of this prevarication, according to body and soul, was changed into a state of decay." This *change of state* is the creation of a new personality that replaces the state of innocence, which is exactly what the religion of Moloch does. This second personality, evil and perverse, must in turn die so that *the new*, resurrected, *obedient man* may be born.

The same Council reaffirmed the dogma that baptism washes away the horrible original sin of disobedience, and added the following comment: "In those who are born again, nothing is the object of *God's hatred*."

God's hatred, literally; God *hates* disobedient humans who are not subject to him.

He legitimately hates them because they are full of hatred, just as the terrorist Saint-Just does not want "freedom for the enemies of freedom"; we forget, of course, that this hatred is created by terror.

The God of Love is also a God of Hate; personally I had some suspicions for a long time, but it is *better to say it*. In practice, it is hate that is the main ingredient of manipulation.

The evangelists are not to be outdone in filling Christ's mouth with terrible imprecations against *sinner*s. But this text from a Council of the 16th century, at the end of the Renaissance, better testifies to what Christians still have to endure in the West, knowing that their burden will be loaded with even more foul guilt. If the Councils have lost their importance in managing the lives of the civilized West, other, more ferocious and secretive organizations have taken over the threat, terror and guilt-tripping; better yet, they are now enacting, on a daily basis, the *herem*, the Judaic anathema, by destroying the works and races of civilization, without most of the terrorized idiots, worshipping propagandists and authority, even thinking of protesting against their destruction.

The Sacrificer syndrome: the sacrifice of Nations

Moses' founding of Orthodox Judaism as it is still practiced today cannot be understood by ignoring the previous stage of the Moloch system; indeed, not only is it referred to several times in the founding text of the Covenant,

but the Yahweh system is a *reconversion* of the Moloch system, which makes sense only in the light of the latter.

In the *Sacrificer syndrome*, it will be a question of extending the principle of Moloch, terror and hatred creating veneration, to the surrounding peoples, even to the whole world, by making the Chosen One a people of sacrificers.

As long as the monstrous ritual practices, such as that of throwing the firstborn into the fire of Moloch, concerned only "the Syrians and the Jews", the civilized peoples around could look at them with horror and disgust, but were not concerned. The orthodox Judaism of Moses is going to lighten the burden on what becomes the *Chosen People* in order to put the foul burden of the Sacrifice on the other peoples, the Nations. The foreign peoples, the Nations, will be declared *guilty* towards the God of the Jews, and the Chosen People will be affected to be the innocent victim of abominable slavers, one would say today *anti-Semites*.

There have undoubtedly been many peoples in history who have considered themselves superior to others, and who have considered their deities to be the most powerful; but there were probably very few, if any, whose God was a terrifying, jealous, hateful entity, ready at any moment to throw the whole world into flames; that this God and his *chosen people* set themselves in mind to dominate and possess the whole world is an absolute catastrophe.

To claim that the other peoples, the *Nations*, the Unclean, the *Gentiles*, who would later be called pagans, are plunged into a *sin* far worse than that of the *Righteous* from the *Chosen People*, and therefore deserve to be destroyed, enslaved and stripped, *sacrificed* by this People, is the terrifying innovation of Judaism.

All this malicious genocidal doctrine - others would say, satanic - is organized at the founding moment of Judaism, the mythical *Exodus from Egypt*, source of the main Jewish feast, *Passover* or *Pesach*.

What led Judaism down this path, while the other Syrian peoples, former followers of Moloch, simply abandoned this cult under the influence of Hellenistic civilization? Why them, and them alone?

The answer is undoubtedly in Nietzsche's critique of Christianity: *resentment*. Nietzsche did not see that the origin of this resentment was in

the origin of Christianity, Judaism, he claimed to be a psychologist and not an anthropologist, but the observation is correct. What drives a people to resentment? Most likely, the fact that this people was the worst of all, and was treated accordingly. It is no accident that their elites were deported into captivity in Babylon. Nor was it a coincidence that this people was violently expelled from Egypt. They are the only people who had an Avenging God, as He says he is; an avenging god is a god of resentment; and considering his fury, he is also a god of hatred, a unique case in the history of deities.

According to the famous prophet Isaiah, this is what awaits the *Gentiles*, the Nations:

"Come near, Nations, to hear! Peoples, be attentive! Let the earth listen, it and what fills it, the world and all that it produces!

For the wrath of the LORD is on all the nations, and his fury on all their armies, and he has cursed them and given them over to the slaughter.

Their dead are thrown away, their corpses exhale stench, and the mountains melt in their blood.

[... etc., a tedious catalog of horrors, each more disgusting than the last, which the prophet apparently enjoys, I will spare you].

For it is a day of vengeance for the Lord, a year of retaliation for the cause of Zion."

Isaiah 34, 1-8

It is said that Oppenheimer, the main architect of the atomic bomb, evoked Shiva, the destroyer, and the *Bhagavad Gita*, the Aryan epic poem, when he saw the damage inflicted by his work. No doubt, although a Jew, he had never heard the imprecations of Isaiah and other prophets. A miraculous deafness, as it were.

The story that will lead to Isaiah's imprecations begins in the second book of the Bible, *Exodus*. There is a kind of prologue at the end of the first book, *Genesis*; we see Joseph, hero of Israel, who became a kind of plenipotentiary of Pharaoh thanks to his qualities of God's chosen, organizing famine and despoiling of the Egyptians, until they were totally destitute and reduced to slavery; an example that would date back more than three thousand years, but which still finds applications in the organization of artificial crises by the cosmopolitan and globalist high finance. There is no doubt that, as it is written in the Bible, all this is excellent in the eyes of God.

But by a twist of fate, in the next book, the *Exodus*, the Israelites who had massively rushed into Egypt to fatten themselves at the expense of the natives would have become unfortunate slaves, hated by the Egyptians. That they were hated by the Egyptians is quite probable, if they indeed sacked this country, that they became slaves is less credible, but necessary to the story that will be told to justify the hatred against the Egyptians first, and then against the Nations. A sarcastic mind would notice that usury, the monopolization of wealth, the enslavement are, themselves, hateful and claimed behaviors.

The pure-hearted Israelites are therefore the victims of the Egyptian *oppressors*. And the Lord will avenge this injustice against his people. Here is the program, by the sacred mouth of the Lord:

"You shall gird up your loins, and put sandals on your feet, and a staff in your hand, and eat in haste: for it is the Lord's Passover. *Exodus*, 12:11

Passover, in Hebrew *Pesach*, is the passage of the God - who has just revealed his new name, Jehovah or Yahweh, to Moses – who, flying over the houses like the bombers of Dresden and Hiroshima, will exercise his divine vengeance.

"I will pass through Egypt that night, and I will smite all the firstborn in the land of the Egyptians, from man to beast, and I will execute judgments on all the gods of Egypt, I who am the Lord." *Exodus*, 12:12

At the same time, the firstborn of the Israelites are spared, and a lamb is sacrificed in their place. Moloch's successor, still as bloodthirsty as ever, is going to feast on the blood of the Egyptian firstborn, who are terrible strangers, or *Gentiles*, in their own country, and make a special covenant with his children, his People, Israel.

Pesach, passage, is anodyne. What *passes* is the knife of the Sacrificer. The Baal-Moloch, the Lord Almighty, reconverted into Yahweh, would not exist without the streams of blood that he demands. The sacrifice in the fire of the firstborn of Israel is replaced by that of foreign children, *wicked* because foreign, and that of a lamb per family, replacing the Israelite firstborn; the equally bloody rite of circumcision will be imposed on all male newborns. The ritually sacrificed lamb in place of the firstborn male is not anecdotal: in Christian doctrine, Christ is the sacrificial Lamb who intercedes

so that the new-style Baal-Moloch, Yahweh, renamed Our Father, does not destroy all the wicked humans at once, as they deserve by their insubordination.

I am not an expert, and I am referring to translations that may have been poorly done, but when Isaiah curses the Israelites who sacrificed to Moloch, he says: "*pass their sons and daughters through the fire of Moloch*". It seems that the sacrificial victims were not burned, but roasted. On numerous occasions, the Torah speaks of "*eating the sacrifice*", ritual consumption seeming to be an inseparable component of the sacrifice. The Aztecs are known to have festively eaten the countless victims of their sacrifices, and symbolically, the Christian consumes the flesh and blood of Christ; ancient chroniclers assert that Christians practiced actual cannibalism.

There is a very strong correspondence between the biblical account of the sacrifice of the Egyptian firstborn and the controversial practice of the *Blood Passover*, the Christian children sacrificed at the time of the Jewish Passover, which triggered many scandals. Since the Bible was not available to Christians who were kept in ignorance, it cannot be claimed that the accusations against Jewish sacrificers were invented after a reading of the Bible.

There are persistent rumors that ritual child sacrifices still exist today. The Bible and its cursed rituals being still considered a sacred book, this is not strictly impossible.

In the ritual prayers of Passover or *Pesach*, there is the following sentence: "In every generation there are those who have risen up to destroy us". This phrase justifies, to this day, any massacre of Gentiles, or at least their disabling or enslavement to Israel. The main Judaic holidays, *Pesach* and *Purim*, celebrate massacres of foreigners or *enemies*, Egyptians for *Pesach*, Persians for *Purim*.

The case of the Purim massacre is rather strange, because in reality it was the Persians who, after conquering Babylon, freed the Hebrews who had been deported there since Nebuchadnezzar had subdued Jerusalem. Nebuchadnezzar was Semitic, the Persians were Indo-European, and the Egyptians were genetically of what we now call Berbers. The Semitic peoples, including the famously ferocious Assyrians, shared a common racial and cultural background; indeed, the Persians and Egyptians, and later the Greeks, were considerably less cruel, but in the Bible, the oppressor to be

destroyed is on the other side of a racial and cultural line, not Semitic, no doubt to emphasize that the hereditary enemy to be slaughtered is totally foreign. On the other hand, the victims of the Jews, such as the Canaanites, Jebusites, Midianites, etc., are Semites, like the majority of Palestinians today; these victims are nothing, and there is no festival like Pesach or Purim to celebrate their extermination.

For the massacre of the Egyptians, the situation is roughly equivalent. The end of the book of Genesis tells how Joseph, whom his brothers wanted to kill, was taken in by the Egyptians, became Pharaoh's guest, and prospered to such an extent that he attracted a large number of Israelites, who became very wealthy. Then everything changes: the Egyptians suddenly turn evil, and the Jewish God of Vengeance subjects them to the seven plagues of Egypt. It's a repetition of a pattern in which everything happens as if, when an advanced civilization goes to the trouble of welcoming the Jews and rescuing them from their savagery, it is rewarded with increased hatred, since the Jews can't bear to have been helped by people who are obviously far superior to them. One might even wonder whether the operation they have piloted to invade civilizations by the most backward populations on the planet, who owe everything to their host, isn't intended to create a hatred in these populations that takes over from their own.

Clearly, the main sacrificial role, which was the sacrifice of the firstborn in the fire of Moloch, is transferred, at least partially but more probably for the most part, to the slaughter of Gentiles. The aim is the same: to establish a sacred and inviolable, supernatural supremacy through the principle of Moloch.

This is shamelessly proclaimed by the Lord Almighty himself:

"And Moses went up to God; and the Lord called him from the mountain, saying: Thus shalt thou say unto the house of Jacob, and declare unto the children of Israel:

You have seen what I did to Egypt, and how I carried you on eagle's wings and brought you to me.

And now, if you will listen carefully to my voice and keep my covenant, you will be mine from among all peoples; for *all the earth is mine*; and you shall be to me a *Kohens Kingdom*, and a Holy Nation. These are the words that you shall speak to the children of Israel."

Exodus, 19

A *Kohen* is a sacrificial priest. I kept the original Hebrew term, because most translations translate: *a Kingdom of Priests*. This translation considerably softens a much more sinister reality. A connoisseur of Jewish tradition knows that the priests, the *Kohens*, are not primarily theologians and sermon-makers, but *sacrificers*, i.e. those who shed blood on the altar.

The *sacrifice* in question does not consist of chanting a few verses and performing a few ritual gestures, but of *blood*, the only sacrifice whose odor pleases the nostrils of Yahweh-Moloch, which Cain the farmer, the eldest and the legitimate heir, will learn to his cost, when the Almighty God elects his youngest son Abel, the nomadic breeder who offered him bloody sacrifices.

Therefore, according to Yahweh and the Holy Book, the whole Chosen People, *Kohens Kingdom*, has the mission of shedding the blood of the peoples of the Nations.

In this spectacular reconversion, the People who had to deliver their first-born children to the *Kohen* sacrificers become the Kohens Kingdom, in charge of recovering all the land belonging to their God, and of providing him with sacrifices that one imagines to be sumptuous, by the million.

There was a first brief Covenant between Abraham and a capricious Baal named Adonai, who demands the sacrifice of Abraham's first-born, Isaac, but finally changes his mind; the Covenant already includes the promise of the eradication of a certain number of peoples who, in fact, have not been heard from since; a god, therefore, anachronistic at the time of Moloch. But the Covenant of which Moses is to receive the Tables, known as the Tables of the Law, will be the true foundation of the religion of the people of Israel, enclosed in the Ark of the Covenant.

What is written on the famous Tables is nowhere specified. In *Exodus*, 20, the Lord gives oral instructions to Moses, who repeats them; these instructions concern first of all the worship that must be rendered to the Lord, then behavioral rules of an almost exemplary banality, such as "Thou shalt not kill", etc., and then dozens of more or less fussy or even absurd precepts concerning the settlement of ordinary problems, already showing the military or totalitarian organization of a world in which only unconditional obedience to orders is tolerated. It should be noted that after having hammered the fact that he is the One God, "strong and jealous", and that his precepts suffer no disobedience, the first precept he enacts is that of the Sabbath.

What is the Sabbath and what is it for? The Sabbath is the day of the week that is *sanctified*, that is, dedicated to God. In practice, on this *sacred* day, all profane activities, which is to say ordinary and useful, are forbidden, so that the heavy presence of the totalitarian God may be felt at every moment. Nothing can be done, for the people of Israel, which is not commanded by God, except what is perhaps tolerated, although I doubt that any tolerance exists. Only the fact that humans are allowed to breathe is not the subject of a command, as far as I know, my knowledge being incomplete.

Curiously enough, civilizations have recently experienced episodes of *confinement* in which most activities were suspended, not at God's command, but under the pretext of an artificial pandemic, in reality much less dangerous than the so-called vaccines claiming, just as falsely, to contain it. From there to think that this extraordinary constraint was promoted by beings who know well, having lived it, the devastating psychological effect of the Sabbath constraint...

After the Tables of the Law were broken because the people were *disobedient*, and after a new massacre of a few tens of thousands of recalcitrant, a routine, God will grant a second writing of his Tables, and specify there that it is about his Covenant, therefore, a priori, what must be in his Ark of the Covenant. The event appears in *Exodus*, 34.

"The Lord said, "Make two tables of stone like the first, and I will write on them the words that were on the tables you broke. "

Moses bowed down to the ground in worship, and said, "Blot out our iniquities and sins, and possess us."

The Lord said, "I will make a *Covenant* in the sight of all, I will do wonders that have never been seen in all the earth, nor in any nation; so that this people in the midst of whom you are may consider the terrible work of the Lord that I am going to do.

Keep what I command you today:

I will drive out before you the Amorite, and the Canaanite, and the Hittite, and the Perizzite, and the Hivite, and the Jebusite (*note: these are other Semitic tribes competing with the Judaic tribe*)

Beware of making friends with the inhabitants of this land, for they will bring your ruin. But destroy their altars, and break down their statues, and cut down their sacred trees.

Do not worship a foreign god. The Lord proclaims himself Jealous, God does not tolerate a rival.

Do not make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land, lest, when they have fornicated with their gods and worshipped their statues, one of them invite you to eat sacrificial meat.

Do not accept the offer of their daughters in marriage for your sons, lest, after these have fornicated, they fornicate with your sons and their gods."

Exodus, 34

It is in a way the practical manual of the commandments that the people of the *Kohen Kingdom* must apply destroy everything, never ally or cooperate.

The Lord say that it is the *Covenant*; a priori, the text of the Ark of the Covenant must reflect these sacred words.

These are practical recommendations on how the *People of Kohens*, freshly instituted by the God who proclaims the whole earth to be his, should treat those whose only vocation is to be sacrificed, the people of the Nations, the *Gentiles*.

These genocidal commands of the God are not at all a Hebrew specificity due to a special and unique bond; in fact, many Semitic peoples, cousins of the Hebrews, manifested an equal ferocity for more than a millennium, including the powerful Assyrians. At the beginning of the 7th century BC, the Assyrian king Senacherib boasted of having conquered Babylon, of having massacred all its inhabitants, destroyed its places of worship, and razed the city. The Bible, written in the 6th century B.C., only codifies and sanctifies thousand-year-old practices, precisely at the moment when modern civilizations take off in Europe, and in particular in the Greek world. This inhuman book should have remained the witness of horrible practices that have disappeared from the face of the earth, for the use of historians; the problem is that, thanks to the Trojan horse that is Christianity, its horrifying barbaric precepts continue to animate more and more influential groups, and that its latest avatars, Marxism and the New World Order, have the objective of enslaving or destroying the whole of humanity.

The case of the Midianites, which took place during Moses' lifetime, and which is described in *Numbers*, the fourth book of the Torah, describes how Yahweh's covenantal requirements are actually carried out. If the priests no

longer throw the firstborn into the fire of Moloch, they satisfy the bloodlust of their God, and their own, by indulging in new horrors on the surrounding peoples who are not aware that they have become abominable enemies and future victims.

"Israel dwelt in Sittim, and the people fornicated with the daughters of Moab. They invited them to their sacrifices. They ate of them and worshipped their gods. And the Lord was angry and said to Moses, "Gather all the leaders of the people together and hang them on gallows against the sun, so that I will not be angry with Israel."

And Moses said to the judges of Israel, "Let every man kill those of his relatives who have devoted themselves to Baal Phegor."

And there was a child of Israel who went in before his brethren into the tent of a Midianite harlot, in the sight of Moses, and in the sight of all the multitude of the children of Israel, who were weeping before the door of the tabernacle. And when Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, the son of the *Kohen* Aaron, saw it, he rose up from the multitude, and took a dagger. And he went in after the Israelite man into the brothel, and pierced them both in the same way, that man and the woman, in the genitals; and the plague of the children of Israel ceased.

Twenty-four thousand men were killed.

And the Lord said to Moses, "Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, the son of the *Kohen* Aaron, has turned away my wrath from the children of Israel, because he was moved by my ardor against them, that I myself should not cut off the children of Israel in my ardor.

Therefore thou shalt say unto him, Behold, I give him the peace of my Covenant, and there shall be with him and with his lineage a covenant of everlasting *Kohen*, because he is ardent for his God, and has atoned for the iniquity of the children of Israel."

Numbers 25, Louis Segond Bible & Fillion Bible

Ferocity, fury against the *disobedient*, today we would say the *dissidents*, tens of thousands of massacred among the people, we have here the whole magnificent picture of totalitarianism, with the figure of the *Kohen* at its center. It is like the good old days of Bolshevik Russia. Lenin, probably suffering from dementia at the end of his life, and losing all control, said that he "sacrificed the Russians to Moloch".

And finally:

"Again the Lord spoke to Moses, saying, Let the Midianites feel that you are enemies, and kill them; for they have behaved as enemies, deceiving you treacherously by the idol of Phegor."

An expedition is set up, and all the Midianite men are killed; everything is plundered and destroyed. The women and children are captured by the fighters. Then Moses and the Kohens intervene:

Moses was angry with the chief officers of the army and said to them, "Why did you save the women? Are they not the ones who seduced the children of Israel according to the suggestion of Baal, and who made you violate the Law of the Lord by the sin of Phegor, for which the people were struck?

So kill everything of the male sex, even the children, and slay the women who have lain with men, but reserve for yourselves the young girls and all the virgin women."

Numbers, 31, Fillion Bible

Sleeping with free foreign women who were followers of Baal was therefore prohibited, but the rape of captive virgins was prescribed. And in the booty, distributed between the combatants, the people and the priests, a part is reserved to be sacrificed to the God, including 32 virgins "pure and without blemish" who will be slaughtered on the altar in reparation for the crimes of their tribe.

The horrible story of the Midianites and their genocidal killers sheds a sinister light on the incomprehensible, the "I don't understand" that was my only response when Shana told me that her *friends* were threatening to kill us, and that created in me major behavioral problems, a total disorientation that went as far as a kind of madness. For *we are all Midianites*.

How can a Midianite woman imagine that she is committing a crime of disobedience against a Lord she does not know, when she *fornicates*, according to the word of the Torah, with a child of Israel? And that this terrible crime against this *fiery* and *jealous* God, the Lord dominating the whole world, is punished by the destruction of her whole tribe?

How could Shana have imagined that one day in the future, her *friends* and *lovers* would have her murdered? They are not the same as those she was telling me about, I will discover them later, but they are indeed from the same family of assassins.

Let it be understood: the central motive is always *disobedience* or *disrespect* of the Lord God, whether one knows his commandments or not, because *the whole earth is his*, and he has entrusted it to his chosen people of *Kohens*. It is on this basis that George H. W. Bush, who will be discussed at length later, has declared the advent of a unique Law for all nations and the New World Order. It is already on this basis that pseudo *Human Rights* and their tyrannical laws against *anti-Semitism* and *racism* were established after the Second World War.

Likewise, all those who oppose the world domination of the Kohen people will be destroyed *for the greater glory of God*. The principal means of world appropriation by the Kohen Chosen People being usury, financial means, private central banks, all those who do not *obey* and simply want to keep for their Nation the control of their currency and financial circuits, a legitimate and essential claim, are eliminated, either they personally, or their people. In the series, there is Charles 1^{er} of England, Napoleon, Lincoln, Nicolas II of Russia, Hitler, Kennedy, Gaddafi, and many others.

World domination is today promoted by the *World Economic Forum* in Davos, and by the *New World Order*. It is about stripping all Gentiles of all their property and all their rights for the benefit of *the Chosen Elite*; "You will own nothing and you will be happy". It is sometimes difficult not to miss Hitler.

All of these countless crimes, which are now only increasing, are justified by the Word of the Lord, and His promise of world domination to His People. This infamous paranoid delusion, when it appeared to the rest of the world, could and should have been eliminated, and this is where, alas, its cover, Christianity, comes in.

For the time being, we can see that the peoples of antiquity had perfectly perceived the danger, and would probably have eradicated it if Christianity, a Judaic invention of astonishing perversity, the Trojan Horse of Judaism, had not interposed itself.

Here is what the historian Tacitus says, from the 1st century of our era:

"Moses, in order to secure for himself the empire of this nation, gave it new rites and a cult opposite to that of other mortals. There is profane all that is sacred among us, legitimate all that we hold abominable.

"These rites, whatever their origin, are defended by their antiquity: they have sinister, infamous ones, which depravity alone has made prevail. For every pervert who denied the worship of his country brought offerings and tribute to their temple. The power of the Jews was increased by this, strengthened by a particular spirit: with their brethren, fidelity in every way, mercy always helpful; against the rest of men, hatred and hostility."

"This nation, which does not communicate with others either at the table or in bed, has an unbridled licentiousness of morals and yet abstains from foreign women; between them, everything is permitted. They have instituted circumcision to recognize themselves by this sign. Their proselytes practice it as they do, and the first principles they are taught are contempt for the gods, renunciation of one's country, forgetfulness of one's parents, one's children, one's brothers."

Tacitus, *Histories* - Book V

It is quite probable that in the 1st century, Tacitus more or less confused Jewish proselytizing with Christian proselytizing, the latter being better armed for its propaganda and more *salesman-like* than the former, and the propagandists being Jewish in both cases.

The *Sacrificer syndrome*, which redirects sacrifice, terror and hatred against the surrounding peoples, a hatred that becomes genocidal, will provoke many reactions, because this system will not remain unnoticed for very long, and the *hatred of humanity* is unanimously reproached to the followers of this system - all the testimonies of the time agree. The first comes from the Greeks; at the beginning of the 1st century BC, the philosopher Posidonius writes that the Seleucid king Antiochus VII, a Greek dominating Judea, was advised in 134 BC by his advisors, in the face of a new Jewish revolt, to exterminate the Jews, because they were the only ones among all the peoples to refuse all relations with other races, and saw all people as their enemies; their ancestors, "godless and cursed by the gods," had been expelled from Egypt. The counselors emphasized the Jews' hatred for all mankind, enshrined in their own laws, which forbade them to share a meal with a *Gentile* or to show him any kindness.

There is a superabundance of unanimous testimonies that all mention this *hatred* that cannot be hidden. This is quite striking, because the previous testimonies, a few centuries earlier, do not mention *the hatred* against the

Gentiles, typical of the *Sacrificer syndrome*, but the bloody sacrifices that the Jews impose on themselves, typical of the Moloch syndrome. The transition from the internal, local hatred against freedom and life to the external, universal hatred was undoubtedly made between the two periods, until it became massive and extremely remarkable. It still is, but it is camouflaged by Christian doctrine, which the *Enlightenment*, including Voltaire, began to challenge. Voltaire had no reason to lie about the people chosen by Our Father in Heaven.

"All other peoples have committed crimes, the Jews are the only ones who have boasted of them. They were all born with the rage of fanaticism in their hearts, just as Germans and Bretons are born with blond hair. I would not be surprised if this nation were one day fatal to mankind."

Voltaire, *Lettres de Memmius à Cicéron*, 1771

The situation became critical because the idea of the necessity of exterminating the Jews, contrary to the ordinary customs of antiquity, could make its way into people's minds. Their *hatred of humanity*, so peculiar and so strange, could not go unnoticed. Several times, the Jews were expelled from Rome and from a host of cities and regions for their *odious* behavior. It was in this context that Christianity was conceived, which would create that unlikely pure wonder, the *willing victim*, worshipping an exemplary god disguised as a *victim* who is in reality a Moloch, a foreign vampire god. What I have called the *Sacrificed syndrome*.

The Sacrificed syndrome: self-hatred and hatred of humanity

How entire peoples could be persuaded that self-sacrifice is the pinnacle of self-realization is such an enormous mystery, and also so monstrous, so unnatural, that it is difficult to claim that it has been fully revealed. In any case, this mystery fits perfectly into the general framework of the *conversions* of the Moloch principle, where the predator is sacred and venerated, and where the victim, his flesh, his being, are vilified. In the syndrome of Moloch, it was already a question of sacrificing the *flesh of one's flesh*, the first-born, which was sacrificed by the Kohen priest-sacrificers; in the syndrome of the Sacrificed, it is all the flesh of all the Sacrificed that is sacrificed, and it is the whole people of the Sacrificers who will encourage or push them to do so.

This foul operation obviously cannot be carried out in broad daylight; it is hidden, cabalistic, behind, among other things, the normalization of criminal activities such as usury, prostitution, drugs, and behind criminal institutions that are accomplices, such as the Freemasons or the Jesuits, and even the Church itself.

In the beautiful Christian system there is a wolf in the sheepfold, *a wolf in sheep's clothing*, as it shamelessly appears in the coat of arms of the Fabian brotherhood, whose declared objective is to create a *New World Order* based on the destruction of borders and the peoples they protect. This wolf in the sheepfold was the mother house of Christianity, the one from which Christianity had taken over the totalitarian system of the Torah, Judaism.

This wolf did not introduce itself by deception. It was established as a superior power, and legitimately predatory, from the first conquests of Christianity.

All this is explained very clearly, with a kind of astonishing impudence, by the apostle Sa'ul Paulus, aka Saint Paul.

Sa'ul Paulus is a fanatical Jewish zealot, Pharisee, born in an environment of Greek culture, and a Roman citizen. He is probably close to the milieu of Jewish sacred power, that of the *Kohen* Priests. He is a Roman citizen thanks to the benevolent policy of *assimilation* pursued by the Roman Empire, which, confident in the excellence of its institutions, believed that all the dignitaries of the conquered peoples would be happy to be integrated as equals to the original Roman citizens. This policy was generally well received by peoples tired of conflicts. But there are people who, if you give them a gift, immediately turn it into a weapon against you. This is the case, in particular, of the Jews, and especially of those who will proclaim themselves *Christians*.

The Romans undoubtedly believed in their concept of *Pax Romana*, the Roman peace; civilization, through its conquests, said that it brought peace. It was perhaps in a spirit of appeasement that Titus, victorious over the rebellious Jews, adopted the *Kohen* priest Yossef Ben Matityahu Ha Kohen under the name of Flavius Josephus. Three centuries later, the *Pax Romana* became the *Pax Christi*, the peace of Christ. The *assimilation* of the *Pax Romana* was the loophole through which a Sa'ul Paulus could infiltrate to spread his poison.

Without making great speeches about it, the mistake of the Roman Republic is repeated, in our days, in a much worse way, by the republics of the West, and under the same influences.

One does not have to go digging through the Talmudic jumble to find traces of the *holy nation's* abominable claim to mastery over the herd of slaves that is the rest of humanity, because of its self-proclaimed *spiritual* superiority as the *chosen* people of the one and only almighty God, it is enough to read the one whose writings close the Christian Bible, overshadowing the Gospels and their contradictory muddles, clearly fixing duties and prerogatives, Sa'ul Paulus said Saint Paul.

A few quotes from the *Epistle to the Romans* are enough to set the scene.

It starts with:

"Paul, a *slave* of Jesus Christ with a mission (*apostle*), set apart to proclaim the Good News (*Gospel*) of God, "

The term "slave" is almost always translated as "servant". But there are only two basic statuses in antiquity, freeman and slave. This is important to understand the rest. The Latin word, *servus*, is translated as *servant* to attenuate or hide its original meaning, but this original meaning has been kept in its entirety in *enslavement*, *servitude* and *servile*: they are indeed slaves. The attenuation of *servant* necessitated the creation of a new word, *slave*, referring to the enslavement of slaves sold to Muslims by non-Christians, Vikings and Jews at first, then Jews only when the Vikings became Christians, leaving the entire European domestic market to the Jews alone, with the Muslims raiding the Mediterranean coasts.

There is a class of *servants* of God, the Angels; as everyone knows and complains, humans are not Angels, and are always susceptible to the awful sin of disobedience. This is why it is logically important to treat them as slaves and demand absolute obedience. An Angel disobeyed and became Lucifer or Satan; he is obeyed by those who disobey, slaves of sin.

"(*The Good News*) which was promised before by God through his prophets in the Holy Scriptures, concerning his Son, born of the seed of David, according to the flesh,"

It is a matter of affirming, from the outset, the initial holiness of the biblical Scriptures, the Judaic origin of this God and the pre-eminence of his people. Paul wants to create a universal religion, but one that has a Judaic origin, and this should not be ignored by anyone.

We insist there on the posterity of David who, as far as I know, is not a Roman.

"and declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by his resurrection from the dead, Jesus Christ our Lord, through whom we have received grace and apostleship, to bring all the Gentiles to the obedience of faith in his name,
Among whom you are also called by Jesus Christ (...) to be *holy*.
Romans, 1

And this is the program: to bring all pagans to the *obedience of faith*. Obedience, the only rule of the Judaic faith, the plethora of laws and *commandments* imposed by Judaism and then by Christianity, only making sense if believers *obey*. In the myth of the Earthly Paradise, Adam and Eve are expelled for having *disobeyed*. This obedience is not a free man's obedience, it is the obedience of the military or the slave, extended to the whole life of those who were previously *pagans*, the freemen. In this totalitarian system of slavery, sin and rebellion are one and the same thing.

It is understandable that this liberticidal doctrine was so successful among the military and slaves: it *sanctified* abject obedience.

Then come the joint questions about circumcision and the pre-eminence of the Chosen People, chosen by the one Almighty God. And the least we can say is that the answers of Sa'ul Paulus are unambiguous.

"What then is the prerogative of the Jew? or what is the use of circumcision? They are great in every way, and first of all in that the oracles of God have been entrusted to them."

"Is God only the God of the Jews? Is he not also God of the Gentiles? Yes, he is also God of the Gentiles, for there is only one God, who justifies the circumcised by faith and the uncircumcised by faith.

So we destroy the Law through Faith? Far from it! On the contrary, we establish the Law."

Romans, 3

The *Law* is obviously the Jewish law, established in the Torah, which must become universal law. Only one commandment has been added to it, *love of neighbor*, which forbids all rebellion, all egoism, all anger and all vanity, and I forget some, but everything that is forbidden goes systematically in the same direction. A look at the Greek or Indo-European *pagan* ethics, based on the *personal value* of beings, is enough to understand that it is almost totally the opposite.

A *commandment* is addressed to people under slavery or martial law; we are in fact under a kind of martial law, permanently, and certainly not under what the Greeks called a *democracy*. The little French president of Jewish descent, Sarkozy, said it bluntly: according to him, miscegenation was an *obligation*, and nothing could oppose the *New World Order*.

"Do you not know that when you give yourselves over to someone as slaves to obey him, you are slaves of the one you obey, whether of sin which leads to death, or of obedience which leads to righteousness? But thanks be to God that, having been slaves to sin, you have obeyed from the heart the rule of doctrine in which you were instructed. Having been set free from sin, you have become slaves of righteousness."

"But now, having been set free from sin and made slaves of God, you have for your fruit holiness and for your end eternal life.

"The Law therefore is holy, and the commandment is holy, just and good."

"Thanks be to God through Jesus Christ our Lord... So then, I myself am a slave to the law of God in my mind, and a slave to the law of sin in my flesh.

Romans, 6-7

To be a slave of the Law of God is, in ordinary reality, to be a slave of the servants of that God, the Priests.

And finally, the unequivocal affirmation, in accordance with the Torah, that the *Lord Almighty* of the Jews has a vocation of universal reign:

"For I say that Christ was the servant of the circumcision, to prove the truth of the Lord by confirming the promises made to the fathers, while the Gentiles glorify the Lord because of his mercy, as it is written, 'Therefore I will praise you among the Gentiles and sing to the glory of your name. It is also said:

"Nations, rejoice with his people!" And again, "Praise the Lord, all you nations; celebrate him, all you peoples!" Isaiah also says, "There shall come forth from Isaiah a root that shall arise to reign over the Nations; the Nations shall hope in him."

Romans, 15

To rule over the Nations, or over the *Gentiles*, is the final goal. *Gentiles* is a word whose root is *genos*, which today has given rise to genes and genetics; *genos*, for the Greeks, can be used for any natural inheritance, from direct filiation to race in the broad sense. *Allogenos*, the alien, the foreigner, is that which is of another filiation, whatever the distance, another clan, another nation, another race. To subject the universe to a single totalitarian law, and to make the genetic differences of the *gentiles* disappear, is still today the genocidal project of the New World Order. Christ, the servant of the circumcised, as Saul aka Paul put it, is invested as the artisan of the world domination of the Judaic Law - and of its *chosen* bearers.

"I have therefore reason to glory in Christ Jesus in the things of the Lord. For I would not dare to mention any thing that Christ has not done through me to bring the *Gentiles* to obedience by word and deed."

And finally, as a grand finale, the justification of the benefits that the *Sacrificers*, here called the *saints*, of the *holy people*, must derive from the imposition of their Law on the *Gentiles*:

"Now I am going to Jerusalem for the service of the *saints*. For Macedonia and Achaia were willing to make a contribution for the poor among the *saints* in Jerusalem. They were willing, and they owed it to them; for if the *Gentiles* had a share in their spiritual benefits, they should also assist them in temporal things."

Romans, 15

The Christianized *Gentiles*, subjected to the Law of the god of terror, love and mercy, must pay tribute to the former exclusive possessors of holiness and of the divine word, who have the immense abnegation of sharing them, all that goes without saying. One is tempted to applaud, bravo the artist!

The emperor Julian the Philosopher, also known as Julian the Apostate, who had understood the excellence of Christianity, among other things because his entire family had been massacred by the Christian emperor, the heir of Saint Constantine, had a rather clear-cut opinion of Sa'ul Paulus, also

known as Saint Paul: "the most fraudulent charlatan and swindler who has ever lived on earth."

The "fraudulent swindler" has had, over the years, many successors, whose methods have been constantly refined.

The writings of the Church Father St. Augustine are full of considerations about the Jews; in the whole of his work he deals with the Jews several hundred times. Of course, the aim was to convert them, but the advantages of their exceptional status were so obvious that this was mission impossible. One could massacre pagan populations in the name of *conversion or death*, destroy temples and sacred places, but not convert or destroy the Jews. They were, among other things, the repositories of an old knowledge of the management of terror, and they were often used as such by governments, until they succeeded in terrorizing and controlling governments.

The Jews, because of their exceptional status, were for a long time the only *ennamis*, friend-enemies or false friends within Christianity; today they are seconded by enormous numbers of people from the backward areas of the planet, whom they have brought into the West and who have theoretically become *citizens* with all the rights of the natives. In the 1980s, it was rare to be confronted with the friend-enemy dilemma; today it is commonplace.

The Christian doctrine

"For also *our* *Passover*, Christ, has been sacrificed".

Corinthians 1, 1

It is a lamb that is sacrificed on the Jewish *Passover*, *Pesach*, so that the Avenging God, the Almighty, the Genocider, will destroy only the ungodly Nations, but will recognize His own, the Chosen People, the Holy People, the *Kingdom of Sacrificers*.

That a *divine Lamb* was *sacrificed* to spare the Nations is therefore a gift of incredible generosity... but a poisoned gift. Because, in the end, we will see that what is required of those who are thus *saved*... is to sacrifice themselves. Since God is obviously having some difficulty in accomplishing his destructive works to establish his world supremacy, he will thus have recourse to his victims themselves.

At first sight, the God who offers himself in sacrifice, in a terrible torture, to *redeem* the humanity guilty of horrible sins, for the *love* of this humanity

which does not deserve it, it is sublime. On condition that one believes, of course, in the existence of the famous *sin* against the God in question. But we must look at the system in detail.

Let us recall first of all that, like the Jewish prophets, the Council of Trent does not hesitate to evoke the *hatred of God* against unbelievers, and to threaten them with *herem*, anathema, total extermination, as do the prophets foaming with rage in the Bible.

The famous genocide of the Egyptian firstborn, the founding moment that made the Jewish people, chosen by their Almighty God, a people of Sacrificers, was a mythical, but ultimately anecdotal, event. No Egyptian historian had been kind enough to notice it. In reality, the people of the Sacrificers, despite all the efforts of their prophets of doom and fanatics, were getting slapped in the face. The reality was that Israel was in a very bad position, and there had even been talk of eradicating it, which I believe had never happened in the territories administered by the Greeks or the Romans. It was urgent to find help, helpers, enemies from within who could undermine the Roman Empire, so that Israel could fulfill its destiny.

It was necessary to sell a doctrine in which sacrifice, and self-sacrifice, would no longer be an object of horror for the civilized, but the door to Paradise. Who could adhere to such an unholy unnatural doctrine?

The recipients could not be the elites, nor even the common people, satisfied enough with *their* system and *their* achievements, it was necessary to address the lowest strata, the most *disadvantaged* as we say today, the most stupid, the most despised and the most likely to be *hateful*. As I have already pointed out, the *hatred* goes from the dominated to the dominant, and the *contempt* in the opposite direction. All claims of *racial hatred* by dominant Whites against dominated Blacks are implausible; the hatred is most obviously in the other direction only. Contempt on one side, hatred on the other.

In order to make the Christian machine work, a trick was needed, a diabolical invention, perfectly unbelievable, a proposition that only the worst failures could believe: that the Almighty God had *chosen* them, out of hatred of *the flesh* and of *sin*.

It was to take up the recipe of the *election*, which had succeeded so well in making the people of Israel a people of furious madmen, enemies of

humanity. This election was itself the product of *resentment*, which was the consequence of having always been considered the most malicious people, and therefore of having always been rejected as such. This people was indeed *chosen*, not for its achievements, but for its hatred which distinguished it from all the others. This is the resentment that will be sold by Judeo-Christianity to the newly *Chosen*, and the hatred of the body and of matter is what conceals the real hatred, the hatred of humanity.

This is how Sa'ul Paulus aka Saint Paul sells his poison:

"It is written, 'I will destroy the wisdom of the wise and I will nullify the understanding of the clever'."

"See, my brothers, who among you have been called: there are not many wise according to the flesh, nor many powerful, nor many noble. But God chose the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and God chose the weak things of the world, to confound the strong; and God chose the base things of the world and the despicable things, those that are nothing, to destroy those that are, so that no flesh should glory in his sight.

Through him you are in Christ Jesus, who has become for us, from God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption; so that, as it is written, he who boasts will boast in the Lord."

Corinthians 1, 1

To make of the reprobates, of the insane, of the imbeciles, of the most *hateful* underworld of humanity, the *new chosen ones*, and to use them for the destruction of the hated world of the Roman power, and even later, of the Western power, it was a *stroke* of an unheard-of perversity which could only come from a purist follower of the *hatred of humanity*.

"(It is written:) 'The Lord knows the reasonings of the wise, that they are vain'.

Let no man therefore glory in men: for all things are yours, whether world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come: all things are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Corinthians 1, 3

For, as the Lord says after consecrating the Israelites as Priests and Holy People,

"The earth is the Lord's, and all that it contains."

Corinthians 1, 10

The election of the *new chosen ones*, the crazies, the haters, the reprobates, the criminals, obviously includes the gift that Yahweh has given to *His People*: the whole earth, since "the whole earth is mine". Twice, Sa'ul Paulus aka Saint Paul, refers to the *Exodus* and to the foundation of the Judaic system, the *Passover*, once by evoking the Lamb of Sacrifice which protects from the wrath of Baal-Moloch reconverted into Yahweh, and once by evoking the only true heirs of the whole Earth which belongs to the Lord.

The paranoid delusion of omnipotence reaches epic proportions:

"Do you not know that the saints (*note: that is, Christians and Jews*) will judge the world?

Do you not know that we will judge the angels? And we would not judge the affairs of this life?"

Corinthians 1, 6

The ultimate goal is to totally destroy the existing order, to go towards the end, described by Yochanan Ben Z'badiah aka John in the *Book of Revelation*; Christ is the master of the destruction, but he is not the final beneficiary:

"... the end, when he has given the kingdom to God the Father, when he has abolished all principality, and all authority, and all power. For he must reign until he has put all enemies under his feet."

Corinthians 1, 15

It is therefore very clearly God the Father, Yahweh, successor to Moloch, God of Israel, who must recover the inheritance of all the earth that *belongs to him*, when the spawn of unjust humans and their carnal powers have disappeared. The *enemies* of which Paul speaks are, first and foremost, those of Israel, the nation to which all nations are enemies. The Christ is a servant of the God of Israel.

And all this ends with the threat of total incineration, typical of Judaism, the *herem* or anathema:

"If anyone does not love the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema!"

Corinthians 1, 16

It is not surprising that, as Tacitus reports, the Christians, after the Jews, were accused of *hatred of humanity*.

"This execrable superstition was first suppressed, crushed, and then it resurfaced, not only throughout Judea, which is the point of origin of this disease, but in Rome itself, where all that is dreadful and repugnant converges and spreads. Thus, first those who called themselves Christians were arrested, and then, on their denunciations, an immense multitude of people were arrested and convicted, not so much of the crime of arson as of *hatred of mankind...*"

Tacitus, *Annals*, 1^{er} century

And we see the same recipe used by new preachers of hate, always relying on the *disadvantaged*, the most hateful and criminal characters, as we saw in the Bolshevik revolution or as we see today with *anti-racism*.

In the *Epistle to the Romans*, Sa'ul Paulus aka Saint Paul bases his whole system on the rejection of what he calls *the flesh*. *The flesh* (understand, nature, even life) is bad, everything that exists *according to the flesh* is bad, everything that exists *according to the Spirit*, that is to say under the dependence on God, is good. The flesh has only one way to *sanctify* itself, and that is to offer itself as a *sacrifice*.

"I exhort you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to offer your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which will be reasonable worship on your part."

Romans, 12.1

Offer your bodies as a *living sacrifice*! A *reasonable* worship! What is sacrificed, as far as we know, is always a *victim*. Sacrifice to the Almighty God requires victims; at the time of Moloch it was first-born male children thrown into the fire, then at the time of Yahweh animals, sometimes pure and unblemished foreign virgins; God has made the Jews a *holy* people, not of victims, but of *sacrificers*, as he expressly says.

"you shall be to me a *Kohens Kingdom*, and a Holy Nation. These are the words that you shall speak to the children of Israel."

Exodus, 19

To be *Chosen*, to be part of the *Kingdom of Heaven*, of the *Holy Nation*, is therefore to be a *Kohen*, a Sacrificer who sheds blood. The Chosen People of the Judaic Kohens sacrificed the peoples, the Nations, but the new Chosen One, the Christian, sacrifices... himself. The vocation of the Christian is to

sacrifice himself, to become a Priest, for the glory of God and the salvation of his soul.

This totally delirious doctrine of the sacrificing priest offering himself in sacrifice is at the origin of an equally delirious myth, that of the Son of God offering himself in sacrifice to his Father, who is consubstantial with him.

Georg Friedrich Daumer, who made a long compilation of texts proving Jewish *Molochism*, quotes among others the following texts on Christian sacrifice:

"The three young martyrs Cantianus, Cantius and Cantianilla reply to the one who orders them to sacrifice incense to pagan deities: "We are Christians, we sacrifice only to our God, to him alone we immolate our living bodies." (Wicelius, *Chorus sanctorum omn.*, Cologne, 1554, 230). (...) - St. Lawrence on the reddened grid is "a burnt victim whose odor was pleasing to God." - St. Catherine, who looks upon Christ as her shepherd, her God, her lover, her betrothed, wants to offer him her flesh as a sacrifice, because he had once sacrificed himself for her (Wicelius., 414, 623). - Saint Afre, dying in the flames, cries out: "I want to sacrifice myself so that my body may be purified. – (...) - St. Anastasius, who was thrown into the Adriatic Sea near Aquileia, cried out, "God, please accept the sacrifice." - St. Arcadius, while having all his limbs cut off, sings the glory of his God and offers him his cut-off limbs as a sacrifice. (...)

It follows from the foregoing that the idea of the human victim immolated to God is the fundamental idea of Christianity from the most remote antiquity to our days. It is an essential tendency, not a factitious one, coming from outside."

Georg Friedrich Daumer, *Die Geheimnisse des christlichen Alterthums*, 1847

Christians are therefore Chosen, *sacrificers* and *sacrificed* at the same time. This is the wonder of the Christian system, and its absolute perversity. To be Sacrificer, Saint and Chosen, to please God and enter into His Grace, *sacrifice yourself*.

Speaking of *sacrifice*, Sa'ul Paulus also says that Christ was "initiated into the order of Melchizedek", as was the father of Israel, the mythical Abraham. What can this mysterious "order of Melchizedek" be?

The Hebrew text of the Bible is clear: Melchizedek is called a *Kohen*, a Sacrificer, exactly like the Kohens of Judaism. The translations will all avoid noticing this kinship and will call Melchizedek a High Priest, or a Priest-King; the regimes of the ancient Near East are theocratic, as Judaism and Islam have remained; all powers are gathered in the same totalitarian hands; this is not the case in the Christian Church, which, since the Council of Nicaea, has concluded a power-sharing agreement with the emperor.

What is more interesting is not the initiation of Abraham or Christ, which is quite banal, but the worship to which they were initiated.

What does "Melchizedek" mean? The ancient writings have no vowels, only consonants; *Melchi*, *MLK*, is identical to *Moloch*, so it is *Melchi-Zedek*, "*Justice of Moloch*". *MLK* has been made a specific god, so as not to confuse him with his successors, but *MLK* means *The Lord*, or better, *The Lord Almighty*. As everyone knows, Christ is called *Our Lord*, *Our Lord Jesus Christ*; Jesus Christ, Yahweh, Adonai, Moloch, are avatars of the same power. Just like the various cobbled-together gods like the Jabulon of the Freemasons, the Baphomet of the Templars, or others. Moloch has been made a demon, to separate him from Yahweh or Christ, but this is illusory, all are the same Lord, Baal-Moloch, the One, the Eternal, the Almighty, the dress changes, the sacrifice remains. Melchizedek may be translated : Justice of The Lord.

It is quite disturbing for a Christian to learn that Christ, the Sacrificed One whom he is required to imitate, was a Kohen, a Sacrificer. And also, that the victims of that Sacrificer are the firstborn children. If Christ was initiated as a Cohen, he is both Sacrificer as a Cohen and Sacrificed as a Son. There is worse, in what is perhaps only a rumor, but which, like any rumor, is based on elements that are not totally implausible: the so-called *satanic* sacrifices. Traditionally, but there are many variations, these sacrifices are made at the center of a magical sign called the Seal of Solomon, a hexagonal star, now called the Star of David, surrounded by a circle, which is used to summon the *demons*. The sacrifices being child sacrifices, the main demon called, which can be called Satan or Lucifer, is in reality Baal-Moloch, the ancient god of the Jews, whose symbol is the Star, or Morning Star, linked to Venus and to the ancient goddess Ishtar. In the continuity of the demons, one can also invoke Baal-Adonai, the God of Abraham, and Jesus, the hidden *Sacrificer*

Jesus known only to the initiated. All these demons are different figures of the same ancient Semitic entity. Dogs don't make cats.

It is not very surprising that the Jews laugh among themselves at the stupidity of the Christians, although the emergence of the national-socialist worldview, 80 years ago, crushed in foul repression and obsessively censored, worries them. The catastrophic situation of the so-called Judeo-Christian civilization finds an explanation here.

Among the believers, only the Gnostics, Bogomils and Cathars understood the nature of this terrifying Lord, and called him the Demiurge, a deceitful, ignorant and evil being, creator of a world in his own image. But finding themselves orphaned, they invented another, superior god, who would be, at least, neutral, if not benevolent. Which was only to displace the problem.

For the amateurs of esotericism, and for recreational purposes, no one has ever found a really satisfactory explanation, to my knowledge, of the fact that the first card of the esoteric Tarot that appeared in Italy in the 15th century is a "Bateleur", sometimes called to be more precise an "Escamoteur", that is to say, a trickster or a swindler, someone who creates a false perception of the reality. This is all the more disturbing since the Tarot is full of Christian symbols, since it contains a Pope, a Popess, a Last Judgment, a Devil, the Celestial Jerusalem (reconverted into "The World"), and since in the Christian worldview, the One is necessarily the place of the Creator, the Almighty God. We can therefore make two assumptions: either the Tarot designers were the heirs of the Gnostics, or, worse, they had understood that the main designer of Christianity, the one who was essential in its diffusion, the creator of the dogma, Sa'ul Paulus, known as Saint Paul, was a swindler, or that Christianity was a gigantic swindle. This could not be said clearly at the time, and it is probably just as problematic today, when we know *who* Sa'ul Paulus *is working for*.

This conception of Christianity as deception may seem extravagant, but the Renaissance was the time of Machiavelli, who declared that he wanted to go to Hell, where he would find kings, popes and princes, rather than to Heaven, where only fools are to be found; in his *Jew of Malta*, Marlowe has Machiavelli say that popes follow his criminal principles in order to gain power. The deception had become so obvious that it led to the Reformation;

unfortunately, like the Gnostics and Cathars, the Reformed abolished the most obvious forms of corruption without attacking the religion itself.

Sa'ul Paulus aka St. Paul exhorts the Christians, who will soon be the whole of the West, to offer their bodies "as a living sacrifice", through Christ, *Our Lord*, the so-called *victim of* our sins. When the paranoid emperor Theodosius makes the peoples kneel down in submission to the two *Lords*, the earthly one, himself, and the heavenly one, Christ, the terrible totalitarian and universal reign of Moloch can be built, and we are almost at the point of completion.

The specific *hatred* of Christianity is not only a copy of that of Judaism, it is worse. Indeed, its empire extends to those who carry it. It is a matter of hating *the flesh*, hating matter, and everything material, which would hinder the development of a so-called spirituality; it is also a matter of *self-hatred*.

"The 'I' is to be hated "
Pascal, *Pensées*.

It is very, very strange that in English, *hateful* means *to hate* and *to be hated*. I don't have any clue – as the use of *hate* is very sensitive, it probably does not help much in the comprehension of the world.

"If anyone comes to me and does not hate his father, mother, wife, children, brothers, sisters and even his own life, he cannot be my disciple. And he who does not carry his cross cannot be my disciple."
Gospel according to Saint Luke, 14

This contempt for one's own life, for one's own body, this horror of *the flesh*, of *cupidity* (what comes from Cupid/Eros), *the root of all evils*, according to the expression of Saint Augustine, are the characteristics of the worst fanatics. These horrors did not fall from the sky, they make sense in their roots, first the ancient syndrome of Moloch, and then the syndrome of the Sacrificer. When the most fanatical of the *Chosen Ones* can no longer *sacrifice*, they sacrifice themselves and become *martyrs*; the assassins, the zealots kill and are killed for their *Lord*; these are the real ancestors of Christians.

Everything must be destroyed in order for the Kingdom of the God of Israel to come.

Christian love or charity is a huge fraud; the business of Christianity, like of the systems of Moloch and Yahweh, is *hatred*. *Christian Love* is *Self-Sacrifice, self-hatred*.

The authors who have dared to fight against this hatred have, until now, been extremely moderate, even if, in the context of a general lie and crime, their advances could seem bold. Can the horrible torture of the young Chevalier de La Barre, for not having uncovered himself and knelt down, be attributed to *intolerance* alone, Voltaire's *bête noire*? Can the massacres and genocides by the millions of the *bourgeois* or *exploiters of the people* by the Marxist cabal be attributed to *resentment*, Nietzsche's *bête noire*? No, let's face the monster: it is *hatred*, according to various versions, but always hatred. The old hatred of Moloch, in each of its versions, and of his minions. And it is still hatred that, today, animates the *anti-anti-Semitism* and *anti-racism* that assert their destructive rage a little more each day.

We will not be able to purge ourselves of this poison without purging ourselves of that which has spread it, the abominable last version of Moloch's hatred, Christianity, and its avatars, Marxism, the so-called "*universal*" *Human Rights*.

Love may lead humans, or at least some humans, but the world today is certainly led by hate, and precisely, the hate that comes from Moloch.

Today we are the sacrificial victims of a new wave of this destructive hatred: false pandemics, confinements, false poisoned vaccines, looting of Nations by finance, immigration of retarded, parasitic, hostile and murderous beings, all organized by hateful Sacrificers who have organized their privileges and untouchability by scurrilous laws.

In almost all cases, the Jewish caste responsible for these horrors will impose them by appealing to *Christian* sentiments which, of course, they do not share at all: it is always a question of *solidarity*, of allowing oneself to be vaccinated to *protect others*, usurious loans are granted as *aid*, the hostile migratory invasion is carried out in the name of *solidarity* and so-called *humanity*, etc. Two thousand years later, the same poison, spread by the same people, to serve their own interests.

"We have faith in poison. We know how to give our whole life every day.

This is the time of the Assassins."

Arthur Rimbaud, *Illuminations*

To sacrifice oneself, to drink the poison by venerating those who conceived it and make you drink it, is the way to *save oneself*, to deserve *eternal life*, etc. Sa'ul Paulus aka St. Paul speaks of the destruction of the *wicked*, but as a good salesman, rather entices the customer with the immense benefits of the *slaves of God*, as the future possession of a *purified* Earth. But the *Good News* closes with a terrible book, that of the Apocalypse, the Revelation, in which we find all the absolute veneration of the Lord by his slaves, and all the terror on which it is based, typical of the Moloch syndrome. The terror of the Apocalypse will always agitate the Christian world, and it is still reactivated today by the epidemic, climatic and other terrors, entirely fabricated, as it were, to measure, following the monstrous terrors of Dresden, Hiroshima and hundreds of others.

We remember Isaiah's imprecations against the Nations, promising them "the vengeance of Zion" and an atrocious fate; the apostle Yochanan Ben Z'badiah aka John will repeat them, with an exception for the *slaves of God*, the Pure, the Righteous, the Martyrs, the Sacrificed.

"Do not harm the land, the sea, or the trees, until we have marked the slaves of God on their foreheads.

Revelation, 7

This is much the same system used to protect the Jews at Passover or *Pesach* from the murderous fury of the God who fell upon the Egyptians.

144,000 Jews are thus *saved*, and a multitude of *converts* from all Nations. The slaves who sacrificed themselves will be rewarded: they will be given the means to terrorize and destroy the free beings, the *sinner*s of the Nations.

"He who overcomes and keeps my works until the end, I will give him power over the nations. He will rule them with a rod of iron, and they will be broken like clay vessels, as I also have received power from my Father, and I will give him the morning star."

Revelation, 2, 26-28

The *morning star* is Aphrodite or Venus in the Greco-Latin world, it is also called *Lucifer*, the bearer of light. The star is the ancient sign of Baal-Moloch among the Israelites, and today the sign of the cabalists. It is probably inherited from the all-powerful goddess Ishtar who ruled over the

Semitic populations, Assyrians and others; Baal is sometimes Ishtar's husband, and he ended up supplanting her entirely among the nomadic peoples who are not very interested in the notion of the fertility of the earth.

The excellent evangelist, the bearer of the *Good Word*, then spreads out in sordid descriptions, and no doubt delectable in his eyes, of all the ignoble torments that *sinner*s will have to undergo.

"In those days men shall seek death, and shall not find it; they shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them."

Revelation, 9

Then, as nature returns at a gallop, the narrative quickly drifts from the *Good News* addressed to the Nations to the main cause, the supremacy of Israel over the Enemy, Babylon, imperial Rome, the Great Whore, and beyond, the Nations whose dreadful destruction Isaiah promises.

"The temple of God was opened in heaven, and the Ark of the Covenant was seen in his temple."

Revelation, 11

It is a matter of taking up the *Sacrificer syndrome*: destroying the Nations so that the Chosen People can enjoy the land that belongs to them, as well as their slaves who pollute it.

"He puts forth a sharp sword from his mouth to smite the nations; and he rules them with a rod of iron, and he treads the winepress of the wrath of God the Almighty; and on his garment and on his thigh is written, 'King of kings, and Lord of lords.'"

Revelation, 19

The "wine of fury" is the blood of the humans of the "Nations" crushed like grapes.

"The blood came out of the vat up to the height of the horse's jaws, over an area of one thousand six hundred stadia".

Revelation, 14

And the grand finale, which no follower of the *Sacrificer syndrome* will see as the culmination of a paranoid delusion:

"I, John, saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, ready as a bride prepared for her husband."

Revelation, 21

In most of the Prophets, when they address the Chosen People, the latter can still repent under penalty of the worst abuses, there is a part of blackmail, but in Yochanan Ben Z'badiah aka John, it is purely and simply systematic butchery carried out by a madman foaming with rage, what is called the Apocalypse or the Last Judgment. It is the biblical *herem*, the anathema, the apocalyptic horror for all.

I remember very well the delight that my crippled father, diminished, humiliated and hateful, felt when he evoked the hell where all those he hated, that is to say all those who lived better than him, would be roasted. He had read, perhaps precisely in the Apocalypse, that from Paradise, where he could not fail to go because of his sufferings and humiliations, he would be able to contemplate the eternal torments of those he hated, the rich, the enjoyers, the fornicators. His eyes shining at this evocation provoked in me a feeling of horror; it was not impossible that one day, I would join the cohort of the damned.

In Revelation we find the quintessence of Christian *charity*.

It is *hatred* against people, against life, against real love, that we must speak of. And the unfortunate victims of the *Sacrificed syndrome* are willfully blind.

Syndromes and their psyches

The three syndromes that we have identified, that of the original Moloch and his successive conversions, that of the Chosen Sacrificer and that of the Sacrificed, are general frameworks in which very different psychic organizations are agitated. The *Moloch syndrome* is the general syndrome, the essential basis of the transmutation or conversion of extremely negative emotions, terror, vengeance, hatred, into positive veneration of a terrorist, vengeful and hateful being, and the transformation of the world view, in which the victim of immense exactions and tortures becomes guilty, and all the more guilty as the exactions and tortures are filthy.

In the extreme version of the syndrome, that of the filthy sacrifice of the firstborn in the fire, the hatred generated is so intense that it must be constantly controlled and channeled. This is why the Jews must submit not only to the weekly Sabbath ordeal, but also to a plethora of commandments and restrictions that affect them constantly. Sunday worship and

confessional practices play a similar role in Christianity, although the violence is less dramatic. The problem of the overflow of hatred, always ready to overflow, and requiring constant control, has been partly solved by classical Judaism by redirecting it to the Gentiles.

The radical, even monstrous transmutation or *conversion* visible in the Moloch syndrome, a transmutation that affects both sensitive perceptions and the vision of the world, can have only one qualification: it is an organized psychosis, a psychosis that creates a false knowledge of the world, which is the definition of *paranoia*. And it is a very serious paranoia. Being shared by all its victims, it appears as normality in the territories it occupies. Only the confrontation with populations that are outside this system, populations that have not known the delights of the Empire and of Moloch, such as the aboriginal populations of America, has brought to light the reality of *conversion* when it was applied to them. The story goes that when a Native American was given the choice between conversion and being burned alive, he asked if, being converted, he would go to Heaven where his tormentors would also go. When he was told yes, he said he would rather be burned.

This global, general psychosis is divided into two antagonistic branches, coming out of the same trunk, that of the Chosen or Sacrificer syndrome, the Jewish branch, and that of the Sacrificed, the Christian branch.

The *Sacrificer syndrome* is a very particular psychic construction, a unique invention. Terror, vengeance and hatred are redirected towards other peoples, the Nations; a murderous paranoid hatred of the worst kind that exterminates the Midianites, the first Nation to be targeted; This hatred has never been extinguished, as we saw in the genocidal incineration of the Germans in the 20th century, and it is not finished yet; our time is submerged by this hatred, and as the crime which is the center of this writing is part of this general movement, we will have the opportunity to talk about it again. But for the *chosen* people themselves, the primitive terror has gradually been converted into an obsessive neurosis. The dreadful threats of the Prophets against the *disobedient* people are no longer necessary, when the people are entirely subject to the Law; the book improperly called *Leviticus* dictates all the laws which must govern the people, even in absurd details which have been the object of ridicule by the philosophers. Christianity preferred to hide the real name of the book, which is the Book of the *Kohens*, the Sacrificers.

We thus see a psychosis split between a psychosis that has changed its object and an obsessive neurosis. Let the shrinks deal with that.

The *Sacrificed syndrome*, that of the *converted* pagan people, that of the Nations, is the strangest, the most complex, and perhaps the most terrible. It is not indigenous, but imported, for a small part by the persuasion of Sa'ul Paulus, known as Saint Paul, and other Jewish apostles, and for the greater part, by a forced conversion, that imposed by the emperor Theodosius, who proclaimed Christianity the official religion of the Roman Empire and forbade all other cults in 392. It was in any case Jews who injected this foreign poison into the West.

There is something quite strange about this phenomenon. The hesitant *conversion* of Emperor Constantine to Christianity, at the beginning of the 4th century, followed the attempt of his predecessor, Diocletian, to gather the multicultural and multi-religious Empire around himself by creating a cult of the Emperor. This cult was held once a year, and the constraint was minimal, it was of the same kind as the National Holidays that countries still practice today. It was a good recipe: it worked perfectly in China and Japan, where the Emperor was a sacred and deified being; China had various ethnicities, various languages, various cults, Taoism, Confucianism, Buddhism, etc., and finally accommodated it very well. Down to the lowest levels, the subjects of the Emperor perpetuated the cult of their own ancestors, adhered to more general cults, and finally to that of the Emperor, in special ceremonies, and all this could cohabit quite well. It is undoubtedly the constant radical sedition of Christianity, its hatred of Rome inherited from Judaism, which succeeded in preventing a unification of the Roman Empire on bases respectful of the identity of the peoples and the people.

To understand the *Sacrificed syndrome*, one must never forget that it is a Judaic project designed for the interests of Jewish hatred. And the people who are going to be victims, either consenting or forced, of the Sacrificed syndrome are going to be manipulated for interests that are completely foreign to them, even hostile.

"All humans have two minds. One is entirely our own, (...) The other mind is a foreign installation."

Don Juan Matus, in Carlos Castaneda, *The Active Side of Infinity*.

I recall this quote from the *foreign installation*, because some Native Americans, who have faced a colonization of their minds more recently than

Westerners, carried by people of a different culture and race, are more aware of this reality, which is basically the same.

It is always almost impossible to have a clear vision of the way our psyche works, when it comes to identifying mechanisms that are shared by almost everyone around us and are *normal*. We must therefore treat normal reactions as symptoms.

The first symptom is my: "I have nothing against the Jews". This is a learned, unnatural, even irrational reaction, because history will show that I had a thousand reasons to have something *against the Jews*. Behind this answer, there was a whole complex psychic machinery, a Christian *conversion*, based on the Moloch syndrome, which transmutes all the violence and hatred that one legitimately feels against a being that hurts you into veneration of the enemy, the sacrificer, here renamed *the Other*. This is how one reaches, according to Sa'ul Paulus aka Saint Paul, the supreme reward, Paradise.

The tyrannical so-called *Human Rights* laws enacted after World War II, establishing the sacredness and untouchability of the *Other*, in the form of Jews and *disadvantaged* races eager for revenge that would otherwise be impossible, can only be understood if they attack peoples preconditioned to *sacrifice themselves*. These laws have only one purpose: to promote the worldwide Jewish hold on peoples who are unable to react.

It has become a matter of survival for the European peoples to become aware of the *Sacrificed syndrome* and to react against their annihilation.

I did not mention Islam, a hybrid religion, close to Judaism in its fierce struggle against everything that is not itself, and which has used mass *conversion* in the Christian manner. The Muslim syndrome is close to the *Sacrificer syndrome*, and not at all to the *Sacrificed syndrome*. Muslims use *anti-racism* against the unfortunate people who are victims of the Sacrificed syndrome just as the Jews do, and do not hesitate to behave in an abominable way, sure of their sacredness as Others and of their impunity.

The image of vampirism can illustrate in a concrete way what the Sacrificed syndrome is and its horrible consequences; it is obviously only an incomplete image which does not reflect the whole psychological depth of the thing. In the original Moloch syndrome, the vampire or Sacrificer is at the top of the hierarchy of the group, tribe, nation, people. Terror and predation,

however horrible they may be to the external eyes of free men, have nevertheless advantages for the group: the illusory protection of the divinity, but also an extreme veneration which cements the group, unifies it in a fanatical whole which can give it a greater power. The Semitic civilizations of antiquity, such as the Assyrians, all used terror and the divinization of Kings as a means of conquest and government.

In the Sacrificer syndrome, vampirism is duplicated: it is the external peoples, the impure Nations, that one will seek to sacrifice, thus reinforcing the power of the Sacrificer. This is not the mode of conquest of Empires, which are only interested in submission and tribute, and not at all in the ways of life and beliefs of the conquered populations. Sacrificing is an entirely different mode of vampirism. This model benefits its followers entirely, provided of course that the populations that are to be destroyed and vampirized do not destroy their aggressor. This, if they are not chloroformed in some way, is highly likely to happen.

The Sacrificed syndrome is, in a way, this chloroform. I insist a lot on the fact that it is a creation of the Sacrificers, but this is certainly not a detail, given the very particular characteristics of these Sacrificers. The Sacrificed syndrome is totally negative for the unfortunate ones, the Christians, who are subjected to it, who receive only illusions in exchange for the life they lose. The horrible phenomena of the migratory invasion, sexual degeneration, and a thousand others, are products of the Sacrificed syndrome.

The perception of the totalitarian prevalence of the Sacrificed syndrome is absolutely necessary for a reversal of the situation, which, obviously, can only be terrible. Many speeches, discussions and polemics about *racism* are based on the terrain of rationality. For example, one will try to foil accusations of *white* racism by pointing out that slavery was first the work of the Jews and then of the Muslims. But this is useless as long as the Christian is stuck in the syndrome that makes him a willing victim, while Jews and Muslims are convinced of their right to be predators. It is this syndrome that must be broken; but when awareness of reality returns, beware of the damage.

In fact, the laws of exception against *anti-Semitism* and *racism* are an admission of weakness by the caste taking advantage of the Sacrificed syndrome; indeed, shortly before the middle of the 20th century the Germans, fed up with being sacrificed, had revolted, proving that the

syndrome was in danger of disappearing once and for all; first they had to be reduced by flames and the terror of Moloch, and then *international* laws of exception had to be made that would come to the rescue of the manipulators of conscience, stirring up all sorts of threats. But it seems that this system is cracking.

I am very convinced that most of the massive events we are undergoing, organized by the dominant caste of financiers and plotters from the Sacrificer people, such as the great wars and massacres, the migratory invasions, the dispossession, are only possible thanks to the Sacrificed syndrome, which authorizes them and even favors them. This is why there is no discourse on freedom, equality, democracy, racism, or anything else, that is really well founded, as long as it is not based on an awareness or at least an intuition of this psychic torsion that underlies all positions and all reflection.

Janissary syndrome

The ultimate completion of the Moloch syndrome, in its different declensions, domestic and foreign, is so specific and spectacular that it deserves a special place and a special name, the *Janissary syndrome*. This syndrome deserves a special place, on the one hand because it is by far the worst of all, and on the other hand because its recent generalization in the West has the worst consequences, even to the point of calling into question the very existence of civilization.

While in the first original phase, let's say the biblical one, it is only about unconditional obedience to one's own God, and to the *elites* of one's own people or race, in the second, let's say the Christian one, embellished with *love of neighbor*, with a passive devotion to everything that violates, locks up and destroys you, the whole supported by the predatory *elite*, in the third, that of the Janissary, it is a question of completing the reversal by forcing the unfortunate unconscious victims, by appropriate methods of terror and guilt, to turn against themselves, their family, their clan, their religion, their morals, their race. This is what I have called the Janissary syndrome, referring to the excellent mastery of the Turkish Muslim Caliphate in this matter, at the time blessed by Allah when it tyrannized, ransomed and Islamized the European and Christian Balkans. The name of this syndrome evokes very well the whole process, the identity catastrophe, the integral

remodeling of the personality, as well as the actors, the terrorist manipulators and their victims.

What is a Janissary? Originally, it is a kid from the Balkans under Turkish domination, 10 to 15 years old, white and Christian. He is taken from his family, his clan, his race, his religion, to become a slave of the Caliph. He is then subjected to permanent torture, of the type we call brainwashing today, to make him renounce all his family, racial and religious ties, and ultimately make him hate his family, his race and his religion. The Janissaries were the elite corps of the Ottoman army, and they were distinguished by an unparalleled ferocity against their former relatives, brothers and sisters of race. They were also hated by the ethnic Turks, who eventually slaughtered them.

The fact that the future Janissaries were young Christian Europeans torn from their families allowed their Muslim instructors to subject them to absolutely every imaginable torture to achieve their complete reversal; when they were ready or prepared, they were converted to Islam and thus protected by their new status, but the damage was done with no way back.

It is not very difficult to see that today many white Europeans of Christian culture behave exactly like the old Janissaries; for those who are reluctant to understand, they are the *anti-racists* and *anti-fascists*. Look for those who impose anti-racism and anti-fascism by various means of propaganda and retaliation, and you will find the modern-day Janissary-makers. The idea that the so-called *defenders of democracy* against ugly *fascism* are in fact Janissaries, products and agents of the worst repression, is obviously very *politically incorrect*.

For the record, but it is quite significant, the idea of the *Janissary syndrome* did not come to me while consulting the literature, which is now imposing, that deals with the forms of manipulation that we undergo; the lack of any form of *label*, or labelling, to characterize the whole phenomenon, from a psychological and behavioral point of view, is however strange. I do not know precisely what resists the emergence of certain concepts, even though their necessity is obvious, it is a matter to be dug up.

The idea came to me from a real-life observation, that of the apparently aberrant behavior of former friends. These friends were all Christian *pieds-noirs*, former settlers in Algeria who had made that country prosper before being driven out by a Marxist-Muslim terrorist revolution using the most

abominable means, according to the good old principles of Lev Davidovitch Bronstein, also known as Leon Trotsky.

I was attacked in a totally disproportionate way by an old friend turned *anti-racist*, on the basis of his *humanity* opposed to my alleged *inhumanity*, which is only a conformity to the natural way. In one of these clashes, I reminded this decidedly blind friend of all the horrors committed by the North African troops engaged as *auxiliaries* in the *Allied* ranks during the Second World War, in Italy and then in Germany, and then of all those committed by the Muslim Algerians in the Algerian War, whose cadres were often the very ones who had committed atrocious war crimes against *fascist* European civilian populations. It was supposedly *inhumane* to recall it, and there was no explanation; it was inhumane because of alleged *racism*, the abomination of abominations, I suppose.

The *ex-colonized* were the *Allies'* auxiliaries for the destruction of the *rebellious* and *fascist* European peoples who had dared to free themselves from the slavery of the filthy financial tyranny; nothing was better than the backward and colonized peoples whose hatred was easy to sharpen. The main masters of this destruction having adorned themselves with the white mantle of innocent *victims*, their auxiliaries pretended to be *victims* whose horrors were justified by this status of victims; the murderers and rapists became *victims of racism*. Now, my friend had been a *pied noir* child, deported from his native country, colonial Algeria, which his ancestors had almost entirely built, to France, which was hostile to them. In order to admit the treason of General de Gaulle, who had given up this *French* Algeria to the Muslim terrorists, most probably under certain international financial pressures always eager to destroy and despoil Nations, the unfortunate *pieds noirs* ou *Black Feet* who were trying to defend their lives and property against the so-called *progressive* killers and despoilers were labelled as *fascists*.

Transposed to France, the little *pied noir*, dispossessed, despoiled, and in the position of being accused, became a perfect seed of *Janissary*. And finally, totally *turned inside out*, his mere survival being in question, so as not to be shot really or symbolically as a *fascist*, he became a virulent *anti-racist*. The most virulent *anti-racists* were precisely those who had had to suffer the most in reality from the Muslim Algerians, and precisely from the *anti-racist* ideology; they had become fanatical converts to the ideology that wanted to destroy them.

This can of course be extended to other groups or ethnicities; one may wonder, for example, why Germany is today so massively *anti-racist*, and still ready to accede to the most monstrous Judaic demands, which lead to its dismantling by hordes of hostile retards. To give an example of the kind of staggering cognitive dissonance of the *anti-racist pied noir* milieu, one of these dislocated beings once told me about his uncle, a nice, well-liked guy, whose bloody body print could still be seen on a wall, a stone's throw from his house, after a Muslim terrorist bomb had thrown him in and smashed him; all the *anti-racist* nephew could think to say was: "He wasn't even a racist," as if, if he had been a *racist*, he would have deserved to end up as mush on the wall of his house. The Janissary is not only someone who has the wrong enemy, he is an ecological aberration produced to act against his most essential interests, against his race, against his family and against himself.

This *production* deserves all our attention, because the ingredient that seems to be the main one, the most visible and the most common, terror, is not enough: it is necessary to add *hatred*. This ferocious hatred is the specific attribute of the good Janissary. It is not enough to terrorize someone in order to make him *obedient*, or to inflict various abuses, which is the case in almost all forms of slavery, it is also necessary to make him *hateful*, so that he can carry out the destructive undertakings assigned to him.

This characteristic of the Janissary is spectacular, but it is not new: it is shared, to a lesser degree most of the time, by the followers of religions: the One God *hates* the disobedient, the impious, the Nations, and expects the same hatred from his followers.

Monsters who take kids from their parents and *turn* them *inside out* create terror, and inevitably, hate. Young people torn from their roots and everything they love inevitably hate them; this hatred must be immense. The operation of *reversal* by re-education, what we would call today brainwashing, cannot be partial: it is total, and therefore, the unquenchable hatred felt against the kidnappers turns like the rest, against those they once loved. Creating hatred, then turning it around, is *black magic*. And this magic is carried by the religious tradition known as the Book, born in the land of Moloch, it is the magic of the cabalists. When the unfortunate Christian, Blaise Pascal, says: "The self is to be hated", he is speaking as a victim of a black magic of which he has not the slightest suspicion.

There is no question of my stigmatizing these unfortunate people, for the simple reason that we are all, or at least have been, Janissaries, to the exclusion of those who manipulate the whole affair. By the way, perhaps it is a coincidence that the founder of *Sabbateism*, the ancestor of *Frankism*, a Jewish cabalistic sect that appeared around 1666, was called Sabbatai Tsevi and was a subject of the Turkish caliphate; he was a master of cabalistic manipulation and he certainly knew the Janissaries. The links between the European version of Sabbateism, Frankism, the Frankfurt financiers including the Rothschilds, and the Illuminati of Bavaria are well known. Subsequently, *the Frankfurt school*, Adorno, Marcuse, etc., the great promoters of anti-racism and the destruction of European values, seem to have continued a well-established tradition, and to have reached a point of near-perfection in the mass creation of modern *Janissaries*. In particular, these monsters have succeeded, by dint of terror and propaganda, in *turning* the entire formerly nationalist and socialist German population inside out, to the point of making it welcome with open arms a whole population of parasites and barbaric criminals whose only obvious project is to destroy it.

Today, the factory of the small *Janissaries* does not need to tire itself to remove children from their parents: it places them in these institutions of re-education which are the public colleges of the compulsory education. There, the little European will have to learn that all races are equal, that European superiority is an unjust *privilege*, that the sexes are *social constructions* and that *miscegenation* is the future of humanity.

The secret sect of the *Illuminati*, which operated within Freemasonry, and was financed by the Rothschild Frankists and others, understood perfectly well the major potential of education, or re-education, in the process of *progressive* change, supposedly to *liberate* humanity in peace, liberty, equality and fraternity, but in reality to secure for itself an almost unlimited power of which the aristocracy would not have even dreamed of. This sect became famous because its plans were, quite by chance, discovered - believe it or not, a messenger going from Bavaria, where this sect was born, to Paris, on the eve of the Revolution, was struck by lightning on his horse and his plans were discovered. The supreme leader of this sect, Adam Weishaupt, was a *Marrano*, a Jew falsely converted to Catholicism and practicing the *entryism* still dear to the Trotskyist sect; he was a Jesuit and a college professor. He recruited mainly among teachers. I don't need to *draw a picture*, as they say, to explain to you how, today, educational institutions,

including and especially the most prestigious ones, have become factories of Janissaries working for their own demise.

The Judeo-Bolshevik state also understood this perfectly, and made Pavel Mozorov, a teenager who was supposed to have betrayed his own family (all of whom were shot, except for his mother) out of revolutionary ideals, a Soviet hero whose praises were sung by all the Pioneers. There is no limit to the abjections that can be made to swallow in humans, it is the other side of the coin of our extraordinary, and originally useful, plasticity.

Today, in France, the most prestigious breeding ground for Janissaries is the Ecole Nationale d'Administration, which is where I should have completed my training, if I had followed the course they had planned for me. It is also where the Rothschilds can use to select Presidents to their liking. The Chief Janissary can quietly express his learned hatred of his race and culture, castigate the *fascists*, actively participate in the looting from which he gets a few large crumbs, without it provoking a general uprising: the Janissaries are everywhere.

The French have the extreme privilege of being able to contemplate every day the *show of a being who ticks all the boxes* of inversion, the one they elected as President of their so-called Republic, after he passed through the hands of specialists in the production of such puppets.

Many psychologists have diagnosed the infamous Emmanuel Macron as a psychopath, narcissistic pervert, or paranoid. None of these cover the full spectrum of this individual's behavior. His case is exemplary of a Janissary syndrome. Indeed, he has been taken in hand and turned around since childhood, by the one who calls himself Brigitte. This "Brigitte" is very probably a transsexual, because there is no better carrier of the hatred of the nature, no better inverter than a transsexual. The hatred of his country, the hatred of his race, the immoderate taste of the destruction, all that signs the perfect Janissary.

This being, of whom it is not difficult to understand what formed him, deformed or reversed him, and what propelled him to power, did not even hide his amusement and satisfaction when he saw a jewel of Christian art and architecture of the Middle Ages burned and collapsed, the cathedral of Notre-Dame, exactly 777 years after King Louis IX, known as Saint Louis, had ordered, after a public trial, that the Talmud be burned in the Place de Grève, the place of executions, as an abominable book.

If the absolute necessity of righting ourselves finally makes its way into people's consciousness, into the last survival reflexes of our agony, it cannot be a question of *adjusting* the existing: it can only be a question of a revolution, a true revolution that spares nothing. For the same reason that the process of inversion has become radical, the righting of the situation can only be radical.

The strange wanderings of socialism

Modern socialism is almost always confused with Marxism, or, since the Second World War, with Freudo-Marxism. Freud and Marx being Jewish, socialism, unsurprisingly, fights against *anti-Semitism*, and against *racism*. But this has not always been the case, and it is, here as elsewhere, an inversion.

Marxism established as a dogma *dialectical materialism*, a theory according to which systems would evolve in a material, physical way, by the so-called dialectical opposition of opposites; the capitalist system evolved naturally and materially towards the socialist system, then towards the communist one. This was to settle a little quickly, and, one might say, slyly, the very small problem of finance, strongly Semitic, relegated to the level of unimportant *superstructures*. It was all the more strange because in the Manifesto of the Communist Party, the creation of Central Banks, the heart of the device of financial totalitarian power, figured prominently.

It should be noted that Marx was a distant cousin of the Rothschilds, and that there is a vague smell of intrigue and corruption behind all this.

The original socialists, anti-finance and anti-Semitic, have almost disappeared from the history of ideas, by a kind of systematic occultation.

I recently learned that what I thought I had discovered, the omnipresence of Moloch in Judeo-Christianity, was discovered in the middle of the 19th century.

Du Molochisme Juif, Etudes critiques et philosophiques, was published posthumously in 1884. Its author, Gustave Tridon, presents himself as a "former member of the National Assembly, of the Paris Commune, of the Committee of Public Safety, etc., etc." He is a revolutionary that today we would call extreme left. And unlike the contemporary extreme left, he is literate, fiercely opposed to finance and usury, and anti-Semitic.

Voici un extrait du début de son œuvre :

Here is an excerpt from the beginning of his work:

"And the Semites? (...) "The Semites," he says, "gave us Monotheism and moral and high ideas."

Derision! The Semites are the shadow in the picture of civilization, the evil genius of the earth. All their gifts are plagues. To fight the Semitic spirit and ideas is the task of the Indo-Aryan race. Dualism begins at Plataea; continued with varying degrees of success until Constantine, it ends with the revolt of the Renaissance. The victory of the Indo-Hellenic spirit opens the horizon of the future."

Since Tridon is indisputably a socialist, his analysis is much closer to the national socialist analysis than to the Marxist analysis. In today's labeling game, orchestrated by Marxists, he would be an extreme right-winger and reactionary, which, given the character, is quite comical. This probably explains why his work, which is highly embarrassing for the official doxa, is largely ignored by modern philosophy. I don't know what he is referring to by "Platée"; for Tridon, the Indo-Aryan spirit does not separate body and mind in a deleterious antagonism. This is close to Nietzsche criticizing the specters of ideologues; Nietzsche fought against democracies and the Commune; yet they shared similar fundamental ideas.

Tridon's thought, in a French tradition, is more sociological, while Nietzsche's is more metaphysical.

"The Semite identifies himself with his God and fills him with all the gifts. Submerged in the sublimity of the Almighty, he pays him homage with all the parts of his individuality. In order to make him greater, he degrades himself to the bottom of the ladder; but this God will have the empire of the world and will reign over all peoples, in the person of his servant, the Semite. Man annihilates himself before Jehovah, in order to raise himself up as the tyrant of nature. Such has always been the reasoning of the Semitic peoples, the source of their proselytizing fury and the cause of their rapid conquests of intelligences as well as of empires.

Utilitarianism is therefore the supreme condition of the treaty between man and God. The manna succeeds the plague. Pits, fires and snakes are the laborious steps of a country of milk and honey. This violence in anger or in love displeases the Arab character less than a monotonous

benevolence. And is it not finally displayed in all its glory, after the persecutions of the Middle Ages, this Jewish empire, foretold by the prophets, whose purse is the temple and whose 3 percent is the prophet? The monster of the modern age, exploitation, traces its titles back to Judaism, which vows Cham to slavery and contemplates in the nations its future prey."

Gustave Tridon, *Du Molochisme Juif, Etudes critiques et philosophiques*, 1884

For Tridon, *Arab* is equivalent to *Semitic*. This is followed by a long and erudite demonstration, based on the text of the Bible itself, of the fact that Molochism, child sacrifice and, most probably, cannibalistic consumption of the victims, were the rule among the Jews until they were deported to Babylon in the 6th century B.C., and that contact with a more civilized society taught them better manners; the Bible, a collection of fanciful stories, dates from that time - a fact that no scholar contests today.

Tridon is particularly interesting in that he is a staunch socialist, and he sees Semitism as an enemy. But he has predecessors, like Ghillany, who are just as erudite and just as suspicious of the Judaic hold:

"To which again Jehovah replies: 'I, I alone have trodden down the peoples in the winepress, and no people were on my side: and I struck them with my heel, and crushed them in my wrath, and their juice gushed out upon my robe, and it became wet with it. This is the day of vengeance in my spirit; the year of my saved people has come.'" Isaiah, 63, 1

Do you want more, open at random the prophets Zephaniah (3, 9), Jeremiah (30, 9), Micah (5, 7), Habakkuk (3, 12), Haggai (2:6), Sachariah (14) and especially Isaiah from beginning to end. The Jehovah after the exile becomes, it is true, a universal god, but he will use his universality at the last judgment to make all the other peoples join Jehovahism and to submit them like so many miserable slaves to the Hebrews; then there will be a universal Hebrew empire, a real and universal monarchy."

M. Ghillany, *Les sacrifices humains chez les Hébreux de l'Antiquité*, 1842

It is rather risky to claim that anti-Semitism is a defect of uncultured and ignorant crowds. In fact, it is exactly the opposite. I don't know any more

than anyone else whether the famous Protocols of the Elders of Zion, which are constantly displayed as proof of the malice of anti-Semites, are true or false, but it is risky to claim that the Bible is an anti-Semitic fake.

Most of the French socialists of the 19th century, like Blanqui, Proudhon, Fourier, and like the Russian Bakunin, were anti-Semites and anti-Marxists. How could Marxism, that grandiose materialist theory with foundations as metaphysical as the labor value inherited from Aristotle, and ignoring the reality of finance, subjugate and make disappear the original socialism, the only practical and realistic socialism, enemy of financial slavery? I can only imagine a vague scheme of corruption, but I have no precise elements, and I don't know of any studies on this subject that stink badly, which doesn't mean that there aren't any. It is in any case an operation worthy of the Cabal.

The ordinary terror

Dissociations

Amnesia

I completely erased from my memory the month of September 1982, in Greece, for about twenty-five years. That month, which had been occupied almost entirely by Shana, present or absent, no longer existed, and I was not the least bit aware of its disappearance. But if this were the only effect of amnesia, the disappearance of an area of memory, it would be anecdotal; amnesia has a host of other effects, the cause of which, as long as one is unconscious, one cannot detect.

This complete erasure was helped by the fact that no one in my life witnessed what happened to me, and could have perpetuated the memory, even if I wanted to erase it. The only witness was the cafe owner, Dimitri; and, as Greeks talk a lot, the whole village had to know about it, but I wasn't going to go back for six months. After six months, the routine of amnesia would be well established, and the period totally forgotten. There were two other witnesses on the island, the French dentist who had tried to kill me in a speedboat *accident*, and the hotel manager, who was also a banker; both were Jewish. I would later learn from a friend who was also almost killed, but was unable to make any connection, probably out of fear, that the island was also a relay for drug trafficking from Turkey, and it is not hard to guess who was running this, shall we say, traditional *business* for some.

My island was a small, and no doubt lucrative, hub of small-time mafia business, from drugs to pornography, and maybe a few others. This explains the presence of Shana, and perhaps other incognito *pornstars*, and the availability of substantial amounts of cocaine to satisfy them, quite *unimaginable* in such a remote location. The two or three cops on the island were chasing marijuana smokers, and idiots who grew cannabis plants in flower pots; were they unaware of the other, more important, traffic, or were they bought, I don't know.

Amnesia is similar to fainting and coma, the loss of consciousness. Amnesia is a loss of consciousness, but limited to memories. Experts say that

coma serves to protect the body, and in particular its most fragile and precious organ, the brain, in case of violent stress. In coma, the brain triggers a kind of hibernation process that reduces vital functions to a minimum. Amnesia could be considered as a kind of partial coma, *freezing* a part of the memory related to a moment, an event, a place, a person. It would be a common neurophysiological mechanism, controlled by the brain in particular circumstances of danger.

This hypothesis, which I had put forward based on my experience and my intuition, is corroborated by neuroimaging, brain activation scans: in so-called *dissociative* psychic amnesia, areas of the brain are deactivated, no longer *responding*, which gives the same result as physical trauma to these areas.

The most common theory is that amnesia is due to an excess of suffering from which the person would protect himself; the opposite process, the anamnesis, the exit from amnesia, is often a very painful ordeal. Linked to the suffering, terror, the most powerful emotion, would be invoked to forbid the reappearance of memories. The reflex to avoid suffering would therefore be the main mechanism triggering amnesia. This explanation is undoubtedly not false, but to explain the whole phenomenon, it remains however very simplistic. I believe that beyond the fear of suffering, there is something much more serious, a disturbance in our worldview, and its reorganization. It is well known that the brain knows how to adapt in case of trauma, including physical trauma; it reorganizes itself to compensate for the loss of functions in certain areas; this is exactly what happens when areas have been frozen in amnesia.

Amnesia is accompanied by a reorganization of the world view. This is true of most serious traumas. In the case of one of the greatest writers of the twentieth century, Céline, it was a war trauma that totally revolutionized his worldview and made him, finally, a writer. "So that in the brain of a nut the thought makes a turn, it must happen to him many things and very cruel ones" Celine, *Journey to the End of the Night*

It is not very surprising that a trauma can radically change one's vision of the world, and what distinguishes amnesia in particular is that what is forgotten is perhaps not only the events, but everything that may have led to them, the attitudes, the affects, the feelings that one had *before*. Taking as an example the opposite of amnesia, Proust's madeleine (a French cookie),

which evokes an entire world of sensations felt in the past, amnesia cannot prevent the existence of madeleines, but it will eradicate all the feelings associated with it. A release from amnesia is accompanied by a flood of forgotten sensations, linked to the lost memory.

To continue with the metaphor of the madeleine, may the women forgive me, in my relationship with women, everything seemed normal, the taste, the texture, the perfume, I could *consume*; what had disappeared, without which it does not make any sense, was the emotion, this *wave* which pushes you irresistibly towards the other. I could perceive that I liked a woman, and let her know, but the magnetization, the purely physical and emotional attraction, was absent.

I have no idea what usually triggers traumatic amnesia, it's called shock or stress, but in my case I am definitely linking it, in addition to shock and stress, to the fact that my situation was unmanageable; my world view had simply exploded. I don't know if Hölderlin really went *mad*, as they say, after Susette's death; he most certainly became amnesiac. I was still beautiful, I was still intelligent, but I had somehow disappeared. The miracle is that I was able to come out of this amnesia.

The amnesia showed me, in hollow, to what extent emotions are essential to animate us, to motivate us, to give a sense to our existence. I did notice a few quirks in my behavior, but I attributed them to psychological or psychopathological affections, as you like, referenced and ordinary. I had a behavioral disorder with women: I felt like I was paralyzed at the moment of really starting a relationship. Something totally indefinable was blocking me. And, since I always seemed to be the same, it happened over and over again. I called it a *phobia*. Having known real phobics, I know that they are not devoid of emotions, on the contrary, they are overwhelmed by an uncontrollable terror. What was happening to me was a sudden absence of emotion, just when it should have come over me. Before I reached that fateful moment, I was, I suppose, normal enough to be attractive. Only on exceedingly rare occasions was the attraction strong enough for the emotion to take over, but it could never last.

In these traumatic situations, it is obvious that the place of choice, of free will, is null. As I am gifted with a certain intelligence, or a capacity for self-observation, which is perhaps a bit the same thing since the word "reflection" evokes a mirror, I played the game of "I must forget", but it is only a ripple

on the surface of my consciousness, which did not decide anything at all, and I was going to forget anyway, carried away by the tide, conscious or not.

And I believe that when a voice told me that I would understand later, it was from a part of me, but from a part that used this brain as an instrument, an instrument that could have its mechanisms and weaknesses that nobody could do anything about. This part probably has objectives and a vision of the future. But it rarely expresses itself. This is at least what the shaman says.

The phenomenon known as *repression* has many similarities with amnesia. When one unblocks an amnesia - and you have understood that, if I can write all this today, it is because my amnesia has been unblocked - one also becomes capable of unblocking the events that one says are *repressed*, as if one had learned to practice a kind of mental acrobatics; these phenomena are of the same order, if not the same. I have undergone a few years of psychoanalysis, and I have never unblocked anything by this means, except false memories and circumstantial reconstructions. For a very simple reason: this system is totally biased by the overwhelming presence and the dogmas of the analyst. The real discoveries are made alone. And they totally contradict the analytic dogmas, the existence of impulses, and all those delusional constructions like the Oedipus complex.

In reality, the so-called *guilty impulses* do not exist; what really happens are remodelings of perceptions and personality through various more or less terrorist and traumatic devices, often camouflaged under the pretext of *education*, and it is these remodelings that are lost in the amnesia. When we unblock the amnesia or repressions, we find the states, the sensations, the emotions *before*. And, it must also be said, a certain feeling of horror at what has been done to you, and what you have done in conformity with the personalities that have been imposed on you.

Of beings and others

The relatively sudden release of amnesia, after more than twenty years of sleep, when Shana somehow forced the return of my consciousness, had several rather unusual effects. Among other things, I was forced to understand that I was not one, but several, and that very diverse forms of consciousness, what are generally called *personalities*, had coexisted in me for decades, some active and conscious, others in sleep or waiting, and there was no reason to think that this situation had ceased with the resurrection of

a personality and its perceptions, on the contrary, there could exist a whole world of beings successively buried and out of reach. I was going to recover some of them, those of my childhood, animated by a fierce hatred, and then forgotten, against their oppression.

The astonishing Shana had an acute awareness of her dissociation, which was not complete insofar as she could actually see it, something that completely dissociated personalities, i.e., just about everyone, are incapable of.

"Her given name shortened,
she answered to Lena.
But living a dream -
that'll never come true...
Lena turned to Shauna.
She smiled on cue
merely a fantasy
a celluloid lover,
she lived and she learned
to become yet another."

It was scribbled in a notebook that was found after her death. She clearly speaks of three beings, the last of whom, "yet another," is virtually unknown to all. The *PBS Frontline* documentary about her, *Death of a Porn Queen*, asks the question, "How did one person become another?" and that's the tagline, as they say, of the film's promotional blurb, which shows two photos, one of Lena, the delightful, fresh young girl from Minnesota, and the other of Shauna, the gorgeous *porn star* who excited Hollywood fantasies. There is no record of the third, whose existence is ignored in the film, but the transformation of Lena into Shauna, which was being completed when I met her, took only a few months.

The filthy Hollander, interviewed in this documentary, will say, very proud of his success: "She became Shauna Grant". How do you become someone else? By adding a new personality to the one, or those, that already exist. The way to do this, well known to pimps, slavers, pornographers, and scientifically exploited in the CIA's MK-Ultra experiments, is through trauma, aided by drugs, which will break the victim's bearings and allow to instill a new set of bearings, a new personality promoted by his or her handlers. There are internal changes, quite rare, which are motivated by

internal impulses of liberation, but they are quite exceptional; without thinking too much about it, I think especially of Nietzsche, who is a kind of champion in this matter, but most of the time, they are the effect of manipulations, pressures, propaganda, and other artifices.

When we met, she told me, after a slight hesitation, that her name was Shana. It was the name of an actress, Shana Grant, which the filthy manager Ira Allen Sachs alias Bobby Hollander had just given her, and which would be used in all the films produced or directed by this scumbag. It is a typically Jewish or Yiddish name, which means "precious", a name of *golden girl*. It is true that she *was worth gold* to her owners. Shana/Lena will recover a small part of her identity by calling herself Shauna, a Celtic or Irish name; her official or *real name*, Colleen Applegate, is typically Irish. It is under the name "Shauna Grant" that she is known today.

In describing my encounter with Lena, who told me her name was Shana, I speak of "two realities", that of vibrations, unique and personal vibrations that were in tune, almost miraculously, and that of words, with their chaotic and, for us, disruptive vibrations. Which is not to say that words are always disruptive; they can also, like music, create artificial coherences, but these collective synchronizations are far from having the power of the one I felt spontaneously and naturally with Lena. What is certain is that these two forms did not coexist harmoniously.

It is quite rare, even exceptional, that two different forms coexist in such a flagrant way, and enter, fatally, in dissonance. The perception of a specific form is correlated to one of the forms of our being, and it is very rare that two forms of our being are animated at the same time. In the most ordinary love relationship, one passes insensibly, by stages, from the perception of the forms of language and other signs of recognition to a more powerful perception, more direct, but which does not need words. The two coexist badly. In love, we change our being, we transmute, our perceptions change radically; in a certain way, we awaken different personalities. This is probably true for most activities; when I was at the bottom of the sea, snorkeling, looking for a possible prey, I was not really the same being as the one I was in a library or in front of my computer, but in love, it is more spectacular; you don't change your situation, but two people completely change their state at the same time.

It is possible that this strange situation experienced in my encounter with Lena/Shana was caused, in large part, by the already very advanced dissociation she had undergone, which was almost totally foreign to me. Is dissociation somehow contagious? In all intense communication, there are mimetic processes, often called *empathy*, and it is quite possible that dissociation is somehow contagious. It has been found that empathy can be localized in the brain, in an area called *mirror neurons*, which have the amazing ability to replicate almost identically the emotions of those with whom we are in close contact. Which, incidentally, psychopaths are incapable of doing. This faculty of mirror neurons can eventually explain many things, for example, that people who have the emotional experience of advanced love and sexual states can trigger them in partners who did not know them.

A less confusing explanation would be that we all possess multiple personalities, or multiple personalities possess us. All these personalities can be activated. The dissociated personality of Lena/Shana was going to address, in me, two personalities, the natural and the reasonable; we were not two, we were four, in two different worlds at the same time. Each world communicates in its own way.

What is certain is that the dissociation of Lena/Shana would provoke mine. But if Lena/Shana's dissociation was organized by her *friends* to serve their financial, perverse, political and otherwise interests, and created a worldview that was also organized, mine was pure destruction, with nothing to replace what was destroyed.

I will speak later about the process of coming out of amnesia, which was, one can guess, quite terrible; for the moment, I will be interested in this strange form of being that I was during more than twenty years, the amnesic *self*, and its troubled relations with the being of *before*. During these long years of darkness, there will be like an impassable gulf between the being that I had become, and the one that I had been.

It is a rather singular experience, to be able to contemplate oneself, afterwards, in different states, taking on different personalities. I am probably not the only one to have changed over time, but the change I am talking about was bounded by two brutal events: my entry and exit from amnesia.

What is striking, in retrospect, about my years of descent into the underworld, which in Greek mythology was the place of oblivion, is not so much what I experienced, but the defense of my new, dissociated *self* against any attempt to reveal its true nature. For me, it was an article of dogma, I had not changed, ever, and I had always been the same. My friends, and especially the women who loved me, of whom there were still many, tried in vain to understand and help me; but if they insisted too much, I would get angry; no, I was fine, very fine indeed.

I am now horrified by the being I had become, by some of the things I did during all those years. The dissociation is accompanied by amnesia, but also by a fanatical rejection of everything that could remind me of my *former self*. A violent barrier must be set up so that what has been forgotten remains. Fanaticism is a mode of perception that completely distorts the perception of present and past reality, and generally invents fanciful futures. At one point, completely adopting the positions of what I now consider the enemy, I had become ultra-liberal, blindly following the doctrines, mainly of Judaic origin, that legitimize the drug trade, the body trade and pornography, and other so-called *liberal* joys. I was perfectly *dissociated*, as is very obviously the ultra-liberal zombie Emmanuel Macron who is supposed to be running the affairs of France, having gone through the double mill of the Jesuits and the Rothschilds, plus that of his "wife" and educator twenty years his senior, *the total* education in the *illuminati* sauce. I had no real reason or objective interest in adopting these positions, and the only reason for their adoption was that they were in total opposition to everything I thought and was *before*.

My *disassociation* began the moment I casually said, "That would be a crime," and Lena/Shana ran away crying, leaving me *stranded* and distraught. The world I was used to, that I *believed in*, suddenly began to disintegrate. In this devastated world, adopting the enemy's worldview is often, or always, the only solution. This is the general principle of using terror, brainwashing and reshaping consciousness. We can see this today when the European peoples, gradually destroyed by *anti-racist* terror, receive with open arms uncontrollable populations who dream of taking revenge for their inferiority, adopting against themselves the *anti-racist* party of the enemy.

Logically, for the observer who manages to keep a little distance, it is just *silly* to adopt the side of what destroys you, but in reality, there is most of the time no other choice.

The enemy within

Without exaggerating much, I can say that, shortly after returning to Paris and leaving my island and all hope of seeing Lena/Shana again, I mated with the one who would become my worst enemy; she was to collaborate strongly in the enterprise of repressing my former being in the depths of hell. She was a wanderer who went from squat to squat, from a junkie's bed to a drug dealer's bed, from one needle to another. She was a stranger to everything, especially to herself, she survived, a stranger everywhere, in a world of violence and hatred. She had nothing in common with me, and we had nothing to do together; she was perfect for reinforcing nihilism in me, and for making me totally forget where, when, how, I had lost my roots. All the more so as, quickly, her jealousy and her hatred increasing, or rather manifesting themselves without thinking of hiding, she would occupy a more and more invasive part of my mind.

Of course, all my friends would be scandalized, not understanding that I had gone from dating the most beautiful girls to that of this drug addict, who showed an air of innocence, was still cute, but still quite damaged. I was the only one not to see the obvious. I had fallen into another world, in which what is important to hide is more important than what one could see, if one were able to open one's eyes.

This girl knocked on my door, maybe ten days after I had left the island, and decided to forget Shauna, which I couldn't quite do. I had vaguely met her on my island, she had come somehow to a small party I had organized in my shack, probably at the invitation of my wife because of her sympathies for *the cause* of persecuted *women*. It is true that she had been mistreated, perhaps raped, which *explains a lot* of things, but does not *excuse* them. She had my address, and was looking for a place to sleep. And she went from her bed to mine. She carried a terrible smell of ether, a smell I hate most of all, having been put to sleep with it for an operation when I was a child. I had been seriously injured in a game in which my dear father was showing his playfulness, and precisely in the leg that was crippled in him; in his

unconscious mind as damaged as his body, it was unfair that his son should have two fully valid legs.

Never, in a normal state, would I have let this girl approach me. I had no serious problem to make love to her, my mechanics being well trained, and I started to use sex as she used heroin, not to go towards more beauty, but to forget the suffering, as a kind of mechanical act used to *be good*, and especially to *forget*, as, in fact, a drug. I suppose that, for the first time in my life, I entered into what I call a perverse relationship, but which shrinks generally find *normal*; it was the ordinary of many of my contemporaries, and even in growing numbers. The most important act of life, the one that is supposed to transmit it, and to deeply engage two beings in their history and that of life, is reduced to a simple social, utilitarian or hygienic function, or to be the privileged place of the expression of the most *unnatural* fantasies; but for me, I had learned on the job to consider all this with disgust. I found it hard to understand authors like Freud, or Georges Bataille, or many others in fashion in the so-called Parisian *intelligentsia*, who revel in the relationships between love, sex, perversion and death. To me, all this belonged to a bygone era; I had been a *hippie*, after all. I had been protected from it all by my vitality; but now I had fallen into an abyss. And sex, love, had become an abyss, an act with no other purpose than to avoid the pain of being oneself. Huxley, in his *Brave New World*, had warned of the degradation of love and sex into a hygienic and recreational function.

We always imagine ourselves as one, no matter what we do. But we are constantly changing. We don't just change ideas, opinions, attitudes, we change states. People who live with multiple personalities experience this all the time: one state drives out the other, but the first one can come back, and so on. And most of the time what is visible to an outside operator, the change of personality, is not visible to the subject: each personality is convinced to be the only one, full and complete. And worse, these personalities can be in open conflict, frankly hating each other. When we talk about trauma, repression, amnesia, we generally talk about it as if it were a disease that could be cured, a break on an object that could be repaired, or a stain on a garment that could be washed. In reality, it is something else: the development of a new state, a new personality that replaces the old one, and is very often profoundly hostile to the *previous* personality.

The phenomenon of *fanaticism*, which so impressed, even despaired, the best thinkers of the so-called Enlightenment, does not attack strangers, is not linked to so-called *prejudices*: it attacks those who represent what one is no longer, and which one rejects with horror. What made the ground of the fanaticism of the religious wars, it is this fact that the former being, the one that one was, becomes the symbol of the absolute Evil. Christian fanaticism, the one I know best, requires "hating oneself", but also "stripping off the old man", in order to go towards the *new man* and a *brighter tomorrow*. We can suppose that the *new man* is stripped of the *hateful self*, that he is therefore a being without an identity, a zombie. *Let us wipe out the past*, etc. The so-called *left-wing* fanaticism has taken up the fundamentals of Christian fanaticism. The world is filled with beings who claim to be *liberated* when they destroy themselves.

One of the particularly horrifying characteristics of fanaticism, and one that stems from this rejection of the abhorred ancient being, is that it prefers to attack the innocent. We can see this every day, if we are even remotely interested in the *news* imposed on us by the media. The fanatic personality is a deeply *dissociated* personality, and this dissociation is the result of violent traumas, of which circumcision is not the least. Fanaticism is a *product* whose support is the deliberate construction of a dissociated personality. The screens are filled, more and more, with preachers of *self-hatred*, and of all that can resemble this detestable *self*. TV has replaced mass, but worse.

Easter

At the time of the Easter vacations, during which I managed to leave for almost a month, I always went to my island. It was dry in the summer, but at that time it was green, the air was still fresh, flowers were popping up everywhere, and little streams were flowing. And Easter was also the feast of the Resurrection, the main feast of the Orthodox Church, at the spring equinox, in accordance with the ancient Mediterranean traditions that the people of the North never really adopted, preferring the solstice celebrations. There were hardly any tourists or foreigners, and the island was at that time a real enchantment.

When I arrived at the village square, Dimitri rushed at me; it was as if he was watching for my arrival. I was very surprised, because he had never paid

much attention to me; maybe it was pride, maybe jealousy, because I had developed a strong friendship with his father, Andreas, owner of the main traditional café in the village and of the house I was renting. This old Greek man, as well as all his many friends, was of a deep kindness, and he sometimes let a childish smile burst on his face. Dimitri, on the other hand, seemed almost always dark and surly. But this time, he had a strong desire to communicate with me, which surprised me. And, in my surprise, I had a little difficulty to recover my senses.

He had a small piece of paper in his hand, which he gave me. On the paper was written a name I didn't know, "Colleen Applegate," and a phone number. They were written in *South Sea blue* ink, which was my favorite ink as a teenager, in a nice round, very feminine handwriting. But I had no idea who "Colleen Applegate" was.

"Γιαννη, θα πρέπει να τηλεφωνήσεις σ'αντον τον αριθμό!" : "Ianni, you need to call this number!"

"Ποιος είναι;" : "Who is this?" I asked.

"Το κορίτσι που αγαπάς, Γιαννη." : "The girl you love, Ianni."

I felt confused. The girl I love? There wasn't, really, a girl I loved. There was Kate, this girl I was with at the time. But it couldn't be her. I glanced in her direction anyway, following the movement of my thoughts.

"Γιαννη, αυτό το κορίτσι δεν αξίζει τίποτα." : "Not her, Ianni, this girl is worthless"

This was not a good thought on his part, because it immediately activated the defense system of the forbidden zone frozen in amnesia. According to my new worldview, I was perfectly normal, just as I had always been, there were no grey areas in my life, and so my relationship with this girl was also perfectly normal. To question it, was to open the way to the bringing to light of the shadow zone, and that, it was necessary to avoid it at all costs. Dimitri could not, at that moment, in the first moments of my return, understand that I was not the same anymore; nothing let him see it. I was in fact like one of those science-fiction characters, apparently human, but possessed by an extraterrestrial spirit. Except that the parasitic spirit that possessed me, and had made me a kind of zombie, had indeed been concocted by humans, in the dark, blood-drenched temples of Babylon and Israel.

The only link I still had with that period that had been erased from my memory was this sentence: "I don't understand". That piece of paper, with its pretty, sensual handwriting in South Sea blue ink, was as incomprehensible to me at Easter, at the spring equinox, as the forgotten Lena/Shana was in September, at the fall equinox. It was almost like a message found in a bottle thrown into the sea. And I say again, as I did then: "I don't understand".

I tried to understand, however, taking inventory of my memory. After my wife had left me for her award-winning filmmaker, and before Lena/Shana, I had been fooling around with a few pretty tourists, met at random in the open-air discos of the island. The separation had depressed me a bit, but it hadn't affected my ability to fall in love, and those who liked me enough to follow me to my lost house, once they had passed through my bed and some unexpected ecstasies, became unconditional lovers, which in a way bothered me. I had the ability to be totally present in the act of love, without the slightest ulterior motive, perhaps even without any thought at all, which brings the act of love closer to meditation; at the same time, and always as in a meditation, I was somehow detached from what I was doing, I was *letting go* or *letting it go*; I was immersed in an ecstasy where the notion of "I" no longer existed, where I was not inscribed in time and space, and where I was a living being, very much alive, but no longer really a human conscious of his state, and certainly not that of "I think, therefore I am". The atmosphere of the islands favored these encounters out of time, without past and without future. For the girls who discovered the enjoyment of their deepest self, their ecstatic inner beauty, it was a revelation, but they were mistaken, it was not me they had met, it was themselves, and I was only an instrument on their way, at least that was what I thought. I was not in the spirit of a lasting coupling, and the expectations, desires, fears that are linked to it; I was in the moment, only, and I enjoyed these moments as I enjoyed the scuba diving that I practiced all day long; the great surfers have acquired a solid reputation in love because they practice a discipline that requires total presence, and in which they learn that the reflexes of this marvelous machine that is our body are their best allies. This is one of the properties of the kind of state of grace in which I found myself: it is the total presence in the moment, and the abolition of past, future and time. I knew how to *be there*, to paraphrase the master Heidegger. I remember in particular a splendid Australian woman, who for once was not blond, but reddish-brown, with slightly curly hair and very beautiful blue-green eyes; she had just one defect, an old burn mark,

probably dating from childhood, just above her breasts. She was mostly very *sexy*, she was irresistible. I don't remember her name, as if she was really just passing through. After our night and a morning in the little timeless world that was my remote shack, she had gone to find her girlfriend; they often have a girlfriend to travel with. In the evening, she came back to the village to find me, and she threw herself at me: "*My love!*", and that was the wrong thing to say. I was there, all there, but I was not there for anyone. When she started to kiss me, I gently pushed her away, saying, "*I only make love one time with the same girl.*" (I only make love one time with the same girl".

I had created a terrible disaster, unconsciously. She burst into tears and ran away. It was in one of the cafes in the square, and Kosta, the cafe-keeper, who was a friend, said to me, with an air of deep desolation, "Είναι κακό, Γιαννη, αυτό είναι πολύ κακό.»: "This is bad, Ianni, this is very bad." I don't think he ever spoke to me again. In fact, I was amazed at what I had done, because I had absolutely not premeditated it; on the contrary, I had come to the village thinking that I would find her there. And I loved this girl very much, of course, she was perfectly adorable, it was just this formula, "my love", that opened a whole dimension where I was not. Coming back to my senses, after some time due to the shock of what I had just done, I tried to find her; of course without result. I still don't really know, today, what's got into me, at that moment; to say that it is due to the separation with my wife is convenient, but perhaps insufficient. Shortly afterwards, I will meet Lena/Shana, and there, it would be no question at all of rejecting her. Did the unimaginable again, a foreknowledge of my meeting with Lena/Shana, make me act this way? Was what's got into me the precognition of my own destiny, and the voice of my deepest self, telling me: "This is not her"? "*Wüsstet ihr, was ihr wolltet?*" "Did you know, what you wanted?"

It was surely not the Australian who had left me a note. It could only be *her*, Lena/Shana, but her memory was forbidden. And it was once again an incomprehensible mystery.

"Ηρθε μια μέρα αφ'όπου έφυγες, Γιαννη, και δεν ειχες αφήσει τον αριθμό του τηλεφώνου." : "She came a day after you left, Ianni, and you didn't leave a phone number."

"Ηθελε να δει το σπίτι σου, και εμείς του το δείξαμε." : "She wanted to see your house, and we showed her."

And he showed me the stain of a drop that had fallen on the paper.

"Κλαίει, Γιαννη, κλαίει πολύ." : "She is crying, Ianni, she is crying a lot."

Seeing my house, it couldn't have been the Australian, she knew it.

"Τηλέφωνησε τώρα Γιαννη." : "Go make a phone call now, Ianni." - we had to go to the post office, phones were scarce.

I answered that I would go to my house first, to put my things down, and then I would call. Dimitri seemed disappointed, as if there was some urgency, but he was satisfied.

Once at home, I didn't feel like going back to the village to call a girl I didn't know. I didn't understand Dimitri's insistence, but I was used to evacuating, without examination, the events that "I don't understand". This is also one of the symptoms of the total domination of conditioning, when the belief, the *faith* of the Christian, or the faith in the *information* broadcasted by the big media owned or controlled by the perverse manipulators, is so strong that it treats as negligible all the incidents that could call it into question.

The next day, in the village, Dimitri rushed up to me again, "Γιαννη, την κάλεσες;" : "Ianni, did you phone?" I replied that no, I had not been there. "Πρέπει να τηλεφωνήσετε, Γιαννη, αναμένει!" : "You have to call, Ianni, she is waiting!" Missing more than that, I felt as if I were forced to phone someone I didn't know; and without my knowing quite why, this phone call, which didn't involve me, appeared to me as vaguely threatening, like everything that was struck with the corner of "I don't understand." "Ελάτε αμέσως, παρε το τηλέφωνό μου, Γιαννη, δεν δα πληρώσεις." : "Come right away, take my phone, Ianni, you don't pay." The café had one of the few private phones in the village, and in his attempt to understand me, Dimitri had thought it was the price of the call that stopped me. "Αλλά δεν γνωρίζω αυτό το κορίτσι,» : "But I don't know this girl," I said. His insistence, in contrast, no doubt, to what he expected, increased my resistance. "Αλλά την αγαπάς, Γιαννη, το έχω δει!" : "But you love him, Ianni, I saw it!" and a tear broke through his eyes, much to my surprise, because he was truly the prototype of the Greek male, virile and proud. "Είσαι τρελός, Γιαννη," : "You are mad, Ianni," he said at last, in a tone of supreme desolation.

No one on the island had ever told me I was crazy. Relationships in these small village communities are based on great mutual respect, which does not exclude jokes or teasing between old friends, and words carry a lot of weight.

A "madman" is not a joke, as they like to address each other; a "madman" is a foreign being, a being outside the world of ordinary perceptions. This shocked me very deeply. "I don't understand," I said. There was, between the world and me, like an impassable barrier, that everyone saw, but not me. With great instinctive certainty, the first Greeks I had met on the island had told me that I was not a stranger to them, and this was a rare favor whose value I fully appreciated. It meant a full set of indissociable virtues still preserved on this small island: righteousness, honesty, respect, friendliness, mutual help, and even sincere and straightforward affection. Having gone *mad*, I was rejected in the world of foreigners, the world of pseudo-democracy, the world of *free* slaves, the world of multicultural *living together* where unspeakable hidden hatreds are exacerbated, the empire of the false, the world which is, in fact, dominated by the mafia who had plunged me and Lena/Shana back into it, a bit like the devil catches up *in extremis* those who escape his grip to bring them back into the ordinary and democratic common hell. This mafia loves hatred, and installs it in all the places it manages to control, which are more and more numerous; it feeds on this hatred of which it accuses the others to better enslave them.

Bérangère

When I returned to the island in the summer, still with my squatter, who was increasingly playing the role of a tyrannical guardian, attentive to anything that might allow me to recover my old life and my memory, some of my very old friends tried to save me. In particular, Bérangère; Bérangère was the daughter of very close friends, I had known her when she was fourteen or fifteen years old; she was a radiant, beautiful teenager, and of an extreme intelligence; there was between us a great synchronicity, this spontaneous agreement between the beings, which excluded partly the erotic dimension of the love, but was close to it. I was, to use a ready-made expression, *sensitive to her charm*, and she was even more sensitive to mine, because I enjoyed a freedom and a mastery of my life that she did not yet know. In conventional terms, one could say that she was in love with me, and I was probably a little in love with her, without thinking of hiding it. Or, in other words, we had a privileged relationship, an *elective affinity* as the young Goethe says. I always dodged the openly sexual approaches of very young girls, as young as thirteen, approaches which were strangely enough

numerous, and I was reproached for it; I was not in *self-service*; Bérangère, with a rather sure instinct, had refrained from claiming her *right to love*.

That year, Bérangère must have been, I think, seventeen years old. She had changed a lot, she was dressed *sexy*, going out to nightclubs, the chrysalis had turned into a little butterfly. If it hadn't been for Lena/Shana and her terrible consequence, Kate, I might have started a love story with Bérangère, and this story would probably have lasted; I had a deep esteem for this kid, and this kid was ostensibly becoming a woman. But fate had decided otherwise; Kate, jealous to the point of hatred, had little by little installed a barbed wire between me and those who could love me; I feared her violence, and, without being aware of it, I lived in a regime of terror. The violence of the trauma I had suffered can probably be measured by the incredible degree of unconsciousness I had reached. *Everything is fine, Madam Marquise*.

One evening, shortly before she left the island, Bérangère took me to task in the café where we were staying. This surprised me, we had hardly spoken since her arrival. "I have to talk to you," she said. "Ah, what about?" I asked, surprised. "Everyone is wondering what you are doing with that girl. Everyone feels sorry for you, it saddens a lot of people who love you very much." I stood still, not knowing what to say; and all I felt was anger, that they could judge me like that, when I didn't want to know that I could have changed. "And they say there is another girl too, a very beautiful girl, and you don't want to see her, that's what the Greeks say." "What kind of stories are these," I said, frankly angry this time, "what are you talking about?" "That's what everyone says, you're the only one who doesn't know it, that's why I'm trying to tell you, I'm trying to help you." This infuriated me. She didn't know that she was attacking my new version of the worldview head-on, and that I couldn't bear to have that version challenged. So I retorted in the craven way that fanatics always do when they don't want to see the obvious: the *ad hominen* attack. "I don't believe what you're saying - you're saying all this because you're in love with me." It was violent, and extremely mean; not only was I rejecting her help, I was punishing her for wanting to help me.

What I did to Bérangère was horrible, it was a crime against love, beauty, intelligence, life. It was, in fact, a crime of the same type as the one I had said, towards the end of the previous summer, to Lena/Shana that "*it would be a crime*". A year after the horrible tragedy, lost in the limbo of amnesia, I was

walking in the footsteps of the criminals, as if there was, and never had been, any other way.

It was not, of course, a crime of the same gravity; I never drugged, prostituted, publicly exhibited a beautiful eighteen year old girl delivered to circumcised bastards with big cocks for perverse sexual activities, nor did I threaten her family or friends with death, and I never promised any girl the bright future of Marilyn Monroe, minus suicide. It takes a degree of *hatred* of nature, and of the best elements of the best races that are its best expression, that is properly unimaginable for the almost normal human being that I am, to accomplish this kind of crime. But my anger against Bérangère, a kid barely younger than Lena/Shana, and in every way adorable, was just the same. What had I become? How was this even possible? How could I have become a traitor to whom I was just a year before?

To my knowledge, there is no general description, no characterization of this very spectacular phenomenon which is the total and brutal change of the personality, following a form of trauma. It is undoubtedly one of the aspects of the *Janissary syndrome* that completely change the personality. Practically, this is still used in *mind control* or brainwashing operations, which aim to create new personalities who have no memory of the old ones, and who worship their torturers. These new personalities, as I have noted, systematically attack anything that might refer to the old, more natural and more beneficial ones.

"When the moment of the upside down world has come and it is to be mad to ask why you are being murdered, it becomes obvious that one passes for mad at little cost." Celine, *Journey to the End of the Night*.

When Céline wrote these lines, after an atrocious first world war which almost nobody at the time could see what interests it had served, he perhaps had no idea that he would see others, and much worse, in the next round, in which we are still trapped.

When I attacked Bérangère by seeing her as an enemy, or at least as a danger, and with an intensity commensurate with the amorous attraction I had for her, my emotional system of reaction to the world was properly reversed.

A certain Daniel, from Betar, he said

The little Bérangère had disturbed me, she had caused a stir. Upset, I went home to find Kate, and I told her what was being said about me, and her, in the village. In doing so, I unleashed a storm. The immense potential for hatred of Kate, the drug-addicted runaway, escaped at sixteen from a rapist and sadistic father and a whining and impotent mother, was concentrated on Bérangère, the young girl in full bloom, charming, intelligent and loved by all. The hatred concocted in the tortures and mutilations of families or history is easily redirected into the channel of jealousy, where it finds its natural outlet. Everything that is beautiful, natural, lovable and superior, becomes the object of the destructive hatred of Caliban, the black and tortured being, who claims to be insulted and mortified if he is not considered an equal, which he cannot be, no matter what he does.

Kate started to imprecate against Bérangère, this "little bitch", then she started to scribble a page of garbage drawings with insulting comments, supposed to represent the one who had just been promoted as the outlet of her hate. Then, she summoned me to tell her where Bérangère lived, to go and deposit the horrible drawings at her home. Horrified myself, I began by refusing categorically. Then she started to threaten me. Of what, I do not remember well. Maybe to break everything, maybe to leave me, but that probably wasn't enough. I think she threatened to physically attack Bérangère, and disfigure her. She was probably crazy enough to do it, at least in part. I couldn't see myself following Kate around, to prevent her from doing anything irreparable. And I wasn't even sure I could do it. When her hatred exploded, this rather slender girl turned into a real bomb, a destruction machine, and you could feel that nothing would stop her. It was terrifying. She bragged that she had once managed to put away three guys, three drug dealers with whom she had a little problem. It sounds implausible, but I believe it. In that state, she wouldn't have hesitated to risk her own life in her rage to gouge someone's eyes out. And she had, too, a strength beyond the ordinary, almost supernatural, perhaps the same as that seen in so-called *satanic* possessions. Some Nordic warriors were probably capable of voluntarily inducing a similar state in themselves in combat situations, and had named it *berserk*; it was a terrifying psychic weapon. In contact with Kate, I finally experienced it myself, and it is a state which is, in its own way,

a kind of ecstasy, which one can easily imagine taking you straight to Walhalla; it is a state which joins to an elementary, animal strength, an extreme lucidity, and also, this decisive impression in combat, that time slows down, and that your opponents, under the influence of reflection or terror, are slow and hesitant. A physiologist would probably say that this is caused by a flow of adrenaline far beyond the ordinary. This powerful phenomenon, like the closely related rage, is not on the official list of the most powerful emotions, and that is probably because the cases are too rare to be studied; at first glance I think it is an inversion of the emotion catalogued as the most powerful, terror. This was the first time I had seen Kate in this state, or close to it, and it was really scary. In these situations, there is no alternative but to resort to violence, and it was a repeat of what had happened to me with the Judaic mob, the Hollanders and company. Although the level of their threats was, in comparison, extremely high, it would have been much easier to reduce this gang of vicious but cowardly twisted people to mercy than to confront Kate.

With a heavy heart, feeling as if I were stuck in the worst darkness, I went with Kate so that she could slip her rag under Bérangère's door.

In the evening, a guy named Daniel, who looked like a big, vaguely redheaded doll who ate too much, and who said he "loved children" with a greedy eye, took Kate and me aside in a small deserted square. Bérangère had left, had taken the boat with her family, and he had accompanied them to the port. She was crying a lot, he said. I was sorry about that, of course, and Kate could only be happy about it. Then he began to comment on Kate's rag. He began to delude himself that it could only be the work of a psychotic, and that this psychotic could not be a woman, according to his, Daniel's, immense knowledge in the field of psychopathology. So I was the culprit. Nothing could be done. No matter how much Kate giggled and bragged about having produced the thing, no, it could only be the work of a man, me in this case. It was, in fact, my blood that he wanted, and all this was motivated by the filthy jealousy, because this polymorphic pervert moron Freud style was undoubtedly drooling with pedophile concupiscence for the little Bérangère. And the chubby started to become aggressive, he pretended to break my face. "Mind your own business", I said to try to get rid of him. I saw Kate's eyes frozen in a worrying fixity, she started to swing slightly from one leg to the other, like a cat that is going to pounce on a mouse, with a vague smile, as if in a trance, she almost looked like a stucco statue of Saint Theresa enjoying

the favors of her Lord; she was scouting the prey on which she was going to be able to unleash herself, at the first movement of its part, and obviously, she was enjoying it in advance. She was particularly wound up. The idiot, who could not see anything, began to assume a sort of grotesque *karate-like* pose and declared superbly, in order to terrorize me and assert his supreme rights over my miserable person: "I am a Jew, I am from Betar." The Betar is a Jewish paramilitary organization, always protected by the occupied governments, which has the characteristic of always attacking in packs, and of not hesitating to carry out punitive expeditions against *anti-Semitic* women and old men. But the result of his rodomontade was very different from what he expected.

I was obviously not going to fall on my knees and beg him to forgive me, what was likely to happen was that I would have to restrain Kate from gouging his eyes out, and with no certainty of success. I had been trying to explain, and in a way justify myself for a good ten minutes at least. I was more than tired of having this idiot trying to judge and condemn me. There was a long moment of waiting, as if the word "Jew" was struggling to find its way into my memory. I was facing a Jew, a member of the chosen and persecuted race, etc., but the reflex conditioned by constant exposure to propaganda, Shoah and otherwise, was no longer working perfectly. "Jew" also evoked something else, I didn't really know what, my memory being locked, but in any case something dark, and bad. I couldn't stand it any longer when one of these people pretended to make me feel guilty, as they had done a hundred times before. And my answer finally emerged on my lips, totally unexpected: "Dirty Jew", I said. Saying this, breaking the ban, I suddenly felt both an intense shiver of stress, and an immense feeling of liberation, like a weight lifted from my chest. A flood of adrenaline, long contained and repressed, invaded my whole being. As a result, the warmongering braggart, whom this should have enraged, immediately broke down. His pink cheeks turned pale, and his arms fell, swinging, along his body. Suddenly all the elaborate propaganda, all that terror on which the power and security of the least Jew is based, whether he wants to and knows it or not, was reduced to nothing, leaving only a "dirty Jew". In two words, I had destroyed the spirit of terror, and I had freed myself from the foul guilt.

He stammered something like "*Nazi, Shoah*", as if that could still have any effect on my newfound rage; I don't remember exactly, it was probably the usual propagandistic *leitmotivs* I'd heard a thousand times, but I

remember my answer well: "Anyone would become a *Nazi* because of assholes like you," I said to finish him off. That was the killer part, because the anti-Semitism we hear about has to have a similar cause to that of other events of the same type, and the detestation of any category of beings is always caused by the detestable behavior of those beings. Nowadays, the propaganda, mostly organized by the same Jews, diverts the hatred onto others, mostly onto *anti-Semites*, who have never really caused us any harm. Passing without transition from one extreme to the other, the braggart, in full moral collapse, stripped of his *fatal weapon*, the accusation of *racism and anti-Semitism* which sanctifies all sorts of massacres and exactions, let out a tear before withdrawing, staggering, totally decomposed.

What is astonishing is the brutal and complete reversal of the situation. It only took two well-spoken words for the fear, or terror, or guilt, that this individual thought he was surfing on with ease, to change sides. At a very basic level, we know that the flow of adrenaline generated by a conflictual or dangerous situation is only externalized in two possible behaviors: fear which generates flight or avoidance, or aggression. It is quite rare that there are such shifts, and, globally, such a shift, when fear changes sides, is the obvious sign of a revolution. It is rather unpleasant to say that our worlds are held, in a hidden way, by terror, but this is globally the case, and a revolution is precisely the symptom when populations switch from one state to its opposite.

That I was able to find, in the wreckage of my consciousness, the words that would turn the situation completely around, is not insignificant. There was, of course, the full weight of the horrors I had suffered at the hands of Jews, and I didn't know anything about it consciously at the time. But most people put up with tons of horror all their lives without ever having the slightest inclination to rebel. There is definitely something else. I imagine that this "other thing" is that I had acquired, in my condition of front-line victim, a kind of intimate, rather indefinable awareness of the mechanisms of reversal. To have been *turned around* myself, and in a horrible way, and without me being able to defend myself in any way, had given me in a way the key to a situation. And now I had just used it, instinctively. I knew exactly which button to press: it's all one, or all the other. In a world ruled by terror, and our world is ruled by the *anti-racist* terror of the Daniel's, any compromise, any negotiation is a capitulation.

It was quite astonishing, but I didn't pay much attention to it; the relief of being rid of that jerk dominated, and also, alas, the thought of little Bérangère, whom I imagined crying on the quay while waiting for her boat, that tore me up even more. But the Daniel had played, in spite of himself, the guinea pig of an experiment on the most violent emotions, those which absolutely dominate the field of the conscience, the terror and the aggression. From a certain degree of intensity, the most violent emotions can reverse into their exact opposite: terror into aggressive violence, and aggressive violence into terror. This polarity also exists for more complex and refined emotions, like love and hate, but not with this level of suddenness. Everything happens as if we were in the world of Newtonian mechanics, as if a force automatically generated a reaction in the opposite direction. I saw a rather incredible video in which a leopard was chasing a baboon that must have been less than half its weight, a rather easy prey. Suddenly, the baboon turned around and made a violent attack. The leopard was startled and backed away. It had toppled over instantly. The baboon started to run again, the leopard started to chase him, and the baboon did it again. The leopard got scared again and backed away. After two or three times, he got tired. The baboon had learned the art of manipulation and intimidation, an art that is quite common among humans, and it is based on the same principle. Action creates reaction.

Later, the state of grace being gone, the guilt would come back in force. One swallow does not make a spring, they say. This outburst of "dirty Jew" had taken place at a time of extreme tension; there was Bérangère's aggression, Kate's violence, all events that would never have happened without the terrorist separation of Lena/Shana, and which were therefore all, in the end, due to the criminal Jewish pornographers, and beyond that, all the scum, ethnic or not, who support them from near or far. I was not aware of it at all, having forgotten everything; yet it undoubtedly made its way into my mind, emerging from my memory. And later I would gradually return to the ordinary, believing that my temporary anti-Semitism, this insolent violation of the taboo, would have the worst consequences. But, of course, nothing happened. Everyone acted as if nothing had happened, as if the established order had never been challenged, because everyone was afraid that this conflict would be reopened.

This fortuitous event, due to a set of improbable circumstances, and which was the fruit of the exasperation of a moment and not of a reflection, left traces in my memory but I did not measure its significance except to

frighten myself. In fact, it clearly exposed, on the one hand, how the quality of *being Jewish* was used in the contemporary post-Shoatic world as a means of pressure, domination, aggression or exaction, and on the other hand, that the foundations of this domination were purely imaginary, and could vanish with a simple reflection meaning that the terror-guilt complex no longer worked.

When I saw, quite recently, photos and videos of the Dany Cohn-Bendit of the time, especially in the TV show where he shamelessly apologizes for the pleasures of pedophilia, I saw little more than a vague resemblance to this Daniel, but to tell the truth I never inquired about his identity, which didn't particularly interest me; it's quite possible that this type of individual is more or less mass-produced from the same mold. He and a few dozen others were part of the *regular* French group on the island, and no one cared much about what was going on in the distant world off the island, nearly a day's boat ride away. I have an anecdote that shows the muffled malevolence of the character, an anecdote without much interest if it is only about an ordinary Jew, but obviously more interesting if it is about the Dany, the hero of the media, who bragged about his pedophile tastes, and even today supports the ferocious exploitation, if not the destruction, of the European peoples by the anti-racist terror. One windy evening, on the way to the nightclubs, I got a dust in my eye; as I wore contact lenses, I had to remove the lens, moisten it - a little saliva did the trick - and put it back in clean. I had done this dozens of times, it was just a routine. It was an operation I did very carefully, because I didn't have any spare lenses, I couldn't risk losing them. Too expensive, at that time. Daniel was with me, I don't know what we were talking about, I don't remember much of what he was saying, except that he was angry with me when I said I couldn't stand Muslims and considered them a threat, while he was defending those *poor immigrants* against my *inhumanity*; a song that is becoming more and more grating, but that we are told over and over again. When I took out my contact lens to do my usual operation, he whispered to me: "You're going to lose it!" while it was just balanced on the tip of my index finger, which broke my concentration, made me jump, and, of course, I lost it. I couldn't find it in the dark. "I told you so," he trumpeted, pleased with his prescience. I was furious. "You could have kept your mouth shut!" Then he used all his Talmudic art to add insult to injury; I was of course the only one responsible for the loss of my lens, and moreover I made him, the innocent Daniel, my *scapegoat*. I had

to take all the blame, and by complaining about him, I was making my case worse. As we used to say in my neighborhood when I was a kid, *I would have eaten him*. But then, I was still, without knowing it, under the influence of Christianity, which forgives offenses, and I forgot my fury. I didn't know he was Jewish, and besides, at that time, I had never linked any behavioral quirks to Judaism. I spent the rest of my stay in a one-lens half-blindness, promising myself, somewhat belatedly, that I would never be alone with this individual.

Dentist, the return of the mafia

Two years later, another event almost brought my encounter with Lena/Shana back into my memory, and this time again in relation to the Jewish world, which was definitely the lock preventing me from regaining consciousness; in fact, I could not regain consciousness without being automatically labeled an *anti-Semite*, which in the increasingly gulagged Western world is a *crime against humanity*.

Kate, who felt, with good reason, that nobody liked her on the island except a few junkies, had decided that she had to leave. She had been obnoxious; she had even, one day, stolen some old friends. Mired in this perverse relationship, and subjected to an insidious and constant terror that I was not really able to perceive, I ended up agreeing to leave my island, instead of leaving her. It was a terrible catastrophe for me, I loved this life more than anything else, even if Kate had strongly contributed to its deterioration. But it seemed that I had to continue on the path of my descent into hell.

I had managed to get a few accessories that were rare on the island, and especially a long watering hose that saved me from having to take water from the cistern in a bucket to water my plants, which was quite tedious. I didn't think of leaving it in the house, especially since if some foolish tourist misused it, he could empty the cistern in no time. Not knowing what to do with it, strangely enough, I thought of the Frenchman who had a house near a beach on the island, Jean-Pierre, the *dentist*. He was the one who had tried to kill me with his speedboat while I was diving, and was partly responsible for my departure, but all this was part of the zone forbidden by amnesia. There was a kind of curiosity that pushed me towards his house, as if there was a mystery there that I should try to see. By a strange resurgence of

memory, his figure came to me as I was about to leave the island, and I decided to bring him my hose.

The reception was rather cool, if not downright hostile, and I couldn't figure out why. He didn't want my hose, he said. I knew the man was rude, but instead of scaring me away, I was intrigued. I tried to understand the reason for his animosity, since *I had not done anything to him*. When he realized that, in fact, he had nothing to fear from me, his tone changed. Maybe I wasn't an enemy after all, but an accomplice, since in the mafia world, and in the world of the chosen people of Israel, the enemy of the whole world, it's either one or the other, without a neutral position. Noticing Kate, who was standing modestly still, he began to explore, his eye suddenly bright with lust, the path of Mafia complicity, "A little hug, perhaps?" This, of course, amazed me. That I wasn't an enemy didn't mean I was ready to share with him, and perhaps the rather dark woman who stood back and hadn't said a word, even to greet us. I told her that no, this was not something I was doing, this was not at all my way of conceiving life, sex and love.

This enraged him immediately. Coming out of his shell, he began to spit in my face a stunning speech, "This is not like the girl you loved, she was doing what was asked of her, she had been well trained."

Trained? What, who was he talking about?

"What?", I said.

He continued, his eye shining with hatred, a story about this *girl I loved*.

"The girl you loved came to my house. She didn't want to go to the hotel, she was crying. She stayed a few days. She had the reputation of having a beautiful body, I asked her to undress. She understood, she undressed, and she lay down on the sofa with her legs spread. It was true that she was beautiful. I put myself on top of her, but I couldn't do it. She was crying too much. I couldn't do it!" And, saying this, his tone became full of anger; he looked at me with hatred, as if it were my fault.

I also felt that, if he told me this horrible story of a failed rape, it was to hurt me. But I didn't understand anything, I was totally surprised, and I had a feeling of unreality, no pain, no anger, nothing.

"I offered to do her teeth, free of charge, in Paris, so that she could become a model, of course if she was nice to me. I would have made her the most beautiful teeth possible. But she refused."

But who was he talking about? I was taken aback. The girl I loved? I thought only of my wife, Anna, the one who had left me, but it didn't fit her, she had perfect teeth.

"Who are you talking about, it can't be Anna? She didn't even know you."

He was taken aback for a moment. "How can you forget her, she was the most beautiful girl in the world."

Then, "She killed herself, it's because of you. How can you be so stupid!"

Carried away by his fury, he finally said to me: "They told me to kill you, I didn't succeed, I should do it now".

There he had found a partner. During my relationship with Kate, I hadn't learned to fight, but I had learned to become a *berserk*, to be animated by an uncontrollable destructive rage. A tall, vain, hormone-fueled cowboy who wanted to steal a pool table from me and had called me an *asshole* without my provoking him experienced this. Instantly changing my state, I grabbed a half-empty beer can and said in a voice full of rage, "*I will make you eat that can!*" as the image of the can being shoved down his throat flashed through my vision as the goal to be achieved. I hadn't really *learned* anything, I had fallen in an absolutely automatic way in a state that I had never known nor seen; it had been transmitted from Kate to me, by I don't know what channel, and in a completely unconscious way. Probably a kind of mirror effect, or empathy; states are transmitted better and more surely than ideas; one can notice it, more commonly, in love. If the Greeks of the bar, who had immediately understood the situation, had not intervened to stop me and make me come back to earth, the big fool would have eaten the can, he knew it, and he was absolutely terrorized.

"You better be well armed," I said, "because this isn't going to be easy."

This was enough to instantly calm his murderous intentions, because if murder is easy, war is much more risky.

"That's not what I was told... I was told that you were afraid..." he stammered, disconcerted.

At the same time, it reminded me very vaguely of something, the threat of death, as if there was a small crack in the leaden blanket that encircled my memory.

In a situation of advantage now, with a mobster who would no longer dare to assault me, the lid of terror and taboo related to the former similar situation dissipating, all that he had just said to me, all those strange things about a *most beautiful girl in the world* that I would have known, began to insert itself into my consciousness, as if it were no longer entirely foreign. I felt, but very vaguely, like a sleeping memory, without knowing more; I passed into a confused state, like the beginning of a waking dream. I felt that there was something; it was not a state that was unknown to me, it was more or less the state of hypnosis or of light trance in which I immersed myself when I was in analysis, but the memories aroused by the analysis were without interest.

"I think I remember something.... Tell me more!" I said to the Jewish mafia dentist.

"Ha-ha you want to know more!" he said, sensing that he could regain an advantage to crush me. "You want to know how she died? She shot herself in the head."

Suddenly, the dark woman, who was in the background, intervened, panicked: "Stop, Jean-Pierre, he's going to become dangerous!" and he immediately fell silent.

This immediately stopped my reminiscence state, too. I fell back into a normal state, and all perception of a memory disappeared. The conversation stopped, we had nothing more to say to each other.

I went out with Kate. He and his friend walked to the door and watched us leave. He had that black, evil look in his eyes that I had seen before, but I couldn't remember where or when. "He's crazy, this guy, why does he want to kill me?" I said to Kate. She didn't answer anything. Maybe she had made the connection between the phone number I had received from Dimitri and what we had just been told, but she hid it carefully; for her, it was one less rival, and it was good for her that she had disappeared even from my memory.

Seen a long time later, now that I have recovered my memory, it seems quite improbable that I could have managed to neglect, as unimportant or

even non-existent, two facts as strange as the telephone number given by Dimitri and the story Jean-Pierre had told me. Both pointed to the same thing, a very beautiful girl I had loved; this should have at least intrigued me. However, no connection was made between these two events, each one remained in its own strangeness, without any connection with reality. There was, however, a hidden force, which had pushed me to go to drop off, without any reason, my hose to this Jean-Pierre to whom I had never spoken; but this force never reached my consciousness.

Amnesia feeds on terror and horror; the story of this monster telling me how he had a beautiful nineteen year old girl undressed and then tried to rape her, totally desperate and hiccuping with despair, is absolutely foul. What kind of individual can be monstrous enough to commit such acts? Do these beings, *friends* of Lena/Shana, belong to civilization? Are they thriving because they are too horrible for us to see who they are?

And finally, the other world

I could also have connected these events to another fleeting event that had happened to me some time before, and which I did not understand at all. One day, while I was lying on my bed in my Parisian studio, and while Kate was absent, a woman, a ghost, appeared at the foot of the bed. She seemed very beautiful, and she looked at me in silence. She was, for me, a kind of angel, but I couldn't connect her to anything in my real or psychic life. I had no idea what she was doing at my place. I did feel some kind of emotion, something powerful that seemed to emanate from her, but it was very vague. "Who are you?" I asked, and she disappeared. Around the same time, before or after, I don't know, I heard a quick news item on the television about a famous porn star who had committed suicide in Hollywood. I was in the kitchen, and it intrigued me, I don't know why, maybe because of some kind of voyeurism; I went to the set to see if there was a picture of the beautiful star, but it was already too late.

Another time, much later, the *beautiful* forgotten *girl* would make another attempt to contact me, under extremely strange circumstances. I was then teaching in an ethnology department, while still being a computer scientist, and teaching computer science. I had always been interested in anthropology, and thus its little sister ethnology; and this interest had come to me in a fortuitous way, in sociology courses that I was taking to complete

my training in science or pseudo-science economics. As I was not a *real* sociologist, the Marxist professor had given me a lecture on an exotic phenomenon, a curious and interesting genre, but far from the serious societal preoccupations of sociologists, "magic in primitive societies", with a book by Lévi-Strauss about I don't know which tribe of Indians. The learned Lévi-Strauss, in the presence of Indian shamanism, had roundly decided the matter: the shaman's magical operations are nothing but artifice, deception and simulation; the shaman is a schizophrenic who is unaware of himself, but whom the great Lévi-Strauss has flushed out; and finally, if the shaman obtains results, it is thanks to an effect discovered by the brilliant anthropologist, symbolic efficiency, which is, roughly speaking, a theory according to which the summit of art, in culture, is to lie in order to influence the suckers. Without really knowing why, perhaps because I had read Artaud on the Tarahumaras, the theory of the schizophrenic shamanic swindler revolted me, and I made, to everyone's surprise, a presentation that demolished, in the polite forms of the academic exercise, the Great Master of structuralism, and great promoter, next to the theory of the shamanic swindler and others of the same ilk, of the theory of the unquestionable equality of races. Who was the swindler? It must be said that, also, the frequentation of drugs had opened my psyche a little. Nearly thirty years later, I found myself in a department of ethnology where one sought to understand shamanism by entering into it, and by avoiding external judgments.

The professor who had introduced me in this department had a very singular background, and strangely enough quite comparable to mine, with a gap of about fifteen years. He was gifted and had gone to a prestigious school; his wife and children having disappeared in a sect of fundamentalist Christian inspiration, leaving him devastated, he had turned to the study of religion; like me, he was close to Taoism, knew the I Ching thoroughly, and also astrology, which I knew a little, but had neglected in favor of Tarot, the semi-direct clairvoyance which I found more exciting. This guy, who was very close to me, died one day of a heart attack in front of the University, exactly as he had predicted through astrology. And in a memorial meeting of the whole department, and those who had appreciated him, which was a lot of people, a psychic, whom I had met by chance, was brought in to contact him.

When the session began, Yves, the deceased, began by addressing everyone, and then some of us in particular, including me. In reality, he had

nothing to say that we didn't already know, and what he said almost sounded like the speeches at prize-giving ceremonies, where he said all the good things he thought about the career of this or that person. You could see the intense effort of concentration of the psychic, and you had the vague impression that it wasn't worth it. There was not much, in any case, to validate the interest of the experience. And then there was a sudden, totally unexpected break in the quiet flow of the deceased's words: "I'm sorry, this is very embarrassing, but I can't stop it," said the psychic, "a force much more powerful than Yves' is pushing him aside, she absolutely wants to talk." There was a little stupefaction in the room, whose interest was immediately aroused. "She is a young woman, and she is extremely beautiful. She says she wants to talk to Eric. Eric, that's me, Yves had already called me by my first name before. I was taken aback and said, "Who is she? What does she want to tell me? And the psychic replied, "She can't talk here, she can only say it in private."

When, at the end of the session, my friends came to see me to comment, I amazed them by saying that I had not thought of going to see the psychic. I didn't refrain from making a boastful little joke, saying that it didn't surprise me that a very beautiful woman wanted to talk to me, and that I was used to it; but a very beautiful woman, dead, whom I would have known, didn't mean anything to me at all. It was a time when, following the horrors that my ex-concubine and the justice system, united in the unconditional defense of the necessarily *victimized* freaks, made me suffer about my daughter, I had become a serious alcoholic. I didn't see why I should go to this psychic, and besides, I had enough of my own problems. Yves was an important figure in our community, much more so than I was, as far as I could tell. And his cavalier dismissal, which revealed, among other things, that there is an indisputable hierarchy in the other world, where a woman far more important than Yves wanted to address me alone, was also very disturbing. Finally, I even said that it was not possible, there had to be *something* behind it; I did not want to believe in the reality of *spirits*, which I felt I did not need. This greatly affected the psychic, who had insisted that such events are very rare, and even her daughter, whom I met some time later, told me that it had made her despair and lose interest in her work. According to her, there was a serious danger threatening humanity, and I was the only possible messenger; I didn't believe a word of it, not seeing myself in this role at all, and thought she was a bit crazy.

It was probably the biggest mistake of my life. Even just out of curiosity, just *to see*, I should have gone; who would refuse to be contacted by an extremely beautiful young woman?

Probably, this particular character, *extremely beautiful*, must have evoked in me something that immediately reactivated the amnesia, the whole defense system of which I was not at all aware. The most astonishing, and even improbable, is the *lightness* with which I took this affair, undoubtedly typical of the "*move along, there's nothing to see*". I was faced with an exceptional, enormous event, *unheard of* in the world I was evolving in, but I didn't even think about it, I didn't think about it, I didn't decide anything, I almost automatically said I wouldn't go, without even trying to know why. It was almost as automatic as if I had stopped at a crossroads because the light was red, a kind of reflex that you don't even think about. I was, in principle, a *free* and *rational* being. The most terrible thing about oppression is that it is smooth and amorphous: it anaesthetizes, it paralyzes, it stuns.

The state in which amnesiacs, whether spectacular amnesiacs like me or ordinary little amnesiacs, are stuck is generally *apathy*, the absence of a strong emotional response. Apathy is considered a personal matter of psychology, but in fact it is deeply political. In his description of the democratic system, Aristotle emphasizes the importance of theater, a form of cathartic ritual specific to the Athenians. The theater aims at creating the *pathos*, the emotions which, much more than the transitory laws, will gather the people in a common work. It is by the *pathos*, the emotions, that one recognizes intimately, in its flesh, what is good or bad. An apathetic world is a disoriented world, where the pseudo-citizens do not react to anything anymore, and are manipulated without mercy.

In a natural state, the mention of an *extremely beautiful woman* provokes excitement and enthusiasm. It is excitement and enthusiasm, feelings or psychic states, which tell us whether something is *interesting* or not. All creative people in any field know they have succeeded in something when they have a burst of enthusiasm, it is not a rational process, even when it comes to science. What determined for me not to go to this psychic was that I felt absolutely nothing, no emotion, nothing.

And our eyes are as if turned upside down

"With all his eyes the creature sees the Open. Only our eyes are as if *turned back*, and around them stand like traps, encircling their free opening." Rainer-Maria Rilke, *Duineser Elegien*.

Life is ecstasy

The forbidden zones of the psyche are still the same for most unfortunate Westerners, and the phobia of *racism* and *anti-Semitism* imposed by propaganda is almost general. One hears very often: "I'm not a racist, but...", and usually follows a long lament about a whole set of real facts, the parasites who plunder welfare, colonize public housing and whole areas of the city, steal, rape, assault, etc. But be careful, "I am not a racist". We have the same thing with the Jews: "I have nothing against the Jews, but..." Obviously, it is easy for a manipulator to demonstrate that evoking real facts is *racist* or *anti-Semitic*, and that the "but" shows a beginning of disbelief in the dogma. This is the attack that most Westerners face every day. An essential part of reality, essential to the point of conditioning our survival, is being progressively erased, although its real effects are increasingly deleterious.

It is the exclusive domination of conditioning, which is the normal situation of most people, even if there are many signs that this conditioning is crumbling in the face of an increasingly unbearable reality, which obviously worries its promoters a lot.

It happens, however, that our *true nature* wakes up, and this is what happened to me, long before I met Lena/Shaula, when I was twenty-three or twenty-four years old. For those who would believe that *true nature* is a *myth*, a *social construct*, as is the fashion of the day among the so-called intellectuals, I graciously provide an old quote from St. Paul, or Sa'ul Paulus, a mercantile Judeo-Roman cosmopolitan, a key architect of the remodeling of consciousness, who took it very seriously and expands at length on the practical means of combating it:

"If you live according to your own nature, you will die, but if by the Spirit you put to death the ways of the body, you will live." *Romans*, 8:13

One can only admire with what talent our preacher associates a threat of death to nature, to give all life to his demonic and destructive *Spirit*. Nietzsche called this a *crime against humanity*, long before the distant successors of Sa'ul Paulus seized the expression to reverse its meaning, making the return to the true nature of peoples THE *crime against humanity*, and those who understood Nietzsche *criminals*. This affair is obviously far from over.

"If the natural consequences of an act are no longer *natural*, but if one imagines them to be caused by ghosts of superstition, (...), it is because the first condition of knowledge is destroyed, it is because one has committed the greatest *crime against humanity*.

Sin, once again, that form of pollution of humanity par excellence, has been invented to make science, culture, all elevation, all nobility of humanity impossible; the priest rules by the invention of sin."

Nietzsche, *The Antichrist*, 1888 (published 1895)

The return to true nature, or its resurgence in certain contexts, generates an extremely violent, even, as Sa'ul Paulus fiercely points out, deadly conflict with ordinary conditioning. As things stand, this return is only a flicker of light, which is necessarily followed by a state of grave crisis. Our true nature has been suppressed, crushed, vilified for sixteen hundred years, and the minions of the totalitarian Spirit are not willing to give up control, privilege and abuse.

The *awakening*, which is very different from what the various religions and doctrines call *awakening*, is a return to a previous state, that of our own nature, which we all knew before the twists of conditioning. What brings about this awakening most of the time, if not always, is the total immersion in the universe of sensations and direct perceptions, in love and sexual activity.

I knew quite early the amorous or sexual fusion, what is called *orgasm*, a Greek word adopted by medicine which means "to bubble with ardor"; the word "ecstasy", a Greek word meaning "going out of oneself", is perhaps better, but it is not really a question of *going out of oneself* in the sexual ecstasy; it is indeed a question of freeing oneself from the ego, as in mystical ecstasies, but it is to find the deep Being, our own essence, which is totally ours, but also totally linked to the pulsations of the life of the universe; in

other words, and this is expressed as such in many Eastern practices, our *true nature*.

The ancient Greeks had a god for this natural ecstasy, they called him *Pan*, the All, because his experience knew no limits; other gods, often with horns and hooves, reminding us of our anchorage in the immense universe of Nature, were spread throughout Eurasia; Christianity, emanation of Judaism, champion of the totalitarian Spirit, will make them representations of the Devil, the Enemy. It is Nature, our true nature, which will then be banished, with horrible consequences.

Monique

I had met Monique; she was beautiful, Eurasian, a little oriental and mysterious, or at least that's how I fantasized about her; she was about thirty-five years old, in the middle of a divorce, and had three daughters. The anti-racism propaganda that had begun after the war, the attraction of oriental philosophies, and the Vietnam War then underway against her cousins probably contributed to embellish my perception of her; she had, like me, a junior position as an assistant at the leftist university of Vincennes. She was a mathematician; for some reason I've always had a *thing* for mathematicians, and for an even more mysterious reason, many mathematicians are very beautiful, or maybe I'm just lucky, but intelligence beautifies, and stupidity uglies. We were part of this fringe, elitist in fact, anarchist at heart, in break with society, and ready for all experiments. Our university was *experimental*, and we intended to take full advantage of the experience, to *reinvent life*, to be the demiurges of our own lives.

The story of the release of the deep orgasm, in my sexual frolics with Monique, is worth telling, although I am not at all sure that it is easily reproducible by candidates to ecstasy; in general, improvisation with the means at hand is the best adviser. It took place in rather improbable conditions, and not particularly *erotic*, according to the criteria of what the distinguished erotomaniacs call *erotic*.

The theater of the operation was the single bed, with tired springs, in my attic room where I had slept all my adolescence. We were at my parents' house, in the North of France, in one of those workers' houses of which there are endless lines of dirty reddish-brown; we were there because a Trotskyist or Maoist group from the University, Cause du People, Proletarian Left or

whatever, had announced with great fanfare that my hometown was on fire, the home of the new Revolution; I was surprised, having known only churchgoers, zombies and alcoholics for too many years, but I decided to go and see. Would a breath of life animate these poor people, my former neighbors, stultified by one hundred and fifty years of industrial slavery, and one thousand five hundred years of Christianity?

I had taken my hashish, as usual, and I had even proposed to take a puff to the revolutionary militant that I had taken along in my old Peugeot, which he had refused with the horror that this anti-social perversion deserved. In my room, with Monique, I put myself well *high*, to approach the situation serenely; we were not really in the ideal frame where Pan plays on the flute, in the flowered bocages, playing with the Syrphids. They say that love is a miracle, and when they say that, they mean authentic love, the miracle of attractions and bodies, which owes nothing to Jesus Christ. And the miracle of bodies began to take place.

I don't know if many lovers are aware of this, and it seems to be ignored by the charlatans who call themselves "sexologists", but in any relationship where the partners are of unequal experience, the less experienced, or the less gifted, stops at a phase that he or she cannot, or does not want to, go beyond. The phases of a relationship, in their principle, are simple: they are waves of synchronous movements whose rhythm goes to a *crescendo*, then calms down to regain strength, then resumes *crescendo* towards a higher rhythm, and so on until the infernal rhythm of the orgasm, which is a kind of reflexive rhythmic explosion of extreme intensity, and which seems to last an eternity, in a different space-time. The important thing is the synchronization: both partners must know how to synchronize themselves on exactly the same rhythm, and increase the frequency of this rhythm progressively. This is not very complicated for the rhythms at the lowest frequencies, which are not different from the rhythms of the dances to which everyone is more or less accustomed, but *following the rhythm* at higher frequencies becomes problematic for most; blocking phenomena, or seizing up, chaotic disruptive reactions intervene to ruin the affair. Orgasm is harmony. There was a level that I could not go beyond, and that I would have been unable to go beyond even with the best will in the world; these rhythms are involuntary, reflexive, natural, we cannot require them, but we can block them, without wanting to and without being aware of it.

Monique felt perfectly this blockage in me, and she had told me a word about it, but without insisting; one could hope for an improvement, a hundred times on the job put your work back, and it was already very satisfactory as it was. That night, genius opportunist, she decided to use the situation, the teenager's room, daddy and mommy staring down, to play a new card. You have to know that she was *in analysis* with a Freudian, undoubtedly to manage her separation with her husband, and thus, had to juggle with dad, mom, the forbidden, the love and the hate, two or three times per week. In the middle of the action, taking advantage of a rest phase, when I was stopped at my level, she whispered to me: "You can love me like your mother."

Penetrating straight into my brain evaporated in hash and sex, this simple sentence had explosive effects. Suddenly, all the blocks melted, and I returned to a stage of hyper-innocence, that of my true nature; a sensual surge followed, surprising Monique herself, and we reached quite quickly a totally liberated orgasm. It was Paradise regained.

This rediscovery of true nature, which I was unable to understand as such, brings a radiant state of being, a quiet freedom that claims nothing. The sordid aspects of the world do not disappear, but become irrelevant. One acquires a kind of quiet serenity that cares little for the disorders of the world. But I was really unable to understand what had happened to us. Prisoner of the spirit of the times, I tried to understand by using the fashionable tool, the psychoanalysis, which led me nowhere, only to interrogations. Monique was in analysis, and her story of *loving like your mother* smelled strongly of psychoanalysis. I wondered if her *analysis* had somehow introduced her to some terrible secrets. It was not, of course; the *mother* that Monique had evoked was not my mother, a beautiful woman, but very unsexed, like a fuck-a-regret, and not particularly likely to be an object of fantasy, but The Mother, the one whose warmth I had known when I was a child, the one who had quickly separated from me to the benefit of an educational training that she essentially supported, based on constraint, discipline, frustration, the abandonment of the warmth of natural love for the icy empyrean of the Love of the Other and of Sacrifice. She was the Mother forbidden by millennia of Judaic, then Judeo-Christian tradition. Psychoanalysis had put the finger where it hurts, without foreseeing that young enthusiasts strongly excited by the idea of *unrestricted pleasure* could attack, and why not, the taboo of taboos according to the Great Master Freud.

Monique had played a master stroke, but most probably without imagining the consequences. Knowing today psychoanalysis better than at the time, I imagine that her analyst did not congratulate her: the aim of the game is to make *the castration accepted* according to the dogma, but we were far from it; we had reactivated the *primary impulses*, which threaten nothing less, it seems, than the Civilization. We were, in fact, totally lost, in unknown territory, and without any support whatsoever.

At first, I was floating with Monique on a small cloud. But Monique's *blow* was to have unforeseen consequences. One does not evoke without consequences, indeed, the archaic Mother. She brings love, the ancient freedom of the senses, but also a total dependence, equivalent to that of the infant. I had effectively, or symbolically, *fucked my mother*, and it was the distribution of roles, between her and me. Monique did not press me in anything, but I came to consider her as oppressive; I had this impression, almost completely unfounded, that she restricted my freedom. The hold she had on me was most likely imaginary, but I found it unbearable. And, little by little, I began to detach myself from her.

One of the strange characteristics of the *great orgasm* is that, in the last moments of its realization, before the passage in a kind of dimension out of time and space, a feeling of death, of disappearance, is imposed, which can dissuade more than one who will not take the risk and will say "no". I don't know about other cultures, but the French call the climax of the sexual experience the "petite mort", little death, which seems to indicate that it was not unknown in the past. This links the orgasmic experience to mystical type initiations.

Most initiations are based on a ritual of death, of passing into the other world, and of rebirth, where one is reborn free of the fear of death. I am talking about *liberation* rituals, not the infamous rituals of modern sects which threaten to cut the throats of traitors and which, based on Judaism, forbid contact with the other world. Among others, the very important Mysteries of Eleusis, never disclosed, which contributed enormously to the Greek soul, and probably also to the invention of democracy. The Greeks have transmitted to the world works marked by a deep respect, even devotion to nature.

Unfortunately, most of the initiations we know today have the purpose of locking their adepts in a system of terror, guilt and dependence; we must

imagine that the Greek spirit has found a way that does more honor to humanity. After all, with Monique, we had reinvented a kind of initiation, and the result was indeed a form of liberation. In my *wild* and *experimental* experience, as finally made possible by the university where I was with Monique and the movement of the time, and while recognizing the extraordinary impact Monique had had on me, I had only one concern, to get rid of her and gallop on my own.

Liberated as I was, my deeper nature was not going to be long in expressing itself, with all its long contained power. My tastes, my opinions, my behaviors were going to be radically called into question. My relationship with Monique, under the sign of Orientalism and *soft* anti-racism, thus, finally, of ordinary conditioning, did not suit me anymore. I was animated by a violent desire for blondes, girls of my race, those who were destined for me by the natural law of attraction, which wants the improvement of races by the fusion of the best qualities of their members. This desire was in no way intellectual, or even civilized, it was the expression, normally buried, of a vital necessity.

Moreover, if Monique had been able, in a moment of distraction, to evoke my deep roots, the archaic Mother, instinctual freedom and love, it could not last long. Indeed, in this act of love that we repeated as soon as we had the opportunity, it is the most primitive sensations, the most basic, which dominate: the taste, the contact with the skin, and the smell. Now, all these sensations, with Monique, seemed to me more and more foreign, especially the one which, in the majority of the mammals, if not all, is used to divide the members of the clan, the close relations, the strangers or enemies, the smell. Her somewhat strong Asian smell bothered me more and more; I wanted to bathe in the more suave smell of a Nordic woman, which was the one my deep nature liked.

Of course, I was not aware of this, and even then, if I had been aware of it, it might have horrified me, as a sign of a *racist* nature that I would have disapproved of; what I was aware of was that Monique was getting on my nerves, and that was all.

Separating from her, I left for Morocco, Marrakech, for the Easter vacations; I had heard that it was a *hippies'* meeting place.

Morocco

My adventures in Morocco began under the sign of hostility. There was misery everywhere, you could see it, you could feel it, it permeated the already stifling air. I oscillated between disgust and pity, but, well brought up, I would never have let my disgust show at that time, and even, I forbade myself to feel such a shameful feeling; I was then as stupid as all the idiots who, today, in order not to appear *racist*, inhibit all their sensations and pretend to love the most repulsive beings, and even sometimes the most evil ones, that this earth has produced.

When I was taking a carriage ride to try to find a place to stay that wasn't too disgusting, a kind of tall, skinny beanpole in a djellaba of questionable hygiene rushed into the carriage and sat down beside me with authority. The driver wanted to chase him away, but, listening only to my good feelings, and mentally blocking any perception of his stench, I allowed him to stay. Then he asked me to go to his house, he wanted to show me something. It wouldn't take me long, he said.

Why not. I have always been curious about everything. So I accompanied him through the maze of the medina. Once I arrived at his place, a squalid shack, he began a concert of lamentations in which his misery, the holy name of Allah, and my insolent wealth as a miscreant were mixed. I had to give him my money, all my money, otherwise he would kill me immediately, because, he said, he had the right, and even the duty, a miscreant should not be able to insult a Muslim by his superior wealth. And he took a knife, probably *halal*, anointed by the Lord God, although I don't know if this kind of knife exists, in any case the idea was there.

One of my many quirks is that death threats leave me cold. Barely a shiver of adrenaline, but I immediately go into *icy* mode, a mode that is perhaps the extreme of the *cool* mode favored by the *babas*. I have a knack for attracting death threats, and also a knack for dealing with them without flinching. The guy was the desperate and crazy type, the most dangerous. I answered him in the most detached tone possible: "Oh, really?" or some other totally banal phrase like that. I won't teach you anything by saying that, basically, we are animals; we should never show our fear to an enemy, and it is very important to know how to block it, so that the fear changes sides. Then I explained to him, to push him down, that he would not kill me, that he would not get a penny from me, and even, to crush him, I told him that I

would surely have given him money if he had asked me, but not under these conditions; which was, by the way, a lie, I had no intention of giving him anything. To which he answered that he was not a beggar, that he was a *good Muslim*, although I did not see the connection, and began to cry, invoking his almighty God whose ways are inscrutable. This rag probably thought he belonged to a race of desert lords, whose only noble activity would be to pillage and ransom the infidels, especially crusaders and Europeans, and to cheerfully cut off the heads of the resisters. I left him to his poop, went out as if reluctantly, but without turning my back on him, and still breathed a "woof" of relief, quite happy to be alive, once in the alley.

After a few wanderings in this crazy world, which is sometimes bathed in a beautiful light, and definitely vaccinated against any form of Islamo-compatibility, which made my life *in situ* much easier, I finally found a room that suited me perfectly, at the top of a small hotel in the medina, where some hippies with a few watercolors had painted on the walls a big sun, the Sanskrit sign *Aum*, and written cryptic aphorisms like "*mind your feet*", on which one could meditate for hours without understanding their meaning, necessarily deep, but hidden. This room, located on the top floor, just below the terrace, was a real delight. I stayed there a lot, going out little, relaxing on my old bed, quietly smoking my hashish, soaking up the serenity of the place, only disturbed from time to time by the high-pitched cackling of the maids who looked after the rooms. I was indulging in my being; I just felt good, who I was, where I was. The glowing light, the soft warmth of spring, the fresh air of the heights satisfied me completely. I was in a kind of animal state, or natural state; one of the effects of the sexual ecstasy I had experienced is that it reconnects you to nature, as well as to your true nature; and in nature, sexual lack, the frantic restlessness of sex-obsessed humans, haunting every possible meeting place, does not exist. Strangely, I no longer *needed* sex, in the sense that most humans have a permanent need to fill their old failures with a new one.

Mireille

One day, at the end of the afternoon, as the light was turning very slightly pink, a girl appeared, against the light, on the corridor, in the frame of the open door. She was very blonde, tanned, lightly dressed; she was beautiful. You could almost feel her pulsating, just by looking at her. I got up quickly, and went to her; she was with a friend, they still had their bags, they had just

arrived. We quickly introduced ourselves; she was French, her name was Mireille. I told her that the terrace, just above us, was a very beautiful place; then I went up there. Five minutes later, unburdened of her luggage and her girlfriend, she joined me there. We went very quickly from a conventional conversation to a sensual outburst; then, quickly doped by the pleasure, already as in a second state, we went in my pretty room, perfect for the occasion. Mireille was sensuality itself; everything in her, lips, breasts, was swollen with flesh and life, and she made love with passion. We had no trouble climbing to the sky of ecstasy; everything in her was built for it.

"You are beautiful," I said.

"You're not bad either," she replied with a laugh.

The happy lovers enjoy saying simple things to each other, probably because love, this feeling that fills novels, tragedies and comedies, is finally a very simple feeling.

In the morning, she wanted to join her girlfriend for a while. I was in a rather vaporous state, still doped by the ecstatic flows of the night. In ecstasy, one experiences a feeling, extremely powerful, of fusion with the universe, or of global fusion; it is a state of absolute non-separation, a state in which, also, one is devoid of any judgment and any defense. In the culture where religion preaches universal love, non-separation of all beings, and all that nonsense, one easily goes from personal bliss to universal bliss; the feeling of fusion easily spills over to all beings. I don't know if it is the same for other cultures a little less delirious, I hope for them that not. When Mireille left, I immediately concocted a little delirium in which I was a new guru, a new Jesus Christ ready to re-found humanity in universal love. During 1968 and its events, I was influenced by the mythology of an enlightened man who fell from the sky of Israel, Julian Beck, guru of the *Living Theater*, who proclaimed: "Everyone must make love with everyone", taking up the sermons of Christ in a sexual way. In May 68, two years before, I had defaced the walls of the Sorbonne like many others by engraving on them: "Fuck each other for fear of being fucked", to which other anarchists had protested that fear should not be evoked, as if it had just been abolished, but I had a suspicion. I had read and loved Nietzsche, though, but I was unable to see that I was being fucked by religion, as I had been programmed to be during the horrible years of my infantile slavery.

Today I am, especially after the experience with Shauna, a total segregationist, and I no longer believe that we can change slaving, jealous, hateful humans, I only hope that we can separate ourselves from them with impassable barriers, that they stay in their shit, and not burden us with it. It is very, very clear that the delusions of this religion, lying and rotten, rebranded as authoritarian *Human Rights*, are killing us.

When Mireille finally came back, all smiling, the delirium had had time to eat my brains. I had probably started to smoke a little *kif* to spend time. I had lost all discernment and control; it was as if, letting myself go completely in love, in this kind of *letting go* as the urban mystics say today, I was also letting myself go without resistance to the educational and propagandistic delusion that claimed to control my life. I'm not sure if there is a connection, maybe so. In any case, I don't think I would have let myself go to such a delirium in the ordinary circumstances of life.

I said to Mireille, with a head full of good humanitarian intentions: "I should also make love with your girlfriend". In the immense universe of possibilities, she was the closest; I was going to start my universal sexual revolution with her. I had hardly seen her girlfriend, who was much less beautiful than Mireille, I had no desire for her, I was sacrificing to the religion of universal love. In my delirium, I was going to revolutionize the world through sex. I was doped by *hubris*, the intoxication of power, the one that in the Greek theater leads Oedipus to his downfall.

Mireille took it very badly and it didn't make her laugh at all, she left, stayed a long time with her friend, and we didn't go to lunch together. My career as a guru came to an immediate end in a catastrophe.

If I had really learned to listen to my nature, my own nature, eliminating the deleterious delusions of religions and ideologies, all this would not have happened, but at the same time, at that time, or even now, who in the world I knew could have put me on the path to this deliverance? To my knowledge, no one. I had to go this way alone, and it took a long, long time.

Mireille had lost confidence in me, and this crack, difficult to close, was only asking to be opened. I could feel that she was now putting a distance, weighing everything I could say. I was unreliable. She had quickly built a line of defense against me.

After all, we knew nothing about each other; our exchanges had been pretty much limited to the fact that we found each other beautiful and desirable. Bodies don't lie, beauty and grace don't lie, but words, like with Shauna, are a different story.

It wasn't *that bad* though; the magic of the night continued to work, at least in the bodies, if not in the minds. Nothing had apparently changed. But the talons of the vulture of sacrifice and universal love were now gripping our destinies.

Racial hatreds and utopias

We wandered around Marrakech, letting ourselves be carried away by curiosity, the attraction of what shines, like any tourists traveling aimlessly. We were ready to meet people like us, or close to us; humans are a gregarious species, and feel good in a small pack with close ties. But in Marrakech, we only saw losers wandering alone, or same sex couples, or people walking around in threes. No normal couples, the kind you see everywhere in the West. It was very, very striking, we were an exception. The locals never went out as a couple, but always between men or women, and it seemed to rub off on the foreigners. It was a noisy, colorful, and in some ways hostile world; that was how I felt; my experience with the crazy guy with the *halal* knife had not made me blissful. We didn't know where to find a quiet place, a *safe zone*, among the fortune tellers, the healers with their bits of dried toad, the snake charmers, the ballpoint pen sellers, the foaming lunatics with a leather strap in their hands, pretending to whip the little blackies into a trance.

We saw a storyteller surrounded by children. Children are less heavy than adults. But there were almost only boys. The girls stayed at home. The storyteller saw us, made us enter the circle; the kids made room for us, devouring Mireille with their dark eyes, as they would look at a coveted and forbidden delicacy, nudging each other and laughing. She was obviously dressed very lightly, in the loose *hippie* fashion of the time; among other things, she was not wearing a bra that would have concealed the magnificent curves of her breasts. This was quite a contrast to the brownish potato sacks the local veiled women wore. There was a moment of silence and awkwardness, and the younger children smiled at us, perceiving in us an instinctive freedom that is close to the one they still have. But the storyteller quickly tried to catch up with his audience. The atmosphere cooled down a

lot, the smiles became embarrassed, then disappeared. I don't know why he had called us, what his motivation was, I don't know what he said, but in my imagination, it could be a story related to the fate of sinners expelled from paradise, there are a lot of them in biblical, Koranic and Christian myths, and we were certainly not in the odor of sanctity; I think it's quite likely that the storyteller used us as a pedagogical example for tender souls, to avoid them the wanderings and temptations of sin; we were typical miscreants adorned with the Devil's beauty who were going to roast in hell.

I didn't know a word of Arabic, and I had no way of knowing what that damned storyteller had said, but I didn't have a good impression. Since my encounter with the lunatic who claimed to kill me, my assessment of Muslims had dropped sharply. It wasn't excellent, but it had been rather neutral until then - I had been to Tunisia twice before and had been rather well received, even if I had been bothered by the incessant propositions of *cultured* and *refined* faggots all out of the same mold, hunting at every corner. I had not spoken to Mireille about the incident; to tell the truth, we didn't talk about much of anything, and it was for me a closed case. It seemed to me, quite clearly, that the children's attitude was changing. I expressed my discomfort, but she replied that she hadn't noticed anything, that they were "just like everyone else," that their *culture* was as good as ours, and that to question this was "*racist*".

Wham! The *racist* devil had emerged from the box. After a misguided attempt to elevate myself to the status of world savior, I was thrown into the hell of *racism*. Boom! The Tarpeian rock is close to the Capitol. From love to *hate* in a matter of hours, I was having a little trouble catching up with the scattered pieces of my being.

At that time, the dogma that *racism* was the ultimate evil was hardly contested by anyone. No one would have dared to make fun of it. Everyone was helplessly confronted with the enormous pressure of propaganda; the effects were devastating.

I knew well, having learned it at school, and through the torture of my dear father, that *racism* was THE sin against the spirit, nature, life, and so on. And that to prevent it was a moral, social, philosophical, and even metaphysical duty. That ugly *racism*, the work of the devil, was what prevented our beautiful humanity from joyfully frolicking in the

multicultural paradise that was promised. And in which I believed, in the version of the universal orgy of: "Everyone must make love with everyone".

The universal orgy, the ultimate mix, was promoted by a pioneer, the extremist and Jacobin revolutionary, the former Marquis de Sade, who wanted to make it a public *citizen's* obligation from which it would be forbidden to escape. It is written in his little pamphlet *Français, encore un effort si vous voulez être républicains* (French, one more effort if you want to be republicans), included in his pornographic work *La philosophie dans le boudoir* (Philosophy in the Bedroom). We thus pass in all elegance from the paradise of the great orgy of the love of the neighbor to the totalitarian hell of the legalized rape without borders, which are the same thing, and have the same origin. And there we go, where the beautiful, *different* and predatory humanity has been welcomed *without discrimination*, all organized and applauded by the cabal of ultimate predators.

In short, I was *guilty*, and Mireille, messenger of God and good morals, called me to order. A well-deserved little revenge. I didn't know yet in a very sure way that not all beliefs are good to believe, even if I had been enthusiastic about Nietzsche and his violent criticism of life-predatory religions. And so, I took it right in my face, without being able to laugh about it.

But, as everyone knows, Nietzsche ended up badly, because in order to be *delivered from evil*, you must humbly ask God to free you from it, otherwise the sky will fall on your head. Why we must ask God to deliver us from evil, if not because he has the keys to the evil that shackles us, is a mystery that every Christian who recites his *Our Father* revives every day. So I had to make *amends* for the accusation of racism, blame the sinner.

I was, in fact, completely split. Far from unifying me, the experience of love had completely dissociated me.

In real life, this experience is exclusive, intimate, fusional, private, and perfectly *discriminatory*, even *racist*, the so-called *racism* being only one of the immense pile of discriminations that we constantly use to know if we choose one option or another, as far as we still have the freedom to do so. Experience shows that not everyone attracts everyone, to say the least, and that the quality of the relationship does not improve with the difference, quite the contrary.

In my spiritual life, or supposedly spiritual life, on the other hand, shaped by the terrors of education and propaganda, I had to be *open*, to share, love my neighbor, sacrifice myself, forget my ego, not be possessive and jealous, and a million other things, including, of course, horror of horrors, not being *racist*. The dreadful Nietzsche, again, calls all these idealities *specters*, one could say, scarecrows.

I was torn between my real feelings and sensations and the *specters* that were almost exactly at the opposite ends of the spectrum. My real life, or real life, was totally antagonistic to the ideal or spiritual life, to the imposed *values*. I was ripe, torn apart, to be butchered.

Mireille seemed totally unaware of her difference, of her beauty and intelligence which were the ultimate expressions of those of her race; worse than that, she denied them. I did not, at least in theory, have different convictions; I had been indoctrinated and not just a little. But, out of a kind of instinctive distrust, I did not provoke the fire sword of the Archangel, or that of the Beast, since they are only One. My nature, perhaps a kind of charisma or grace that I had, led me to free, accomplished and exclusive spaces, which my learned and imposed convictions reproved. I had no more conscience than Mireille, but I had learned to behave better, in an empirical way, although the incident of the friend with whom I *had to* make love showed that it was quite messy for me too.

In the usual kind of consensus, called *hypocrisy*, most people manage to proclaim their immense devotion to the most conformist *values*, while doing as they please in reality. This is the usual game of *conformity*. Most people manage it very well, and I used to do so as well as anyone else; it all works pretty well as long as some fanatic, a Savonarola, or a politician in the service of the New World Order, doesn't come along and scream that real life must be conformed to the utopian imperatives of the dogma, no matter how much damage it causes.

Now, by revenge against my utopias of universal love, or by deep fanatic conviction, Mireille had just dealt me a low blow, to put the finger on the gaping fracture of my dissociated being.

In fact, in my ordinary life, I was quite aware of the differences, like everyone else, and I took them into account; I had tried for a while to follow an *anti-racist* policy in my activities at the University, but no one knows how to turn pumpkins into carriages; only a bunch of brainwashed fanatics

believe against the evidence in a *happy tomorrow* or in the multicultural paradise of *living together*. So I was making a distinction, as most people probably do, I was professing some things, and applying others.

This is ordinary hypocrisy, which is the only reasonable option in a crazy world, where the reality of huge racial differences is denied by the official and obligatory discourse that pretends they do not exist. This can only work, albeit poorly, if no one waves the specter of *racism* under their neighbor's nose, which is precisely what Mireille had just done.

To choose so clearly the ideals of one's doctrine against sensible reality was probably not a good idea; there were certainly a thousand ways to avoid the conflict, or even to laugh at it, but the times were sectarian, and they still are, although the revolt against doctrinaire oppression is breaking out here and there, as the morbid pressure of *anti-racist* fanaticism becomes more and more evident.

Today I find some virtues in hypocrisy, that horrible attitude which exasperates fanatics; at least hypocrisy protects from the horrors of the inquisition, it is an attitude of safeguard and insubordination camouflaged under an apparent submission. Christ, prophets, preachers and fanatics hate hypocrites, I hate Christ, prophets, preachers and fanatics. Whatever happens, I will not enter the universal totalitarian brothel.

Once the immense and foul specter of *racism* that has been rotting the life of the West since the end of the Second World War was raised, it was not likely to let us go. The old tradition of torture that Christians inflict on themselves to atone for their sins, which was thought to have been lost in the distant past, was going to be reactivated under new pretexts in accordance with the plans of the new masters of our minds.

Meeting in Morocco, among the *hippies*, was definitely not a good idea. The specter of *racism* cackled over the *peace and love*. "*Imagine all the people*," etc. Whatever.

As we continue our aimless stroll, already sobered by the inevitable *racism* that inevitably shows its face in contact with *different* people, we see a group of men, mostly dressed in white djellabas. It emanates the slow rumor of a repetitive incantation, chanted, which seems to spread an almost hypnotic atmosphere. Inside the circle, squatting on mats, two men are standing face to face, and between them a few doves are cooing among small

arches of roses. The one chanting the incantation is an old man from biblical times, with a long beard and gray hair, dressed in a beast's skin tied to his belt. Next to him lay a gnarled staff and a leather pouch. He seems to have come straight from the desert where he had a summit conference with Allah. He sings his verse, his eyes riveted to the sky, ecstatic, as if only there was his true home. And the doves coo to the angels.

Opposite him, giving him the reply in the same sung tone, a man in his thirties, very dark, with straight black hair, dressed in an immaculate white dress. His deep black eyes stare at the audience and freeze them. The pupils of the spectators open up like gaping holes of shadow where ecstasy and fear swirl. In this total immobility, only the doves live in the middle of their roses, fascinating image of Paradise, cooing, strutting, turning quickly on themselves, dancing, and finally copulating in a great frou-frou of feathers.

Mireille and I remain mute on the edge of the circle. She smiles vaguely at this blessed spectacle. Suddenly the eyes of the guy in white are fixed on us. He stands up abruptly, as if in the grip of a sudden inspiration; a brutal shock galvanizes the assembly. He rushes straight at Mireille. One feels his breath, the hard vibration of his glance. The black eyes, shining with a violent glare, stare at Mireille as if they wanted to paralyze her.

And he said, in his harsh voice that no longer sang:

"Now you fly high in the sky like a bird, but soon you will fall back to earth like a human."

And his white dress twists in the brutal gesture of a fall, as if he had caught this bird and made it fall suddenly, breaking its wings.

I shake Mireille's hand convulsively. I feel her shiver like someone who is awakened during a dream. I am absolutely shocked, almost stunned by what I feel is an attack, and what's more a totally unexpected attack. If Mireille and I could evoke the paradise, then we had fallen on a servant of God ready to expel us from it.

The doves have not stopped cooing. The other mystic still has his eyes riveted to the sky, as if all this did not concern him. The assistants, after having avidly devoured us with their eyes, return to their dream. The white prophet returns to his place and starts again to sing his litanies. We make some steps backwards, dazed, in a state of shock. The terrible words make echo without discontinuity in our consciences.

"Soon you will fall like a human."

The fall. The fall.

Mireille, beside me, walks like an automaton, a little pale. I was completely taken aback, catastrophized, and furious. I obviously could not retort, I was just completely trapped by the situation. We were not in a position of strength, and besides, it would have been *racist* to retaliate.

This attack revolted me, but Mireille only wanted to see it as a *vision*. This guy, she said, was a *seer*. According to her, I saw all that "with my western eyes". Well, yes, I don't have any others. And then, of course, it had to come back, criticizing the seer was *racist*. According to her, the seer had *powers* that one could not suspect in the West. For me, if you have that kind of power, in my culture, you try to use it without causing too much damage. But we were in foreign territory, even enemy territory. And of course, for Mireille to accept the prophecy as true, instead of rebelling against it, and to accept it against my feeling, gave it every chance of becoming true. And if she had accepted it, it was because it would be *racist* to reject it, the circle was complete.

Indeed, the prophecy will come true, which will give reason to the seer and to Mireille against me, but it was certainly not a victory for Mireille, rather a capitulation which perhaps would have been avoidable, if she had rebelled and fought. But you shouldn't be *racist*, etc., etc.; the specter was stronger than everything, stronger even than real life, than real sensations, than real ecstasies; it was necessary to kneel, and that was all.

I'm going to be set on fire, but since some perverted manipulators invented religions, women have often been characterized, apparently more than men, in what is called *bigotry*. Men who engage in the same practices, most of the time, are not characterized by their virility. Bigotry is an excessive respect for norms and imposed beliefs, sometimes to the point of absurdity, because any belief can be exaggerated to the point of absurdity. This is probably because, for adaptive reasons that go back a long way in all mammals, female hormones encourage them to submit without asking too many questions; *feminism* has pretended to fight this tendency, but in reality has substituted a new domination to the old one, in which the same bigotry worships the new feminist norm and its dominant anti-male females. Bigotry is, in a way, a passive fanaticism.

When one practices divinatory arts, if one practices for people with whom one is involved, which is not recommended, one inevitably asks oneself the question of the self-fulfilling force of the prediction. Does the prediction influence the future? In cases of *great* clairvoyance, this is unlikely; for example, it is very unlikely that Pythia could have caused the birth of a genius named Pythagoras, "the one who was foretold by Pythia", or else it would be an even more improbable magic.

However, when one *senses* the currents of the times, and in the case of our seer, when one can *sense* the rise of the *anti-racist* specter, injected with great propaganda blows since the end of the war into the youngest and most malleable Western populations, one can predict, with a good success rate, the reaction of a young Western woman floating in a world of which she has no experience to the imprecations of a confident Muslim seer.

We are often only agents of forces beyond our control. This Muslim *seer* was only surfing on the waves of a current that he had not created. This is probably what we always do, more or less, in clairvoyance phenomena. We cannot, at first, fight against these waves, because we simply do not see them, they take us away without our being aware of it. We can only see where the currents are worst and avoid them. It was not necessary to go there, it is what I said to myself later, I always carefully avoided the Muslims thereafter, to unfortunately see whole troops of them disembarking on my premises, in France, brought by perverse beings with sinister intentions of which it seems difficult to get rid.

I saw this as an aggression, especially since in the civilized world such behavior is not possible. Civilization has considerably changed the relationship between humans, including the relationship between the sexes. No one can directly and violently attack a woman without apparent cause. In civilization, such public behavior is only possible from the mentally ill, or fanatics, but the latter did not exist at the time. There is a general consensus that protects women from aggression. This consensus did not need to be legislated, it is one of the natural results of evolution; genetically, civilized races produce less testosterone, the hormone of energy and violence, and are capable of more reflection, measurement and calculation than barbaric races. Their relationships are more intelligent, more refined, in a word, more evolved. But all this was totally obscured by the dominant thought in the West, since the second world war; the dogma was that of the intrinsic equality

of men and cultures, and even if I could see an aggression, I was incapable of distinguishing civilization and barbarism, and thus I admitted, implicitly, the model of the equality of races and cultures which I had been bombarded with almost since my birth.

In a normal or natural world, males have tools to protect their females from external attacks, but we have been deprived of these tools, by the virtue of the "*Move along, there is nothing to see*", and we know very well who carried out, in his particular interest, this kind of castration. My story with Shauna says it well enough, defense is impossible, attack unthinkable. The problem is that a female deprived of protection will instinctively submit to the aggressor, because she has no tools of protection herself, but normally relies on the males for this.

In this case, Mireille was somehow taking the side of this Arab *seer* against me, submitting without fighting instead of seeking my support, and there was really enough to drive me crazy. *Antiracism* was making two new victims, victims of choice, European, beautiful, intelligent, sensitive, in short, beings dangerous for the dogma by their very existence, and that had to be destroyed as soon as possible. *Antiracism* is *barbarism*, and it is promoted, in the first place, by horrible barbarians, like those who drugged, prostituted and then liquidated Shauna, and this is only one of their lesser misdeeds.

There is also another current in Western civilization, deeper, older and more indigenous than the *anti-racism* of propaganda, and which anti-racism can parasitize, that is *openness*. Mireille will use her openness against my *closure*. It was forgetting a little quickly that precisely, the previous night, it was I who had *opened* her to a world of sensations that she did not know.

This position of *openness*, as desirable as it is in intimate and privileged relationships, is also potentially very dangerous, when it is extended outside the framework of the intimate and the privileged. It is a bit of an overflow of the same type that I was expressing when I imagined myself merging with the whole world, and with Mireille's girlfriend in the first place. It was of course a blatant lack of experience in a world that I was beginning to explore, and that, while I thought I knew it well, I knew very little about, making fatal beginner's mistakes.

The greater the internal opening, the greater the external closing must be. This is simple physics, related to what is called the law of entropy, and it is very easy to understand. Opening up to all winds is just a catastrophe.

Probably, this opening, this gap, in Mireille as well as in me, may also have been felt by the intruder.

We had just experienced the most extreme of openings, that of fusion in love, and this may be seen in our gestures and attitudes. This capacity of opening opens a whole world of perceptions and sensations, it is necessary to feel fully alive, but the more it is developed, the more it must be protected by an unfailing discrimination, otherwise it is dangerous. This is obviously what *anti-racism* and its procession of *anti-discriminatory* obligations forbid.

Openness *with* discrimination is the Renaissance; openness *without* discrimination is *anti-racist* pornography and a planetary brothel.

In civilization, where respect for individuals is normally the rule, discrimination is easy and natural, most people respect it spontaneously. But the less evolved people do not take into account the nuances of reluctance and attraction developed in civilizations, which they do not see or pretend not to see; they rely on more basic signals, such as strength or weakness, which are not valued by civilizations; in a civilization, abusing a weakness is a crime. If, in addition, they have been persuaded that *discrimination* and *racism* are *crimes*, the obligatory indiscriminate openness generates catastrophes and destruction. Any *seer* could guess the degraded future of a young European converted to *anti-racism*, let loose without protection, having the *freedom* to be subjected to slaveries unknown for a very long time in Europe outside the small community of the slaving usurers, and this will be the fate of hundreds of thousands of them.

In reality, we were all puppets of *anti-racism*, *Human Rights*, and the so-called European guilt towards the *poor* non-European *victims*. We were all dancing to a score that we had not written.

When I was asleep after writing these sentences, I had an amazing dream about them. I remembered the whole conversation, and in the dream the two positions, Mireille's and mine, were like two entities, with their own life. Then intervened the third one, the conditioning, and as soon as it appeared I heard in dream like the bell of my apartment, which woke me up instantaneously, and allowed me to remember all the dream. It was quite striking that it was a bell, because Pavlov often used bells in the conditioning of his dogs, and we humans are constantly surrounded by bells and alarms, which remind us of the order; what is striking in this dream is that our

differences of opinion did not, in themselves, destroy the dream; there was no real argument, nor any aggressiveness between us; what broke the dream was the intrusion of the bell, the call to order of the conditioning. It was like in reality; we never really argued, Mireille and I, even less aggressed; the difference of opinion was only a scum without great importance with which we could perfectly live, but that did not prevent, finally, the conditioning from prevailing absolutely, when its mechanisms would engage their implacable machinery.

At the time I am writing about, the 1980s, the extension of *anti-racism* towards all forms of *discrimination*, sometimes called *anti-fascism*, that is to say the struggle against all natural life forces, was still in its infancy; I will therefore continue to speak mainly about *racism*, and not about the immense *anti-discriminatory* catastrophe, which is a crime as much against the spirit as against life, if they can be separated at all.

Mass paranoia

That evening, Mireille declared that she would not sleep with me, but with her girlfriend. After all that had happened during the day, this new separation, which I felt like a kind of punishment, was very bad timing. It was not extremely serious, I was tired, and I was going to sleep; but, nevertheless, that she moves away from me thus, without even asking me what I thought of it, leaving me alone to brood, was surely not the best thing to do to consolidate our relation.

There was still some of her scent on the bed, and I slept well; and in the morning she came to find me. I was a little sullen; there was always this dispute between us as to whether the behavior of some Moroccans toward us was simply aggression, as I saw it in my own *low-brow* way, or whether it was a *cultural difference*, necessarily honorable, and impossible to criticize. At that time, I still had, like most well-bred people, a great reverence for *culture*, whatever it is; I had not understood that no *culture* is innocent, and that some are even criminal and genocidal, I am speaking here especially of those who shamelessly signify their destructive intentions in their *Holy Books*, written, to be true, originally for their followers only. I had not at that time questioned the myth of the *good* culture mastering the *bad* nature, such as the Christian catechism and Freud's doctrine had taught me; my practical experience, pushed by a very strong feeling of my vital urgencies, or the

simple feeling of the existence of the living, had largely preceded my laborious theoretical reformulations, my *Weltanschauung* or worldview; it is a constant in the course of my life, and the drama of my meeting with Shauna follows the same course. This *feeling of the existence of the living* is a rather light explanation, nothing explains why I apparently feel it more than most, except perhaps the ecstatic feeling I felt when I first took LSD, exalted afterwards by my amorous encounters.

Few people know that LSD was originally distributed on a massive scale by the CIA as part of the brainwashing and *mind control* program called MK-Ultra. These people, heirs to the tradition of the *Tavistock Institute*, and bolstered by the success of the mass brainwashing operation called *denazification*, and then by the advances of the *Macy Conferences* on cybernetics, where there was talk, in the same vein, of eradicating the *authoritarian*TM man, saw the human as a kind of automaton that could be reprogrammed at will, and the powerful LSD was tested as a means of creating confusion, destabilization, and openness to reprogramming. Like most MK-Ultra experiments, this one quickly turned into a disaster. The *subjects*, when they did not become disturbed to the point of psychosis, became totally unmanageable. Many of them turned, in order to get out of their confusion, to oriental techniques, of Hindu or Buddhist inspiration, and not to the shrinks who were supposed to play the role of the Savior and reprogram them. The most famous of these *dropouts* was the psychologist Timothy Leary, who became a sort of pope of LSD; he had written a sort of manual, a Michelin Guide to LSD, inspired by the Tibetan Book of the Dead, to prepare a good *trip* without being invaded by uncontrollable confusion. Strangely enough, this book does not show Tibetan Buddhism in a particularly better light than Christianity: the main thing is to resist *temptations*, carried by *demons*, which reminds us of the struggle of the Buddha himself, before he reached enlightenment and detachment; however, Buddhism does not call for *self-hatred* and *love of the other*, which makes it much more human anyway. But while my fellow adventurers were wisely immersed in the depths of meditation and introspection, the matter took a completely different turn for me. After the ordinary parade of visions, more or less pleasant, coming out of a cumbersome archaic past, I craved fresh air and went out into the garden, where I was plunged into a purely perceptive ecstasy; the magnificent feeling of the flow of life invaded me, the whole world was pulsating with life, in resonance with me, or that being I was

accustomed to call *me* without knowing it well, and this state was very close to that of orgasm, even the same, although reached by very different ways. It is most probably from this experience, which I owe to the imbecility of the manipulators of the CIA for whom the deep nature does not exist, that this *feeling of the existence of the living* comes to me.

But this *feeling* was nothing more than a feeling, it was not really integrated into a perception of the world, into a system. Mireille had an advantage over me, who in the conduct of my life relied much on my raw perceptions, and little on my organized beliefs; I was *unstable*. If I had been able to formulate it, and to expose a vaguely coherent worldview, we could have had a real exchange of views, confronting one worldview with another. But at the time, I was far from being able to do so; what I perceived directly of the world was confronted, inside myself, with the official vision, established by propaganda and the manipulation of perceptions; and from this point of view, Mireille's strictly *anti-racist* position was much stronger, supported as it was by all the power of the official ideological apparatus and of its myriad of justifications. My perceptions were more natural and authentic than hers, but they were hunted down, tracked down, forbidden by the weight of the official culture; and the simple fact of experiencing them was already suspicious, susceptible to treatment by the new Inquisition.

The Inquisition is not really interested in ideas, or in thought; the expression "thought police" is a misnomer; what it is interested in, what it manipulates and locks up, is not thought, which is willingly wandering, changing and even capricious, but perceptions, which are much more fundamental. *Opinions*, which are so highly valued, are not much; *perceptions*, on the contrary, are at the heart of relations between humans, as between all animals; and it is these that tyrannies will endeavor to modify profoundly. The expression: "Move along, nothing to see" is not a simple joke, it reflects the deep reality of taboo and repression. It is about forbidding to look in certain directions, or to feel, or even to sense, certain things. Blindness is a fundamental necessity of dogma, because dogma says what must be seen, and without prior blindness, without the "*move along, nothing to see*", no dogma can survive for very long. Our eyes have to be *turned away* for our false worldview to be *constructed*. In totalitarian thought, it is forbidden to think that dogma is false, and its authors manipulators and liars; to evoke it attracts the worst sanctions against *dissidents*. One can witness, in this matter, stupefying scenes for the most basic intelligence,

whether in politics, in justice, or in pseudo-sciences. It is quite terrible to note that almost nothing, fundamentally, has changed since the ancient times of the Earthly Paradise, of the prohibition of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, of the condemnation of human nature and of the absolute reign of the Imperial Moloch.

"And around them are like traps". I had dared to take a look, relatively shy, outside, I had bathed for a while in the Open, and the reaction was not long in coming; Mireille had set off the traps, the carpets of *anti-fascist* bombs, that I had dared to forget. After having seen the world as it is, unvarnished, in all its essential nakedness, I was brutally *turned around* and forced to contemplate myself, a *racist*, since that was apparently what she saw. Why I would have been animated by hideous *racial hatred* was a mystery; today the parasites who claim that it is legitimate to invade, despoil, and even destroy Europeans profess that to be born *white* is to be born a *racist*. In the ultimate modern version, which did not exist in the early seventies, any perception of a difference that we still sometimes dare to call *objective* is due to a *prejudice*, discriminatory or racist. Those who, gnawed by an artificial guilt imposed for almost two millennia, do not know how to defend themselves against these horrors, are *trapped* and condemn themselves to death, or at least to madness.

We can only get out of this blindness by understanding that it has been imposed on us, that it has been forced, and therefore, by going back to the manipulators who are, themselves, quite real, although particularly well hidden by the capital prohibition of *racism* and *anti-Semitism* and by the obsessive denunciation of *prejudices* and *calumnies*. It is a long and difficult journey, and a dangerous one, too; some people may have more weapons than I had at the beginning, which is to say almost none, but for me, to come out of blindness was extremely difficult. The internal resistances are very strong, and the external dangers very palpable.

In the morning, after our separate night, we went to have a mint tea in the café where the local *hippies* meet. It was not far from the place where prophets and seers work their magic in the cooing of doves.

We stayed there without saying a word, sipping our mint tea. She is beautiful, Mireille, I want to touch her, to caress her, I guess her breasts that swell and stretch under the thin cotton shirt. But she sulks, she is not happy, and me neither. I am angry with her, for wanting her, and it is probably the

same for her. We stare at each other from one side of the table to the other, looking at the rebel object of our desire. We can't speak, our hands don't reach out to each other. I felt that she was angry with me, and that, in a way, she was cheating on me, that she wanted to escape from me; and no doubt, on top of the vision she had of me, her lover, his voice, his skin, his eyes, his gestures, his smell, his smile, was superimposed the one of a *racist*, a *Nazi*, a so-called *enemy*, and this perception tainted all the others. Our beautiful relationship became *guilty*. We could almost hear the bombs placed on our perceptions by the psychic warfare operation of *racial hatred* explode little by little, in a silent and deafening noise. We didn't feel bad, though; we were still smiling, we were still young and beautiful and in love; and yet the cabalistic work of destruction was at work, and would spare no victim.

We watched vaguely as people passed by, stopped, talked, laughed, the big *hip* family walking around. It was like a splash, waves of life. Pleasant, gentle, but as if indifferent. In this smooth world, a very pretty girl, who seemed to be hovering very high, appeared. She went to speak in the ear of a young Moroccan, very dark, dressed in an immaculate burnous, exactly like the seer-prophet who had predicted yesterday the fall of Mireille. She asked him something, or explained something to him, and this went on for a long time. He listened attentively, and when she had finished speaking to him, he left quickly. The seer-prophet was a little further away. He said a few words to her, left again, and came back with a small package which he gave to the girl; I think it was drugs. I contemplated all this ballet, fascinated; it was very strange to see the damned seer-prophet in a completely different relationship with this girl than the one he had had with Mireille. There, there was an agreement, and even a complicity. And, in a way, the situation of this young girl, on her little pink cloud, appeared to me enviable, compared to the tension that I lived with Mireille.

The young girl left, and the Moroccan guy stayed there, more or less in the same place, without moving, seeming to dream, standing in the sun. I showed him to Mireille and asked her if she liked him.

"He's not bad," she said with a half-shrug. "Why?"

- I don't know, you said you like Arabs, that they're nice, attentive and all, so I'll show you one, because he's beautiful. Would you like to fuck him?

- Why not?" she said with a tinge of defiance, "it doesn't have to be unpleasant.

- O.K. I'm going to invite him to come to our table."

I had not understood that I had already lost the *ideological war*, thanks to the Jew Julian Beck taking over the Jew Jesus of Nazareth who had converted me to *universal love*; as a good defeated man, I had to give pledges of *anti-racism* to join the *camp of the Good* - and Mireille.

There was not only the conjuration of *racism*, there was also the one of the awful *jealousy*, or of the spirit of possession so contrary to the *hippie* openness: "Everybody shall make love with everybody", such was the dogma, and I obeyed, all the more servile that I had arrogated to myself an insolent freedom that I would have to *pay* one day or the other.

Above all, there was the obvious question to which an answer had to be found: were Mireille and I human beings *like the others*, perfectly interchangeable with any *other* without any consequence, which is what the dogma affirms, or were we totally *different*, more beautiful, more intelligent, more sensual, freer, happier even, and therefore *superior*, *racist* and *fascist*? Was the favor of the gods that distinguished us a discriminatory insult to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights?

The guy sensed he was being watched, and turned around. I waved my hand for him to come over. A little surprised, he did come. I told him that we were inviting him to have a mint tea with us. He accepted and sat down at our table. I made the introductions: "Jean, Mireille. - Ibrahim."

We didn't say much to each other. He seemed embarrassed, shy. He hardly dared to look at Mireille. I thought it was my fault, of course. A terrible tension ran through us; was this dark being dressed in white a man *like me*? All my perceptions said "no," but the voice of anti-racism told me I had to see him as me. He is a man like me. A man like me. All men are equal. Mireille can desire this guy just like she can desire me. I felt that he was lusting after Mireille, that he wanted her, that his body was screaming in need, violently, and that he was trying to hide it all behind a forced politeness. A gesture, a word, would have been enough for him to leave, in full confusion. But that would be *racist*, you have to be *open*.

He got up, greeted us and left after a long silence. We had not exchanged a word.

"So?" I said to Mireille. I hoped that she would finally chicken out and I provoked her: "It didn't work very well with him?" I savored a small victory,

I found it rather funny. She stood up abruptly and said, "I'm going to see him". She went, running a little.

She returned with a dark glint in her eye. "Here you go. I gave him a date for tonight. - Did you? Ah well, fine."

I couldn't really believe it, it was unreal. The bombs had exploded, Mireille was ready to do anything to prove her *anti-racism*. While she was destroying us, Mireille must have thought herself as heroic as a modern-day Joan of Arc, fighting evil by sacrificing her own life, and mine on top of that.

Our adventure into the world of our *true nature*, of total freedom, of the essential happiness of life, or what is mythically called *Paradise Lost*, a world without God, a world in which we are living beings sailing in the waves of nature, had generated an enormous backlash of energy roughly equal to that of our liberation from the forces of hatred and oppression.

This will generate the first decisive attack of what I called *my paranoia*, which was revealed in other forms with Shauna; it is indeed the same attack, with different actors. In two words, the second attack, the one I underwent at the time of Shauna, involved the masterminds of oppression, the media-manipulating Jews, rich, perverse manipulators, agents of the New World Order, whereas at the time of Mireille, we were confronted with the pedestrians, the graceless beings of the Third World raised to the dignity of "victims of racism", charged with destroying, little by little, the previously lobotomized and *guilt-tripped* Westerners. But it is indeed the same system, and the *paranoia* that I developed after Mireille has the same origin as the *amnesia* that I developed after Shauna.

Paranoia is a structured system of false interpretation of reality, in this sense antiracism is a paranoia. The fanatics, the zealots are paranoids, and the name of the last indicates its Judaic origin. Even if a paranoia is widely shared, intelligent or simply sensible people can, in the confrontation with reality, get rid of it, at the price of a cut with the mass of those who, prey to the phenomenon of cognitive dissonance, cling to their learned or imposed worldview, even if it is obviously false.

In the case of amnesia, it is a matter of completely isolating a part of reality, so that it can no longer influence our worldview; the resulting false worldview, or paranoia, can no longer be questioned. My amnesia was obviously due to a situation of major danger, and this danger was to

understand that the supplicants of Moloch, supposed to be eternal victims, are eternal deceivers, eternal despoilers, eternal murderers; this understanding totally reverses the paranoid world order officially programmed since the second world war. This understanding is eminently dangerous, hence the amnesia.

What *makes* a paranoid delusion? What are the materials necessary for this construction? Because *nothing is lost, nothing is created*, even in the worst delusions. Look for the cause, look for the error.

The post-Mireille paranoid delusion appeared when it was impossible to make the real, natural world we had just lived in correspond with the artificial, ideal world in which we were supposed to live, according to our education and the constraints, punishments or tortures that imposed it. In one world, the one *with* Mireille, we were gods, in the other, the one *without* Mireille, we were filthy sinners, minions of evil and *racists*. Between these two worlds there was a horrifying chasm, a *Dantesque* chasm.

(sometimes I think I've been thrown into a world where all the cards are stacked against me, just so I can try to accomplish the horribly difficult task of making sense of it all, some improbable but organized, paranoid logic)

In short, I was in the situation of the *maximum gap*, it seems to me that some spirited writers, perhaps surrealists, made of it a kind of *revolutionary* relationship to the world, but I don't see well any more who it is about, on the other hand I have perfectly the memory to have been like *split*, just to have dared to *live my life*.

The modern *paranoia* being devastating, going today from the so-called *elites* who are the first ones seriously infected with it to the whole people gobbling up propaganda, I am going to make an educational incursion into my past, exposing the delirious reasonings of *my paranoia*. It is understood that it is not *mine* at all, as everything is actually born somewhere, far from our consciousness. This paranoia is even very seriously *imported*.

I've already talked about *ennami*, the hatred of Self and the love of the Other, this whole game of inversion that directly attacks our perceptions and is actually very visible. It is the surface of things. These questions about Self and Other poison life in a world where everyone is supposed to be "equal". And this world where everyone is supposed to be "equal" is an entity in itself, like a specter ready to destroy all life.

The interminable and deadly conflict that agitates those affected by *anti-discrimination* rage is the local expression of a monstrous conflict, on a planetary scale, between the ordinary balances of nature and a mythical, delirious and destructive model of a world where the wolf grazes with the lamb, the world *after* total destruction, the apocalypse.

It is a conflict born within the paranoid religions of the Middle East, and unfortunately imported into the civilized West under the name of "Christianity".

There have been several very distinct modes of this religious paranoia. In the first mode, a *chosen* people of *sacrificers* were to impose their *righteous* law on the whole world and take possession of it; their neighbors unanimously hated them, their ambitions ran up against impassable limits, and the story should have ended there. In a second phase, the same story will be a huge success when followers are no longer promised the *best of all worlds* in this world, but in the *next*. The realization of this in the real world, possessed by the Flesh and Evil, would have to wait for the Apocalypse, its complete destruction, which was long overdue. The Apocalypse was postponed indefinitely, and in the end everyone was fine. The trouble started again when some Christians read the Bible and took it seriously. Joining forces with the ancient *sacrificers*, the Kohens, the Righteous to whom God promised to deliver the world to their Law, they set out to create the *new Jerusalem*, their mythical world of undifferentiated beings subject to the same Law, which later came to be known as the New World Order. This delirious world is based on the destruction of almost all natural perceptions and behaviors. It is this confrontation that will be played out for me and Mireille, under the name of *anti-racism*. It is at this time, caught in the net, that I will develop the *paranoia* that I will describe. *Paranoia*, by definition, is false knowledge. The New World Order is a global paranoia.

It is this paranoia that, when I finally understood it and got rid of it, put me on the track of the Moloch syndrome.

The "fuck each other" of the *chosen* Julian Beck was the practical actualization of the Christian message, whose *reward* was promised for the hereafter. It was very close, in fact, to the *anti-discriminatory* laws of the Marquis de Sade, authorizing anyone to use the bodies of others as they pleased, in turn. It was quite *modern*, *best of all worlds*, utopian and above all, anti-natural and conflicting.

The conflict between the real, natural world and the Christian paranoid world is fierce and ruthless. The paranoid world is an anti-world. It is not an enemy world, it is a world whose purpose is to destroy the real world, nature, from top to bottom, it is a world driven by the fiercest of *hatreds*.

In this mythical paranoid world, everything that is the lowest must become the highest, the ugliest the most beautiful, the stupidest the possessor of truth, and there must be a reversal in everything, including a reversal of the natural hierarchy of races.

This is not just a theoretical scheme: the more beautiful, intelligent, well constituted, gifted for love, or for anything constructive, in short if nature and reality have showered you with blessings, the more *immoral* you are in *the eyes of God*, attached to cursed Nature and Flesh, the more you are an insult to the miraculous project of the annihilation of differences, and the more you must be *degraded*.

Since I had just reached a *peak*, the only one I found really desirable, we were to be immediately attacked by our weaker side, Mireille, and the message was very clear: "Now you are flying high in the sky like a bird, but soon you will fall back to earth like a human." - for daring to soar to the seventh heaven we deserved to be cast into the depths of hell. *Racial* equality was the pretext, but there were a myriad of others, everything, beauty, intelligence, innocence, loyalty, and even morality, had to be degraded to suit the paranoid myth.

It is a hateful war against nature. And we were in the front line in this war of extermination of our souls, of which we were not the least bit aware.

Obviously, in my inexperience, I was not aware of all this. But I kept a transcription of the way I saw and felt things; I called it "my paranoia", because I imagined *psychoanalytically* that I was the one who was screwing up, I was unable to understand that I was only a pawn manipulated by a whole monstrous system bent on making me *crack*, making me disappear as a free and independent being.

Disgusted by Mireille who pretended to love her Arab and no longer spoke to me, totally engulfed in the anti-racist, fanatic and bigot lie, I decided to go towards the coast, following the pretty evanescent American blonde that I had seen buying a small white package at the seer-prophet's. There, in

a small village partly colonized by *hippies*, I was going to live a new appalling experience, always against a backdrop of *racism*.

I was already in a bad state, I was as if *punished*, deprived of Mireille and of the feeling of life, and as I was *punished*, I imagined, as it had been imposed upon me by various tortures a thousand times, that it was *my fault*. One ends up believing that the fault is the cause of the punishment, whereas it is the punishment that creates the fault; the monstrous swindlers who invented the myth of the Earthly Paradise know this very well. Blaming the horror on those who suffer it is an art, which is on the rise today, despite some attempts to stop it, or because of them. It is always the same monsters who are at work.

So I was *guilty*. Apparently, everything is played out in the theater of consciousness, that's how I described it. I didn't know what to think, I was oscillating between two extremes, as in the process of *ennami*, the friend-enemy. In reality, consciousness is only the apparent surface of things, what was at stake was a conflict between real perceptions, what all my senses unanimously saw and felt, in a way that left no room for the slightest doubt, and the totally opposite, *paranoid* model imposed by the monstrous destructive dogma, *anti-racism*.

Although very messed up, I was aware of the evil role of *guilt* in the whole story, and I had discussed it with a local *hippie*. In an attempt to help me, a small group had included me in a meeting with a particularly hateful native, Mohammed, who, having sensed my weakness, tried to attack me, while ignobly crushing himself in front of the others who despised him without hiding it.

To trample these people underfoot is the only right attitude towards them, which everybody knows since ever, except the unfortunate ones who have been subjected to the incessant propaganda of the victors of the Second World War.

During the improvised psychodrama, a participant asked Mohammed to light a candle placed in a wooden necklace suspended by a rope from the ceiling, right in front of me. As he did so, I saw his grinning face get caught in the circle of the necklace as if in a noose, he put his head forward as if he wanted to hang himself, and his face suddenly twisted into an ugly grin. This vision startled me.

"He thinks he will hang himself," said one girl, "he is a sadist, and a masochist, too."

This is exactly what I had *seen* too; our natural perceptions are very little wrong. But this reality, this *hatred* that gave rise to it in return, because it was impossible not to *hate* this individual, was not bearable, it was not allowed for me. I started being delirious, and this delirium was a forced entry of the egalitarian or *anti-racist* myth into reality. I began to believe that the myth of universal love was a reality, that humans were living in this beatific state of *liberation*, and that of course *racists* and *discriminators* were excluded from this paradise, which explained the horror in which I found myself, of which I was necessarily *guilty*. So what I saw was not real, and what the girl said was what she saw *in me*, not in the Arab.

It was the intrusion of myth into reality, a clear sign of *paranoia*. Not all myths are inversions of reality, many traditional myths are close to it, on the contrary, but the Judeo-Christian guilt-inducing myth, then the anti-discriminatory and anti-racist myth, is certainly so; it is a paranoid myth, or a generator of paranoia, as one may choose.

Suspended above the abyss, between the horror of what I saw and the horror of being guilty of what I saw, I was frozen in this horror, in a state of insurmountable anguish, which traumatized me for a long time, more probably than the separation from Mireille.

The horror of the anti-discriminatory myth cannot be measured enough. Some people have understood its deep lie, some find it stupid, or absurd, and I did so early on, but few suspect its horror, which is the main thing.

The worst thing is that this paranoid horror has totally seized those who have been put in the place of people's *leaders* by the cabalistic spawn, its financial, media, political networks, etc.

Listen to the speech of the president of the French, Macron. Don't think it's just a light futz, it's the speech of someone who has completely lost the sense of reality, a potentially dangerous paranoid; it's precisely an interview about nature, ecology: "And because we are rooted, there are trees next to us, there are rivers, there are fishes, there are *brothers and sisters*, and it is this common our treasure, (...) Money is not eaten, it's not eaten, I confirm (!!!)"

In the delusional conception of this mental case, those who do not believe that the world is made up of innocent *brothers and sisters* are undoubtedly *fascists*, responsible for all the misfortunes of the world... We are in the middle of Savonarola or communist mass murderers creating the *best of all worlds*, and these mentally ill, paranoid people are in charge of the destinies of the world today. It is high time to understand that this is not a benign madness, but a furious madness dangerous for humanity.

We must understand what these paranoid psychotics are saying, and take it seriously, because they are the products of the hyper-mafia of cabalist financiers. They simply have the ambition to destroy the world, from top to bottom, in order to rebuild it, according to their delusion, *better*. Their slogan is *Build Back Better*, rebuilding a world of global tyranny. This is the slogan invented by the dreadful Klaus Schwab, who can be seen strutting around with a Judaic scroll, which is most likely the scroll of Ester, the one that describes the massacre of Persians opposed to Judaism.

You will be *anti-racist*, my son

Not everyone has gone like me through the throes of psychosis-like experiences due to the bombardment of propaganda and *mind control*, and my high sensitivity, or the use of hallucinogenic drugs, are not enough to explain the turmoil of my reactions.

Torment evokes the tormentor, and in this story, there is indeed one. I was subjected to some torment adapted to our beautiful time, by a tormentor animated by the hateful flame of *anti-racism*. At other times, he would have been animated by other demons, but he was *modern*, and even claimed, in his torments, to be ahead of his time, which was probably a little true, and probably placed me, being his victim, very much ahead of my time, having had a foretaste of the horrors to come.

This tormentor was my own father. It was the time, in France, of the Algerian war. Most French people, horrified by the incessant accounts of the massacres and tortures perpetrated by the *Muslim* or *Arab* terrorists of the FLN, frankly hated them, and all the more so because their sons were sent to rot and sometimes die in the Algerian countryside, the *bled*. But not my parents. They were part of the extreme left-wing fringe that supported the *oppressed Arab resistance fighters*, and in addition, militated in that fanatical form of obedience to the painful precepts of Christ that is called *left-*

wing Catholicism; in this version, which fanatically believes in the precept "blessed are the simple-minded" and other mortifying nonsense, any superiority of one being over another is suspect, is the work of Satan, and delays the advent of the Kingdom of God where the wolf feeds with the lamb, and where all, white, black, Arab, Jew, moron, genius, splendid and hideous are equally Children of God.

From the start, I was in a bad position, because I was very precocious and my intelligence was developing rapidly; I was perhaps inhabited by the pride of Satan, the rebel, and my moron father found in religion the perfect tool to put me down, or to put me in *my place* according to his conception of the world. During the war, he had enlisted in the Obligatory Work Service, imposed by the Germans to fill their deficit in workers, the men having been enlisted in the army; he had gone to *evangelize* the workers and was employed in a foundry; God rewarded him by conferring on him the dignity of a mini-martyr when an overhead crane lost its load and crushed his leg. He was repaired as best he could by German surgeons, who were careful not to return their deputy to his native country in too bad a condition, as a matter of Germanic honor. He returned with a fierce hatred of *racism* and the *Aryans*, whom he considered responsible for his misfortunes; he was rather dark, slightly curly, and imagined that the Aryans were only the tall blond Nordic people with light eyes; as a child I was very blond, and I had green eyes, so I was a *good Aryan*, a *good-for-nothing* of the race of those who committed the crime of considering themselves different from others, the crime of pride, the crime of Satan. Yet he had witnessed, horrified, live from his armored hospital, the Allies' fire storms exterminating, often burning alive, women and children, but that had not made him think anything; it was war, that's all. Like most losers, he needed a bone to chew on to brood over his hatred; one had been thrown to him, and he gnawed greedily at it, his eye shining with the curses of Yahweh-Moloch. The atmosphere was not really excellent, but the Algerian war and its new tensions transformed my life into a little hell.

In the twisted mind of my father, virtuous militant of a utopian world, but animated by a dull hatred fed by his social inferiority doubled by his infirmity, I became very quickly the symbol of all that he hated, and which was, mission of Heaven, under his purifying hand. My parents' weekly newspaper of reference, the one filled with the Good Word, was called *Christian Testimony*, the paper of the group of leftist Christians, the new

Savonarolas, ready to put new sinful Florences to fire and blood. *Christian Testimony* resounded continuously with the screams of tortured *fellaghas*, victims of the odious *colonialism* and the filthy *racism*; the *fellaghas* could legitimately massacre and torture the ignoble beings, the *colonists*, who committed the crime of being civilized, of considering themselves superior to them and of dominating them, but to return the favor was iniquitous, because the God of the Christians is always on the side of what is most sordid against the arrogance of those who are above. All this culminated in the rise to media heaven of *martyrs*, admittedly Muslims, but Christianity in its sacrificial universalism was not far behind, any human being called to the Celestial Kingdom on condition that he suffers enough for a *good cause*.

The pinnacle in the heroic martyrology of the *Algerian people* was reached by a young terrorist named Djamila Boupacha, who was stupid enough to get caught without even exploding her bomb. Holy Djamila Boupacha, may your name be blessed for ever and ever! Never, in any case, will I be able to forget her while I am alive, and I hope I won't take her with me into the other world. Saint Djamila Boupacha, virgin and martyr, was undergoing the last outrages of sadistic legionaries, in every way similar to those who had scourged and crucified Christ, or martyred Saint Blandine and other bloody illuminated women. The heart-rending screams of this poor innocent victim subjected to the Gehenna of her executioners filled the nights of good Christians with terrible nightmares, where the shadow of Satan loomed.

For the moral education of the masses reduced to his family, my father, who prided himself on being an artist, painted gaudy scabs in which naked women, whose models he found in pornographic magazines, were chained and tortured in suggestive poses by the proud modern-day minions of Satan. I can't imagine without laughing how this virtuous hypocrite justified his mania with his *art* to the newsagents. But the ravages in the family psyche were terrible; as a prepubescent I could only imagine women's bodies tortured and streaked with bloody stripes; perhaps it doesn't take much more to make a compulsive sadist; luckily women thought I was cute, and I learned the ways of gentleness quickly enough; but there are always traces of it, nothing can be totally erased.

In this ferocious atmosphere, my father, in his fight against Evil, rediscovered the heroism of the epic time of the Inquisition, and the only one

on whom he could like God *lay his hand* to extirpate Evil, was me. It was necessary to deliver me from my satanic tendencies of *good Aryan*, which he saw developing with my intelligence, my badly dissimulated pride and my sarcastic and rebellious spirit; I was, if he did not put good order there, one of the future executioners of the new Djamila Boupacha. As this genial educator used to say, "intelligence is brought in where it can be brought in", and that meant, publicly, beatings and punishments, and, secretly, tortures.

It was a time of torture, and in a way, the time-space of the Algerian martyr Boupacha and that of the Aryan executioner's seed that I was in my father's anti-racist imagination were going to meet. I was, in fact, to suffer the collective fate of the German people, to be punished for what I was, and it is not very surprising that, many years later, I became the *good Aryan* that torture wanted to teach me not to be, without my having the slightest idea of what that was.

The consciousness came back to me through a violent and strange dream, as I sometimes do; I was putting my father through the ordeal of the bathtub, pushing his head under water until he suffocated, and I woke up with a violent pain in the neck, which lasted for more than a week. For a very long time, in my dreams, I was sometimes in states of terror and escape, and it is only recently that my vital energy, that of war and revenge, has resurfaced, precisely everything that my oppressive education of Catholic sheep wanted to eradicate. I sometimes fight very violently in my dreams, and it feels better than meditation, but I had never tortured anyone, and it had a special meaning. In his humanitarian delirium, my father had made me undergo the ordeal of the bathtub, one of those undergone by the terrorist Saint Boupacha the Tortured, so that "I could see what it felt like", and, as a refinement of the tormentor who wants to reduce you to the state of a defenseless larva, he forced me to fill the basin in which he plunged my head. Thus, he believed, I would be forever united with the blessed camp of the oppressed, I would abhor the cursed camp of the oppressors, and all the trouble he took to hurt me would ensure the salvation of my soul in peril. Good Christians love their children so much that they make martyrs of them, which is the winning ticket into Heaven.

My dream is real, it describes a revenge, but I am not sure I lived the events I am taking revenge for, I do not have an exact memory of them. But it could have happened, because it is certain that my father was jealous of me

to the point of hatred. And when, in an environment where there is talk of torture, which I suppose must have been from time to time on the menu of family meals, when the adults were piously listening to the news, in what role can a kid without any means of defense fantasize? Of course, in the role of the helpless victim, and this is also why exposing defenseless children to the nightmare images of the new *Satan* called the *Shoah*, in order to inculcate in them the terror and hatred of *fascists*, is also a terrible crime. *Fascist* is everything that opposes the dispossession of the people by cosmopolitan finance, just as *Satanic* and *rebellious* was everything that opposed to the absolute power of the Church. The best soup is made in the old pot, and the same recipes are always used. But where is the real crime?

Torture is effective. People who have understood that trauma-based *mind control* techniques exist, and that they have been and are widely applied, were horrified when the veil of secrecy that conceals them was slightly torn. But what they don't know, or don't know very well, is that these techniques are the basis of religions, especially the most terrifying of them, that of the Lord Moloch, then that of his successor the Lord Yahweh, then that of the Lord Jesus Christ son of Yahweh, and that of Allah Lord of the Universe. I know that they are effective because they worked on me. My hatred of my father, and this oath that I made to myself as a child, to hold on at all costs for the sole purpose of growing up, becoming strong and taking revenge in the most terrible way, did not protect me. I forgot my childhood oath, I became normal, brainwashed.

There were the Arabs. They had begun to settle in the city where I was born, a poor and dirty industrial city, the hell of nineteenth-century industrial capitalism, which could employ these wretches at low cost; the natives were beginning to flee to more clement climes. Later on, many factories collapsed, as the *bosses* found a source of labor that was ten times cheaper, and could be exploited at will, in poor countries. The natives went to look for work elsewhere, and the stricken city gradually filled up with parasites from poor countries, attracted by a single opportunity: social benefits.

With my head in the basin, I had learned that my father and the Arabs were allied in a ruthless war against the immensely loathsome, too blond, too handsome, too arrogant, too intelligent being that I was, and that it was a war

I could not win; if I dared to claim any superiority, it would have the most extreme consequences.

One day, I must have been about eleven years old, my magnanimous father decided, at my mother's repeated request, to buy me a second-hand bicycle. The year before, I had passed the high school entrance exam, which had allowed me to skip a grade, and at the age of ten, I would valiantly walk to school, rain, shine or snow, and the school was more than half an hour away. I was dressed so scantily that, as there were freezing winters at that time, it took me a long time to stop shivering in the classroom, and above all, my fingers were so stiffened by the cold that I was unable to hold my pen to take notes, which was really disabling. Teachers took pity on me, but couldn't really help me. A bike was heaven on earth; I was about to enter humanity, all my classmates had bikes, and most of them were brand new. It was another torment to see them all leave at the end of class, racing each other, and to be left alone, forced to walk, cursing my bad luck.

To find a used bike, my father took me to the city's flea market, which was held every Sunday; there were the most miserable of the inhabitants, many of them Arabs. I usually tried to avoid being alone with my father, but in this case I had no choice, and it was a matter of *pleasing* myself. During the whole trip, I remained silent, dumb with terror. A thought had come to me that I couldn't shake off: "He pretends to want to buy a bike, but he's going to use it to sell me to the Arabs."

I was well aware that it was idiotic, impossible, that my mother could not be an accomplice, that he would never find a satisfactory explanation for my disappearance, but the terror and the idea remained; it was my first experience of *paranoia*, of a second reality created by the trauma superimposed on ordinary reality; the real world could fall into a hell where I was the victim of my father's hatred, and these two worlds coexisted, superimposed in a tangent reality.

I can't say for sure that this was the first experience; it's the first one I can remember, but there were probably others before, such a thing doesn't happen all at once.

Beyond a certain degree, terror can make you completely switch to a different reality, this is the principle of *mind control*, widely used by the CIA *controllers*. I wasn't there, but I had a taste of it. This experience of terror

will reactivate later, when Mireille, declaring herself on the side of the Arabs against us, will turn my reality into a nightmare.

When, years later, all this being locked in amnesia, I was confronted with the specter of *racism*, and precisely with Arabs, all this exploded in my face in a delirium where I no longer knew who I was, who I had the right to be, an identity delirium on a background of panic and terror, an extreme and almost lethal version of the anti-racist fanaticism on a Judeo-Christian background that has submerged our Western worlds, and is perhaps going to destroy them.

When I met Shauna, more than ten years later, I had put all these stories behind me, and I felt somehow cured of what seemed to have been a bad fever. I had spent a few months in a kind of despair, no longer seeing any meaning in my life; the prostitution of Mireille on the altar of anti-racism had deeply affected the Open in me, and my sense of reality. I had resorted to drugs, L.S.D. especially, to try to regain my bearings, but it was making me crazier, and taking me further and further away from my vital center.

I think I was developing a kind of ability to *see* people, even to *feel* their past and their future; it was quite crazy, but people sometimes started asking me questions, which I answered; there was even sometimes a small queue of people who came to consult me. I had the distinct impression that I no longer existed, but had become a kind of formless being, an ectoplasm floating in the consciousnesses of others, coldly stating intimate things without the least emotion. I don't have the slightest recollection of what I could say, or who I was seeing, and I have no idea of the relevance of what I was saying; all I know is that I wasn't making anyone laugh.

This is the occasion to make a small aside about LSD, a drug I knew well. This drug or others like it are often attributed with univocal effects, such as the *expansion of consciousness*, although consciousness is not something well defined. In fact, LSD acts as a powerful amplifier, but an amplifier of anything. In my first experiences, I had found an extraordinary feeling of life, the wonder of nature, an extraordinary liberation of my senses and my perceptions. And also, a flow of happy empathy, a feeling of fusion close to that which one feels in a successful orgasm. In these new experiences, it was almost the opposite; I had not the slightest empathy, the slightest feeling, and I dissected the differences of the world with the coldness of an autopsy.

This distance, this estrangement from my vital center, this *detached* vision of the world, was undoubtedly an attitude of safeguard, in order not to be torn by the terrible troubles of my separation from Mireille; later, in the even worse troubles of my separation from Shauna, it would not be enough and I would then have recourse to amnesia.

It was during one of my *trips*, while I was on the Place de la Contrescarpe with a small audience consulting the improvised oracle, that the beautiful Mireille reappeared, running towards me; it was not in a dream, but in reality. Mireille was coming back! It was a small miracle, and life could undoubtedly resume, as beautiful as before! But I don't remember having the slightest impulse towards her, I was no longer alive, I had no more emotions. Did she at least provoke a shudder, which I would have repressed? I am not even sure. I only asked her about her *anti-racist* relationship; that had already caused enough damage. All I had to do was get on with my life, forget about all that shit. Maybe that's what I would have done if I hadn't been on acid; I don't know.

While I still loved her, and could not bring myself to lose her, thinking about her almost constantly, I had *changed my state*. All my psychic functioning, my quasi-reflexes, those which had made me have no problem at all to meet Mireille and love her, had been revised, reconditioned.

I was neutralized, apathetic, without *pathos*, *inanimate*, which means originally, without soul; it was the result of the previous emotional storms. Everything had become *equal* to me; it was undoubtedly a victory of the *anti-discriminatory* spirit, and also of the *nihilism* that exasperated Nietzsche. I had built a wall of indifference on which Mireille, all in the happiness of finding me again, shattered. Mireille left crying, running very fast, and I was never to see her again.

I would never have *wanted* that, of course; I spent almost years regretting it.

The *anti-racist* horror had prevailed over life and love; it was only the beginning, it would spread its empire over the whole West for dozens and dozens of years, with more and more appalling consequences.

All I could see or feel was that I was torn, split, on the verge of madness; contradictory sensations, affects, thoughts, terrors had transformed my being into a battlefield, into chaos, from which, at first sight, I could only

come out dead or dazed. My best impulses were contradicted, any act became suspicious and pathogenic, living, quite simply, had become suspicious.

In retrospect, what is most surprising is that I had forgotten the *anti-racist* terror inflicted on me by my father, brilliantly assisting in this task the republican institutions, which only moderately benefit from the secrecy of closed doors. I was at the age of reason, as they say, and I should have been able to remember that. But in fact, everything was like in the MK-Ultra brainwashing and personality fragmentation programs, which are more effective on children, but can work even on adults: the intensity of the torture leads to dissociation, similar to ordinary amnesia. Continuous propaganda to terrorize and guilt-trip unsuspecting recipients is an almost invisible form of torture; it aims at *twisting* perceptions, which is the principle of torture.

The sin of *racism* and its Inquisition

The weapon of *anti-racism* directed against Westerners and against civilization deserves a bit of analysis, according to the only sure method of investigation, the one based on reality: who, when, how, why. It will be necessary to put in question, which will not please everyone. But this history of our destruction is perfectly visible, and perfectly coherent.

There is no doubt that *anti-racism*, or what claims to be anti-racism, is a hostile, fanatical doctrine that broke my relationship with Mireille. But, was I a *racist* at that time? Certainly not. I could see the differences that were *obvious*, but the weight of my education meant that I treated people equally and respectfully, as I had been taught. So why the attacks? Let me be clear right away: *anti-racism is a racism* directed against Westerners, not because of their political, ideological or other positions, but *for what they are*, for their *race*.

In the drama with Lena/Shana, the criminals' Jewishness was a protection for them, and I was certainly not *anti-Semitic*. The situation would have been much less clogged and twisted if I had been. The accusation of anti-Semitism is not used to fight anti-Semites, it is used to justify crimes against all those who, not being Jews themselves, can be accused, that is to say, just about everyone. This one-sided, unequal accusation is also a racial or *racist* attack on any non-Jewish person, who can be arbitrarily accused of anti-Semitism.

Racism and *anti-Semitism* are not *crimes against humanity*, it is the exorbitant privileges of the non-European races, and of the Jews in particular, that are *crimes* against the West or *against civilization*. This is the practical reality, as I have experienced it countless times, as all my contemporaries in the West experience it one day or another. There is nothing like experience, provided you know how to decode it. And this experience gets worse every day.

Do not lead us into temptation

"Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us today our daily bread; forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Our Father, the essential prayer of Christians, said morning, noon and night, for centuries, by hundreds of millions of believers.

In this *mantra* that is for Christians the *Our Father*, we can see that the Father we beg not to "lead us into temptation" is none other than one side of a two-sided being whose other side is Satan, the official *tempter*. The text is a *mantra* repeated *without thinking about it*, which sets the trap and reminds the faithful of his imprisonment, it makes this hallucinating prayer to a fundamentally malevolent entity seem *normal*.

This is one of the ritual bases of what I have called the *Moloch syndrome*, the dazed worship of an all-powerful terrorizing entity.

Temptation is a trap.

In the myth of Paradise on Earth, the Tree of Knowledge is a *trap*, a *temptation* to which Eve, then Adam, succumbed. At the instigation of the Serpent, Satan be it, but why did the perverse god set a trap in the middle of his garden in the first place?

As always, it is by diving into my past that I found the source of an evil that gnaws at me without my being aware of it. This evil is *temptation*, or more precisely, the device of *resistance to temptation*.

This kind of evil that makes your life miserable is one of the most persistent and deep-rooted, that always generates incomprehensible situations, that elicits the surprisingly right, but seemingly banal reflection: "What have I done to the good Lord?" This is exactly how, when I left the island, having given up all hope of seeing Shauna again, and understanding absolutely nothing of what was happening, a very distinct voice said to me: "Go, you'll understand later".

As I have learned, in a hurry, to unblock some amnesias, I remembered recently, following an encounter, a similar situation, incomprehensible and

catastrophic, when I was maybe seventeen years old, or a little less, I couldn't say exactly; I was still living with my parents. The situation was a bit complicated, I will have to explain it with some details.

I was infatuated with a friend, my *best friend* at the time, a very dark and curly guy who, by these characteristics quite uncommon at the time in the North, resembled my father; he resembled his mother who was brown, but married to a tall blond man, just as I resembled my mother who was blond, but married to a short brown man. And just like my father, whom I hated, he was immensely perverse, but, as a result of the manipulations I want to explain, I was totally unable to see it, and I adored this guy with whom I had long teenage conversations about life, death, love and all that. Unlike my father, who hid his impulses under a moral veneer, he prided himself on his perversions, and he liked to play with my boring *normality*; he was on the playful side of perversion, whereas my father was on the more sinister side.

One day, I saw him arrive at one of our meetings, holding the hand of a beautiful girl, a northern blonde, all in delicacy and sensuality. I was instantly dazzled by this girl, I could say that I fell in love with her, if I had not immediately forbidden myself this feeling when I saw her in the company of my friend. He introduced us, we exchanged some banalities, then the girl left, leaving us both.

He then started to tell me the wonderful story of his meeting with this girl, how they were in love, spicing it up with some sexual details, which devastated me to the core of my soul, but I tried not to let anything show, being obviously delighted with his good fortune, or pretending to be.

He made me say that of course I would never try to break his love, that it was too important for him, and for our beautiful friendship. I was bound by a kind of pact, which I found natural, since in this case, whatever my feelings, I could only be a troublemaker, and even, a being animated by bad intentions.

I often saw the beautiful blonde again, always accompanied by my friend; she brought along her friend, a short-haired girl, who more or less called herself a lesbian. Curiously, there was never any sign of a love relationship between the blonde and my friend, but he explained to me that she wanted to keep this relationship hidden.

I started to see the other girl, and she tried to explain to me that I was mistaken, that I didn't love her, but that I loved her friend, who was obviously

much more beautiful; but I resisted with all my strength to this logic, practicing an unflinching denial.

One day at the end of spring, the two girls invited me, me alone, without my friend, in a rent they had, in a Belgian border town where nightclubs and various entertainment places abounded. And as soon as I arrived, they started to make a move on me. No, the beautiful blonde was not my friend's lover, nor had she ever been; she had come through him to meet me, and he had taken advantage of that to take her hand, and it was me she loved. Everything had to work out, and as in fairy tales, the evil spell had to be lifted, we had to be happy and have many children. But I resisted. Inexplicably. I didn't want to believe it. I imagined, and it's terrible to think about it, that there was some kind of *trap*. And I persisted in affirming, against all odds, that I loved the girlfriend, and not the beautiful blonde.

The beautiful blonde, for whom I felt more and more an irresistible attraction, which I resisted more and more heroically, collapsed before my stubbornness. They went to a club without me, and she spent the evening crying. I never saw her again.

The whole affair was thrown into the oblivion of the conscience, the eternal *move along, nothing to see* that hides the most abominable monsters. What I had done, what I was, was so awful and unbelievable that this case had to disappear.

In the current interpretation of this kind of phenomena, moreover adopted by this alleged *science of the depths* that is psychoanalysis, one speaks about the *forbidden*, or the *guilt*, as a kind of invariant governing our behavior; but obviously, when one has said: "it is guilt", one has not said anything, or at least nothing very useful.

In fact, the *Lord's Prayer*, which speaks to us of *temptation* every day that God does, tells us much more, practically, than Father Freud with his *guilt*. Because *temptation* is a practical situation, whereas *guilt* is only a vague idea, usable, like all vague ideas, in a wrong way, a "that's why your daughter is dumb" from the domain of Ideas.

What I had experienced, in this incredible situation where I was resisting a beautiful girl, whom I desired greedily, who told me she loved me, was *temptation*, and *resistance* to this temptation. *Do not lead us into temptation.*

Hence the question: how had I been conditioned to *resist temptation* so much? How does this fatal process, of a resistance that increases as the desire increases, get started? How does this self-destructive device work?

The answer was in the person who represented on earth *Our Father in heaven*, my own father, morally supported by the legion of infallible educators from the priesthood. To expel me from the Paradise of innocence and childhood, there is nothing like the setting up of a *temptation* device. Just as God Almighty forbade a desirable fruit in the middle of the Garden of Eden in order to tempt, condemn and punish Adam and Eve, my dear daddy had invented his little perverse devices to educate his little ones to *resist temptation*: forbidding a desirable object, usually a sweet, leaving it in plain sight, and rushing at the disobedient criminal who gave in to his impulses to punish him severely, until all desire was immediately fought off by a feeling of terror.

All that is desirable, all that to which one is naturally attracted, thus becomes a trap to be avoided absolutely. "For the Beautiful is nothing but the threshold of the Terrible", Rainer-Maria Rilke

Not to mention the obvious pleasure of the *tempter*, who has succeeded in luring a little mouse into his trap by graduating his effects: a prominent treat, then a more or less well hidden treat, in short everything needed to build the image of a cruel, pitiless and omnipotent god, and, of course, *just* in his anger against the *disobedient*. The series of educational tortures also includes the obligation to ask "forgiveness" from the tempter, just as in the *Lord's Prayer* we ask the Almighty Lord to "forgive us our trespasses".

It's not hard to imagine, from the little story I've told, the immensity of the damage that avoiding *temptation* has caused in my life. Probably not everyone has been subjected to the same shock treatment as I have, but still, out of the billion or so reciters of the *Lord's Prayer*, it is easy to imagine the immensity of the planetary damage. This is a *crime against humanity* whose perpetrators, and victims, are so far invisible.

Let us not believe, of course, that this education, this pitiless conditioning to the avoidance of desire, or to the terror of the desirable, has disappeared with the loss of influence of religions; on the contrary, by secularizing, it has perhaps become even more terrible; as a proof, this little sentence of an excellent French writer who spreads out, work after work, the sordid description of the contemporary *mal de vivre* :

"There is no purified relationship, no higher union of souls, nor anything that could resemble it, or even evoke it in an allusive mode. When physical love disappears, everything disappears; a dull, shallow annoyance fills the succession of days. I had few illusions about physical love. Youth, beauty, strength: the criteria of physical love are exactly the same as those of Nazism. In short, I was in a fine mess." Michel Houellebecq, *The possibility of an island*

Yes, a fine mess, there is no mistaking it: it is nature, and our nature, which is attacked in its best expressions.

The *temptation*, today, is that of health, of naturalness, of strength, and all this is daily castigated by what has taken over from the *Lord's Prayer*, or rather has been added to it, the omnipresent *anti-racist*, *anti-discriminatory*, *self-righteous* and *politically correct* criminal prohibition that stigmatizes and destroys our most fundamental impulses. A new foreign priesthood, issued from Yahweh-Moloch, hateful and vengeful, forbids us more than ever any return to our true nature, under the threat of the worst punishments. It has destroyed, physically and morally, millions of Westerners, and especially the best of them, and continues to quietly perpetuate its genocides by stigmatizing the beautiful, the natural and the desirable, and gradually destroying them.

It must be emphasized that after proper conditioning, it is not any object that will trigger the terror reaction of *temptation*, but the feeling of attraction itself. Any natural attraction, any desire for what is good, beautiful, pleasant, lovable, etc., will trigger a reaction of rejection which will push the unfortunate victim of the conditioning towards the acceptance of the worst. This is how we see young German women, victims of the worst brainwashing and conditioning in the history of humanity, happily welcoming stupid and aggressive people from the slums, a spectacle which, beyond the ridiculous, is perfectly horrible. A horror show totally made up by criminals, the minions of Yahweh-Moloch.

All these attitudes that we reproduce without being aware of have never been well described, as far as I know. Orwell made an attempt with his various slogans such as "freedom is slavery", etc. This was to place psychological control at a logical level, but this is not where it is found. That was to put the psychological grip on a logical level, which is not where it is, and therefore these slogans are not really credible, nobody can believe them.

I think they could all be summed up, in one fell swoop, by one *command*, a command that I have followed, to my misfortune, many times:

"Say *No* to what is good for you, and *Yes* to what is bad."

This simple slogan applies to just about everything, including the *anti-racist* or *anti-discriminatory Human Rights* obligation that never ceases to plague our lives. But also, to a lot of things in everyday life. I have seen it so many times, in myself as well as in others, that I think it is a general evil, at least among the unfortunate western Christians, the target of all attacks.

We cannot insist enough on the fact that, if apparently conditioning concerns particular objects, in reality it necessarily affects the whole process of reactions and emotions which, at the most basic level, is a neurochemical process which knows only two main states: pleasure and pain. There are no subtle distinctions at this level, there are only reactions, more or less strong, and it is either one or the other. To twist these mechanisms, which are indispensable to the conservation and evolution of humans, under the pretext of fighting against a supposedly original *barbarism*, is an *ordinary crime* of appalling barbarism.

A story from my childhood, which I remember very well, because it is much later than the abuses I suffered as a child, like many others if not like all of them, gives a sort of public and ordinary light of the management of *temptation* by what is called the *conscience*.

I remember having noted that I had to remember this scene, in the kind of library of memories that I had constituted. I would always make a mental note of the episodes that seemed strange to me, putting them in my memory in a kind of register *to be processed*. I have probably forgotten most of them, but this one came back to me through a dream I just had.

I dreamed of my uncle Charles; he was driving a car, I was next to him, and he had fallen asleep at the wheel; I tried to wake him up, but it was impossible, and I woke up in a state of great fright. It was at this uncle's house that the scene *to be processed* of my childhood occurred; the uncle was a prestigious and fearsome being, at the same time very sympathetic; he had immense privileges in the eyes of the deserving poor kid that I was, a house that looked like beautiful in my eyes, and even a little garden; and at his house, one had the right, and even the duty, to eat as many chocolates as one wanted. My aunt was also profoundly kind, and looked a lot like my

grandmother, to whom, if I were a Proustian, I would easily dedicate a book. In their beautiful house, in their dining room open on the garden, there was, high perched on an inaccessible shelf, a small stucco statuette representing a Devil, like Mephistopheles, with dark skin, draped in a red cape, with a goatee and two small naughty horns which appeared under his red cap. This Devil was smiling, and he had an immensely sympathetic appearance. He had, moreover, a contoured pose, which I had never seen, and which disturbed me strangely; in fact, it was a feminine pose of seduction, bending the body advantageously to attract the male. I was completely fascinated by it, and during a visit, I couldn't stand it any longer and told my uncle about my confusion: why was this devil always there, seeming to look at us, and even laughing at us, and why did he look so friendly? Such a remark, at home, to my father, would have earned me the immediate wrath of Hell, because to question is already an insubordination; but my uncle was not of the same kind, he was *good-natured*, according to a nice expression which one despises today. He patiently explained to me one of the mysteries of Christianity, which I tried in vain to understand; that the Devil is a seducer and a deceiver, and that he always looks good; that one should be wary of him at all times, because he could seduce you to the path of perdition. As I had a very practical mind, I asked uncle how on earth one could distinguish, in what attracts us, what is good and what is bad; it simplified life a lot to find good what one is attracted to, and bad what one dislikes; and I quoted, if I remember well, the example of chocolate, which I found good and which attracted me. Uncle answered me that it was necessary to ask God, in all circumstances; that for the chocolate, it was indeed good, but that gluttony was a *sin*, and that the Devil could thus make use of the chocolate, as of all that exists on earth; all was occasion of *sin*. I had asked God, I said to the uncle, but he had never answered me; it was therefore necessary, said the uncle, to go to confession and to ask the advice of the priest. I was only half satisfied: you couldn't have a priest at your disposal all the time to prevent you from slipping imperceptibly into Hell, simply by following your natural inclinations. It's that you have to appeal to your *conscience*, said Uncle; I was too young yet, I would have one later. That's why I put the event under the heading *to be processed*; would I ever have that wonderful tool, a *conscience* of Good and Evil, as decreed by the Lord Almighty, which the Tempter mocks? In my case, it seems that the operation has globally failed, since I see that my uncle is driving asleep, on a uniformly straight road, which is not really dangerous, but still scary.

The modern manipulators have obviously made some progress over the methods of the Christian Church, the importance of which should not be minimized, and the *anti-racism* already developed in an embryonic way by the Church will be promoted to the rank of supreme combat. The modification of perceptions through the blurring filter of anti-racism was initially done with the sole aim of preserving a particular population, the Jewish population, from the *anti-Semitism* that had separated the population of German origin from the population of Jewish origin, an anti-Semitism that, it must be said, had considerably improved the lot of the Germans when it was applied; since it was necessary to divert attention from the specificities of the Jews and to be able to deny them, anti-Semitism was declared a form of *racism*, *racial hatred* or *oppression*, of which the *oppressed races* had not the slightest conception by themselves at the time. When one measures the devastation that *anti-racist* and *multicultural* policies have inflicted on the whole of the West, knowing that the initial motive of these policies was the protection of the Jews alone, at the cost of a progressive destruction of potentially *anti-Semitic* Western cultures, one can only be terrified by the power of an operation carried out by a tiny predatory minority that has become all-powerful, and that goes so directly against the interests of its victims, the European peoples.

The “*racial hatred*” operation is, from the beginning, itself criminal; when one hears a president of the French Republic, Nicolas Sarkozy, linked by blood and above all by culture to the Jewry, publicly affirming that “miscegenation is an obligation”, and again in this regard that “if Republican voluntarism were not enough, it would be necessary for the Republic to pass to even more constraining methods”, it is genocide of the European race that is involved. Miscegenation by force is genocide, and it is a crime. But that it is a particular crime is not the source of the disaster; the real crime is fundamentally the *hubris*, the intoxication of omnipotence of a degenerate caste which considers itself authorized, because of its *election*, to treat the citizens like a herd whose reproduction or extinction is managed. It is a denial of our human condition, a *crime against humanity* of the first importance.

The island of resistance

I don't want to end this part on a rather grim note, so I'll tell another anecdote, about what can, perhaps, at least partially counteract this kind of ordinary crime of which we are all, with varying intensity, the victims.

It is a very old story, which had the merit of being surprising, and even, for my whole family, almost incomprehensible. As usual, it is in the incomprehensible phenomena, and set aside by lack of treatment, that we must look for the keys to a global understanding that is slipping away.

This little story, in which I was the actor or the hero when I was, according to my estimation, about three years old, is undoubtedly linked to the learning of *temptation* to which I had already been subjected previously, which is why it has its place here. So, at the age of three I was already living unusual stories, or I remember better than most people.

It was the *sugar* story, which I've already mentioned, that made me an instant celebrity throughout the family on my mother's side.

I was still very young, but I was old enough to have access to the sugar bowl, a kind of small dented pewter pot that stood in the middle of the family table at the moment of the convivial apotheosis, when, on festive days, with their stomachs filled and their eyes brightened by beer, the adults served each other coffee, accompanied by small digestives of Cognac and others. This sugar bowl, which contained for me the quintessence of the delights of the Terrestrial Paradise, was of course totally forbidden to me by the representative on earth of a pitiless god, my very dear father.

One day of celebration when part of the family was gathered, my grandfather, the patriarch with immense powers, took pity on the little *unconscious* thing that I was, tossed about in the turmoil of his desires and the fear of punishment, and decided sovereignly to give me a sugar.

Incidentally, if I knew the taste of sugar and desired it so much, it was because someone had taken care to make me taste it, to have the pleasure of forbidding it to me. That's how it goes, generally speaking, with education.

The lump of sugar disappeared immediately in my mouth, with the same speed and efficiency as a dog that has been thrown a bone, and I began to suck it deliciously. And, all bathed in the sweet euphoria of pleasure, I heard

my grandfather say to me gently, but in the tone a little pressed of an order: "Say thank you".

This request from my grandfather triggered a surprising, totally new phenomenon in me, which I still remember today: I began to *reflect*, or to *think*. This thinking was extremely fast, and I came up with a solution almost instantly. So what was the problem? I didn't want to say "thank you". Why not? That's a little unclear. If I stay within the framework of the dominant culture, that of the *Lord's Prayer*, the one we should thank, the Lord, is also the one who tempts us and tortures us. It was probably the rule that I thank my Holy Father for all the trouble he took in torturing and educating me. In short, the "thank you" did not pass. In my nascent conscience, instead of accepting to be treated like a dog conditioned by rewards and punishments, I confronted the two representations: that of sugar and the pleasure that irradiated my palate, and that of "thank you" and its procession of displeasure. As I already had the first taste of sugar in my mouth, I calculated that I could do without it, I took it out of my mouth and put it without saying a word into the sugar bowl, provoking astonishment, then general hilarity.

My mother has kept a different memory of this story, and I may have changed the distribution of roles, perhaps, precisely, to conceal hers; in her memory, we were at Uncle Charles', still him, and my aunt, who resembled very much, physically and morally, my very protective grandmother, was giving me a cookie when my mother said the famous "Say thank you". Whereupon I put the cookie back on the table, turned my back and walked out into the garden. "You didn't even cry," my mother said, surprised. Maybe it was just a repetition of the sugar story, I had become a hardened criminal who knew how to give himself the means of his revolt, without it costing him too much. I had very well understood that corruption is the means to slavery. I was not a dog, my affection and submission would not be won with treats.

It was the first time that something autonomous happened in my head, the first time that I became aware that I had a secret weapon at my disposal with which I could free myself from automatisms. I remember very clearly that I was afraid of being *seen*, of being seen to have thought, and of being punished for it; there is obviously a very strong link between this incipient thought and the regime of terror in which I was punished when I was *seen* by the *all-seeing eye* disobeying, when it had set up the device of one of its traps. The all-seeing eye did not see into the depths of my reflexive consciousness,

which was, and still is to this day, a territory of war and resistance, which is what I am writing this book about.

This territory of resistance, the thought that resists brainwashing, automatisms, propaganda and oppression, is our only hope in this world. It is also the only dimension in which we are truly and specifically human, that is, at the forefront of the struggle of nature and life for its perpetuation and evolution.

Revelation

Prologue

"I am a *pornstar*"

She was there,
so beautiful under the Greek sun,
like a sphinx,
whispering
incomprehensible words
Then she disappeared, lying down,
the *pornstar* child, my love,
in her secret crypt,
mysterious, untouchable, forgotten,
sealed in the horror and the unspeakable,
from her grave guarded by monsters,
forever and ever.
Only words remained,
some deleted images,
drowned in the memory,
and yet still there,
unforgettable,
waiting for the light,
the unveiling, her time.

Opening of the eye

There was this image of her.

This picture was sailing, like millions of others, in the immense flow of the Internet.

It was the picture of a young girl, extraordinarily beautiful, naked, facing the camera, her vagina badly penetrated by a big, spineless pornographic actor's cock, on a speedboat, in a bright blue sea and under a bright blue sky. The girl looked drugged, and lost in a kind of dream; she was not looking at anything, and especially not at her ridiculous partner. One image among millions, just clearly more beautiful; yet, something about this image stopped me.

It was a detail, half-hidden under her blond hair, a pretty fabric headband made of a braid of three colors, pastel red, white, pastel blue. This headband was familiar to me, I had seen it wrapped around my wife's head for years, in Greece, and it was exactly the same. At the time, I thought it was just a coincidence, and that perhaps this headband was found in many parts of the world; once the surprise wore off, I didn't pay any more attention to it, but I kept the photos of the young star, called Shauna Grant.

This headband came from a store on the Greek island where I was living at the time, so my wife had exactly the same one. My wife was also a very pretty, bright blonde, and these headbands were created to enhance their beauty; I still have several photos of her wearing this headband, and it's beautiful in the Greek light. It was Ursula, our German friend, blonde and lanky, fanatical aesthete, who created them.

At that time, I was overcome by a kind of phobia that prevented me from carrying out my love relationships; I was completely blocked as soon as the possibility of love arose, which happened, one could say unfortunately, very often. While it was something I was totally unaware of, I had started to be interested in pornography; I spent hours looking at everything and anything, without really knowing what I was looking for, in an undertaking that was all the more insane because everything that is perverse, and abounds in this kind of expression, continued to disgust me.

And there was another peculiar feature of these Shauna Grant photos, which was that they didn't attract the usual degrading comments from

pornography regulars; instead, some were outraged that such a young, innocent and beautiful girl was doing porn. They even declared that they wished they had been there to kill the pornographers, in the manner of the Scorsese film *Taxi Driver* where a cab driver excited by the rot slaughters criminals who have put a teenage girl, not much younger than the Shauna in the pictures, on the sidewalk.

I was bound to come across these pictures sooner or later; Shauna Grant was by far the most beautiful porn star of the eighties, and she was a perfect match for my most usual encounters; young, blonde, slender, and smiling. I probably wished I had known her. But her world was too different from mine, I could never have met her. She was a beautiful image, in a distant universe.

It took more than six months for this image gradually impose itself with more strength, in the depths of my consciousness blocked by amnesia. At the beginning, it was rather - well, it's curious - then - I surely knew this girl - then - ah yes I must have had a little story with her, it reminds me vaguely something.

I had this very strange feeling that something unknown was making its way, very slowly, but insistently, into my consciousness. It's a strange experience; it's like a discomfort, an annoyance; you *feel* that there is something, but you are unable to know what.

One morning, after a restless night of dreams, floating in this world between dream and awakening, the voice of Shauna, the forgotten one in amnesia, was suddenly heard, clear, distinct, telling me "*I am a pornstar*," and I suddenly saw her again, emerging from the void, smiling, so beautiful and sweet, her angelic face dotted with light freckles. I woke up with a start, shocked and as if transfixed. She was the star of the pictures, Shauna Grant, except that in the pictures her delicious freckles had disappeared.

Dazzling revelation, apocalypse, in a life that had become, little by little, and without my being able to counteract this movement, immensely desolate. It was happening in another space, between dream and awakening, in the space of my deepest being, or, as the Australian aborigines say, of my eternal being. Despite all the terrible vicissitudes of my life, this being, another manifestation of my existence, still existed, and it was to him that Shauna Grant was speaking. Our agreement resounded again in a vibrant harmony, a deep song that saturated the space.

I fell immediately, passionately, under the spell of the young goddess. And a *pornstar*; I knew, then, what that word meant. And I immediately remembered my answer: "*It would be a crime*," and her tears, and her running away. And the whole disaster that followed.

The being I was in my dream was no longer me; I had been totally *turned inside out*. For more than twenty years, I had become a ghostly being, a vague copy having more or less the appearance of the one I had been, and stuck in various forms of self-denial and self-destruction. But, by a kind of prescience of the necessity to access deposits of information, I had not totally wasted my time; after having studied the nooks and crannies of communication and propaganda, I had developed hypertext computer systems, allowing to easily navigate in important masses of texts stored in databases, which was going to become the revolution of the *web*; I had this kind of conscience of having an imperative need of this kind of tool. The *web* tool would be decisive for the resurgence of the truth, so long contained in the reefs of propaganda, and controlled by the *opinion makers* or *social engineers*; and it is on the *web* that I rushed, the first shock passed, to know more about Shauna, twenty-five years later.

The Official on Shauna Grant

My first discoveries came as a terrible shock. According to the essential site, *Wikipedia*, Shauna Grant, born Colleen Marie Applegate, was an extremely beautiful *porn star*, and the short-lived superstar of late '82 and early '83, but was a deeply unhappy, frigid and desperate poor girl, who only found respite from her unhappiness in pornography and cocaine, and was in love with a Jewish gangster, Jack *Jake* Ehrlich, cocaine dealer, *dealer to the stars*. The poor girl had finally committed suicide, at the age of twenty, a year and a half after I had met her, because her love had been put in jail, because he had asked her to leave his Hollywood home, because she had no money left to buy cocaine, or because she had to film a pornographic movie the next day. According to the unanimous media, she shot herself in the temple with a 22 Long Rifle longer than her arm, an acrobatic shot that is unique in the history of suicides of twenty-year-old girls, or even suicides at all. March 21, 1984, the day of the spring equinox, and three days after the Jewish holiday of *Purim*, the great celebration of the massacre of evil *anti-Semitic gentiles* by the divine Chosen People.

Being in shock, I was unable to step back; and, being deeply in the grip of conditioning, I believed that there was truth in this calamitous description, which seemed to be based on many accounts. I was unable to imagine that it was entirely false, even though the brief moments in which I had known Shauna, or Colleen, had given me a radically opposite image of her.

I had to become aware of the immense power of manipulation and conditioning of the Cabal's henchmen, which is exercised through all the media they control, in order to be able to perceive at least a little of the unbelievable, that everything that was said was false; and when I begin to understand the falsification of Colleen's story, I will also become aware of all the falsifications and guilt-trips imposed on the innocent members of the *herd*. All these falsifications are similar, because they all have the same origin, and the same goals; when you can dismantle one, you can dismantle them all. At first I even doubted my sanity; had I fallen in love with the Shauna Grant of *Wikipedia*, was it all an illusion? Such is the conditioning power of the omnipresent media, from which it is never easy to free oneself; liberation from the grip of the media that conditions our worldview is the essential condition for our liberation from the tyranny of the cabal's minions.

In the account of the suicide of Savannah, a very beautiful and famous *pornstar* who committed suicide in 1994, ten years after Shauna Grant, at the age of 23, we read that, after trying to shoot herself in the temple with a Beretta .40 pistol, the recoil deflected the bullet upward so much that it did not directly impact the brain, and like Shauna Grant, she remained in a coma on life support until she was pulled off the plug. A .22 LR has almost half the caliber and less recoil, but the barrel is maybe ten times longer; if it wasn't wedged tightly against a shoulder, it would have literally jumped, and probably even missed completely; yet the impact was very exactly in the middle of the temple, which can be seen clearly in the pictures.

After the *Wikipedia* article, there were a couple of links on the search engine with sometimes quite mind-boggling titles, such as *The Death of Shauna Grant: Entertainment Tonight*, and *Shauna Grant Gravesite*; these web pages were in the top tier of Google search engine queries, and the Gravesite page had a particularly devastating effect on me. Knowing someone is dead is one thing, seeing their grave is another. I don't know what the interest is, morbid or otherwise, that drives people to show a grave on the Internet, perhaps it's to make sure that someone is dead, and buried, lying

under a stone. It doesn't, of course, reach the extreme obscenity of a pornographic compilation film, entitled *Eternal Lust*, in which only dead actresses, who supposedly *committed suicide* or *crashed*, were featured. Not being an expert on the countless oddities or perversions that can be found in humans, which are part of our wonderful *diversity*, I am appalled that the necessarily tragic death of a young or very young actress could be used as a selling point for pornographic films.

The fact that she was buried in Christian soil, however, raised a question: the Catholic Church refuses to bury suicides religiously. So there must have been serious doubts about the *suicide*, which could therefore be considered, in the eyes of the Church, as a disguised crime. And as I will discover little by little later, there were serious doubts, indeed.

I could not, of course, forget the death threats against us, and my suspicions immediately fell on Ira Allen Sachs aka Bobby Hollander and the branch of the Judeo-Mafia that controls Hollywood. The *suicide* cover-up involved police collaboration, and Shauna-Colleen had warned me about that too. The shot, fired from a 22 Long Rifle, had not been fired at close range, the temple showing no traces of gunpowder. The killers, confident that they could control the Los Angeles police and media, had not even bothered to carefully disguise the crime. Perhaps it was also to leave a clear message to all those who would have been tempted to *betray*, a double blow. But that didn't matter to me at first. I was filled with an infinite despair, and a very different despair from the one I had felt twenty-five years earlier, when Shauna was hopelessly absent. At that time, I still had a sense, or will, to control my life; even though I was doing extremely badly, I tried to fight back, I didn't let myself go; I still claimed to be in control of my destiny. I felt well that my situation was critical, and with the lack of sleep, the anxiety, the tension of these infernal days, I was very close to *go crazy*, to lose control; especially when Shauna had come back from the beach, after her exhibition, with the grotesque stunted midget with a big cock, the very poetic Tom Byron, I was on the verge of exploding, and it was absolutely necessary that I moved away before I *made a disaster*. You never know what will happen when you let yourself go in these situations; I knew how to let myself go in love, because it was the way to ecstasy; but I was afraid to let myself go in that other primal feeling, rage. Love, like rage, is blind, they say; they are perhaps also states of extreme lucidity, where the essence of things is

revealed. Much later, I will regret my control, and I will fantasize about unleashing my rage against this garbage.

Desperation

In this first period, which was quite long, I did not feel any rage. A feeling had invaded the whole space of my perceptions, and it was absolute despair. There is a particular quality of despair, which I don't know if many people have experienced in their lives, that I can call animal despair. It is something that absolutely overwhelms you; you hiccup, cry, moan *like an animal*. This, too, is part of the animal, of our deepest being, totally helpless in the face of the blows of fate. It is this awareness of the existence of an inescapable destiny, of which we are entirely the plaything, which provokes this reaction, it is totally animal, pure emotion. It is said that the stags which are cornered by a pack and are going to be put to death cry, probably in the same way. They have nothing to do with what happens to them, and yet what happens to them is atrocious, an organized, programmed, ritualistic killing, very different from what happens when one succumbs while fighting to the end against a pack of predators. And there is, in programmed killings like Colleen's, or even in our forced separation, an infinite wickedness, a ritual horror of holocaust that animals are quite incapable of.

I cry, I moan like a beast.

This extreme state, which invades absolutely the whole field of perceptions, as does sexual ecstasy, as does the ecstasy of meditation and perhaps mystical ecstasy, cannot be described in the terms of ordinary experience. One can only use the words of ordinary experience with emphasis, extreme despair, extreme horror, extreme dread. In this world of the extreme, the conceptions which agitate ordinary thought, and which are agitated in the public square, such as equality, liberty, money, love and hate, trust, and a thousand others, have no more course; there is only one reality, an overwhelming feeling of reality.

Fortunately, most humans, under normal circumstances, probably never feel this way; it takes a murder or equivalent horror for the horrible reality, which they had not perceived in any way, to finally reveal itself; perhaps Colleen felt this, just before she was executed. In the last few minutes. A week before, she was glowing, smiling at the *Erotic Awards* with the famous Coppola at her table, and that morning she was planning her new career in

the MGM/UA offices. How can one switch from the normal, radiant expression of one's being to absolute horror? *It would be a crime*. The monstrous reality, or the reality of the existence of monsters, is *unthinkable*. And it is because it is impossible, and forbidden, to think of them as monsters that they can continue their exactions.

Whether she committed suicide or was murdered, I immediately thought of those responsible, the ones I knew, the Judeo-Mafia monsters, the circumcised Jews, pornographers and criminals, who had threatened to kill us, slaughter Colleen's family, and other festive joys. It all made sense easily enough.

These monsters are circumcised psychopaths, who have probably felt the horror of a kind of absolute despair in the depths of their being when they undergo the torture of mutilation by the razor of the *mohel*, the ritual circumciser. Their sense of reality is entirely invaded by a sense of immediate despair at first, and then, as they grow older, this despair is redirected into feelings of hatred and revenge. This is a radical, horrible and terribly effective method of conditioning. It is this intimate knowledge of absolute despair which enables the eighth-day circumcised to spread it around them, almost naturally, and it is an exclusive ability otherwise possessed only by rare psychopaths. This is the occult conception of universal freedom and equality: to spread universally the horror of one's own despair.

The despair I felt was an echo, thrown to the four winds, of the despair of the children of Yahweh-Moloch, whose ultimate goal would be, I believe, to destroy the universe in a kind of apocalypse; in a lighter version, it would be to enslave and destroy peoples, lands and seas, but it's more or less the same thing

When you acquire a perception, or rather when it imposes itself on you, you become sensitive to it, and you become able to detect it, where others would see absolutely nothing. Having been threatened with death, having lost Shauna was not enough; all that, although horrible, had not opened my eyes. I could have read a thousand scholarly books and still have come to the same conclusion; there is a fundamental difference between being convinced of something and feeling it. When I was finally plunged, against my will, into the hell of absolute despair, I also began to *see* the immense magnitude of the crimes against humanity of the followers of Yahweh and the minions of the Book. It was, after all, a fair return; having been plunged, Colleen and I,

into despair, it was inevitable that the origin of our calamity, which is unfortunately shared in varying degrees by multitudes unable to grasp its cause, would be identified.

It is like becoming sensitive to a vibration, much like any device connected by waves perceives a frequency; if you are not sensitive to a vibration, you do not see or hear anything; when you have experienced it yourself, you start to *feel* all the places where that vibration is activated. In ordinary language, we commonly speak of *touch strings*, perhaps in reference to the strings of a musical instrument that *resonates*; it is accepted that we all have touch strings that need to be *touched*.

Memories

It is not clear where memories reside; some say they reside entirely in the brain, others that they are duplicated in a space called the *Akashic space* where all our lives are recorded. What is certain is that there is a reality of memories, and that if we could have full access to the reality of these memories, especially those of the years of *education*, we could know more or less exactly how we are *made* (I am taking advantage of a mischievous ambiguity of my language, French; *être fait* can mean to be *made* and also to be *taken*, finished, captured, unmasked, in the expression "*je suis fait*"). Obviously we almost never have access to all this, at least in this world or this space-time; it would raise far too many questions, and above all, would bring far too many answers.

"Whoever controls the past, controls the future; whoever controls the present, controls the past." George Orwell, 1984

The control of the past is exercised through traumas. For me, it was radical, it was amnesia. But this amnesia, in fact, is not exceptional. All children who have undergone a terrorist upbringing develop a so-called *infantile* amnesia, on top of which all sorts of syndromes of veneration of what claims to be the Authority, whatever it may be, syndromes that I have called Moloch and Janissary syndromes. Adults traumatized by re-education or brainwashing operations, such as the defeated and occupied Germans after the Second World War, and to a lesser extent other Europeans, enter into a traumatic amnesia where they completely forget who they were, who did what, and who did what to them.

Don't forget that George Orwell wrote his *1984* after the Second World War, and that it was expressly a work about the *future* of humanity, as he could perceive it in the great operations of rewriting and controlling the past that were underway. Modern propagandists and manipulators always comment claiming that it is not about *them*, but about others, their enemies, whom they have worked hard to destroy.

For me, I even had a big problem accessing my own memories. I can imagine that for entire populations subjected to organized terror, similar results can be achieved, I am even sure of it. I know or feel that my contemporaries are in states similar to mine, the difference being that I *know* them and can describe them to some extent.

The reality of memories is not *controlled*, but it is scrambled, distorted; it is as if your memories were accessible to you through a kind of radio communication, and that, being in wartime, all signals were scrambled, replaced by others, broadcast by propaganda apparatuses invading the whole field of consciousness. The trick is to minimize the examination of the facts, which the poor paper-pusher of Orwell's *1984* has to rewrite constantly, in order to replace them with well-chosen *testimonies*, *ad hoc* appreciations of moral or psychological aspect, or even pure constructions of propaganda based on so-called "public knowledge", on a so-called *consensus* confirmed by the Authority. In the case of a death in Hollywood of a famous and adored actress, taken in hand from the beginning of her career by the Judeo-Mafia, then by that federating, multiform and sinister entity vaguely called the *Cabal* or, more recently, the *Deep State*, the propaganda apparatus brought out the heavy artillery.

It must be said that there was a lot of work to be done: to make the official thesis of *suicide* credible, which the Los Angeles police had established on the spot without the slightest investigation, it was necessary to create an image of Shauna as a fragile, sad, desperate, drug-addicted girl, a bad actress, who would have been driven to suicide by the imprisonment of her friend, the Jew Ehrlich, a drug dealer to the stars. This was in total contradiction with the image of Shauna Grant that pornographers had been selling until then, and with great success: a beautiful girl, sensual, ultra-sensitive, fresh and natural, in short the brightest superstar in the firmament of pornography, exhibited on the poster of the juiciest films, stars of the *box office*. The specialized press was inundated with photographs of her glowing

and smiling. And even among Yahweh's pornographers, many of those who had known Colleen well did not believe in suicide at all, and did not hesitate to say so.

However, this is the official version that I would have in front of my eyes, it would be spread in *Wikipedia* and in all the media; it was now *certain* that Shauna Grant had committed suicide, poor desperate being, for all the reasons already mentioned, because her great love Ehrlich had been imprisoned, because she had no more money to buy coke, because she had to make a porn movie the next day, because she had to leave her house, or because she didn't know who she was anymore. One would even strongly suggest that she was a victim of the *intolerance*, the *oppression* that the white Aryan rednecks put on the innocent pornographic communities of the Chosen People, and on the girls who happily joined them to taste the wonderful fruits of freedom.

For me, knowing the death threats we had received from the same Judeo-mafia, it was amazing. Yet, at first, the outpouring of information was so unanimous that it completely threw me off: could she really have changed so much? Had she really become "Shana Grant," the name that appeared in the film credits when we first met, an actress who probably unknowingly bore a name that means "precious" in Yiddish? Had she really taken up the cause of her *managers*, had the young blonde Nordic lover somehow disappeared? Had terror made her surrender entirely to the foreign occupation? Had she really been completely *eaten up* by the system?

All of this confused and parasitized my memories, because the memory is inseparable from a perception, and it is the perception that makes the link with the memory, as if the perception were a frequency to which one must connect in order to access the content of the information. Proust described this phenomenon well with his "madeleine", a delicacy to which a host of memories is linked; Proust wrote hundreds of interminable pages in which he shamelessly lied and transposed, camouflaging his inverted attraction to robust young men in love with young girls in bloom, but the madeleine is his moment of truth, and this is what we have retained of his work.

There is an essential tendency, in art, literature, or even in any storytelling, to practice a kind of alchemy that will transform reality in a more or less miraculous way, which can go from the simple transformation of pumpkins into carriages to the pure and simple inversion of reality; the last

process, inversion, has serious advantages over all the others, because when it is systematic, there is less chance of betraying oneself by telling incoherent stories about the same subject. It is also the process that causes the most amazement, panic, and even terror in the audience, when it is suddenly revealed that the god is a demon, and that everything that was thought to be good is bad.

This is typically the process that will be applied to the story of Shauna Grant and her *suicide*. It is a well-known process, traditional in groups often suspected of criminal practices, and it is called *accusatory inversion*: it is simply a matter of putting the weight of the crimes on the victims, lawyers often abuse this kind of process, but the unanimous media have more means. To make a crime a suicide is an inversion, it is to transform the victim into a murderer of himself. The inversion is a simple system and within the reach of everyone. But it is necessary to have control over the means of information, and eventually to be able to terrorize those who ask the *wrong questions*.

By distorting the current perception of Shauna, the echoes of disinformation were cutting off my access to my memories; and I would be forced to search tirelessly, in all the documents I could find, for what would give me access to both the truth hidden beneath the propaganda and to my memories.

Another problem I had in accessing my memories was that for many documents, magazines, movies, I just couldn't watch them, as soon as they were explicitly pornographic. It was too revolting. It was not a very good attitude to make a research; there were certainly things to see in these documents, but it was too painful for me to consult them. I would have to gradually get used to the dizzying visual bombardment to be able to detect traces of reality in them.

At first I was obsessed with her name; I remembered well that we had given each other our names, it is one of the first things you do when you meet someone you know will not remain a stranger; I remembered very well the name I had given her, my baptismal name, then my Greek name, on the island. But when she gave me her name, I had a void, a blank.

I have already mentioned the cleavage of personalities; she was both, let's say Lena, the young lover, spontaneous, authentic, passionate, and Shana/Shauga, the pornstar; and I myself was two beings, one who spontaneously understood Lena, even spontaneously merged with her, and

another who tried in vain to correspond with Shana, and who understood nothing.

Names are in a way access points to different personalities; I was unable to form a clear image of Shana/Shaina/Colleen/Lena, just as, although I had not changed my name, I had the greatest difficulty in finding a stable image of myself. While I had relived the scene of our meeting, really relived, that is, as if I had been transported through space-time, and she had then told me her name, I had almost immediately erased it from my memory, probably because it did not suit me.

For me, the name "Shana", or "Shauna", her name as an actress, could not be the one she had given me; it was linked to too many horrors, which had not yet happened when she had met me, but which I could not ignore, afterwards, everything having been accomplished. Yet I couldn't remember her telling me her name was Colleen; and besides, I remembered that when I came back to the island at Easter, the name "Colleen" written on a small piece of paper with her phone number on it didn't mean anything to me. For me, the fact that she told me her name was Shana, which was a way of asserting herself as a porn superstar (in one of the movies she starred in, she played the title role of *Suzie Superstar*), was inconceivable, knowing that porn and the Judeo-mafia had led us to destruction. On this question of the name, I had a total block, when one might think that this is just a detail.

I had seen on the picture on her tombstone "SLEEP IN PEACE LENA", so I thought that since our world and the world of pornography, as I saw them afterwards, were in violent opposition, she must have given me her childhood name, Lena. I could not accept that she had given me the name that the filthy Ira Allen Sachs, known as Bobby Hollander, had given her, Shana, a name that could pass for Hebrew, Yiddish, or Irish, or even Shauna, the Irish name that she had given herself by deviating by one letter from the name given by Hollander. This is probably the most difficult thing for me, to break the vision in which I was, twenty-five years later, to put myself back into the context of the time; all that I knew of the later history, distorted by falsifications, prevented me from finding the reality of the memory.

In the first versions of this writing, when I described the scene of the meeting, at the very beginning I had her say "My name is Lena", but I wasn't really sure that she had said that to me, and this generated in me almost anguish. It would take me a very long time to understand that she had totally

adopted the name she had been given by Ira Allen Sachs alias Bobby Hollander, "Shana", which she had later changed to "Shauna"; in reality I would only understand it, hardly, through a psychic communication, where she would tell me that the name she gave me was not Lena, but Shauna.

"But living a dream -
that'll never come true...
Lena turned to Shauna."

I think the moment she "became Shauna Grant" was the worst trauma of her life, the kind that causes personality changes. I got amnesia, and she "became Shauna Grant". But she talks about a "dream that will never come true," as if it was all just because of an impossible dream she had. She doesn't talk about the ones who destroyed, not her dream, but who she was. It is the common idea, in the Christian conscience, that we would be responsible for our lives, that it is our *choice*, which, of course, makes the criminals happy. She had had an impossible *dream* as the young Lena, that's all; as Shauna, she knew the *reality*.

It was not pornography that traumatized her, even if it involved some particularly disgusting pigs, it did not affect her good mood and made her a lot of money, plus *star* status. It is clear from her early films that, even if she surreptitiously lets traces of disgust pass, this does not affect her overall good mood. By the time we met, she had already appeared in several films, 8mm *loops* under the names Crystal, Janet, Shauna, Linda, *softcore* films and even a full-length pornographic film under her real name, Colleen Applegate, and she appeared prominently on the posters of five full-length films under the names Callie or Callie Aims, names that were not too far from Colleen.

Colleen appeared in six short videos of fifteen to twenty-five minutes as "Shana Grant" under Hollander's direction, and three feature films, including the famous *Suzie Superstar*, under various directions. Ira Allen Sachs, aka Bobby Hollander, who had *baptized* her as Shana Grant, was her manager.

It was when she met me, was totally traumatized, that she "became Shauna Grant". The one I met was not entirely "Shauna" Grant, and for that matter, not even "Shana" Grant. In a different but similar process to mine, Colleen/Lena simply disappeared into the depths of the trap set by the Cabal, leaving only Shana Grant to surface. But when we met, Lena still existed, even though she claimed to be Shana.

Stunned by the luxury, the omnipresent cocaine, the promises of a career equal to that of Marilyn Monroe, who had been imposed in the studios by the Jewish mobster Mickey Cohen, ex-boss of Ira Allen Sachs, she had totally adopted "Shana Grant", slightly modified, by herself, into "Shauna Grant". It was probably the worst mistake she ever made in her life, and it would dominate our entire relationship from the beginning. When we exchanged names, the first sign of an identity, she told me her name was Shana, not Colleen or Lena; that was to say that I was becoming, in her new worldview, the lover of Shana Grant, the cosmopolitan porn superstar, and not Colleen or Lena, the northern, romantic, passionate teenager from Minnesota who was supposed to no longer exist.

In the few porn scenes that were shot on the island, her name given by Hollander, Shana or Miss Grant, is systematically said by her partners and herself, it appears in the script, and it is deliberate; it is indeed quite uncommon that one insists on a name in porn films, where the actors change it all the time, a way of not really being there. The change of name is the sign of a conversion, a conversion to the infernal religion of the Judeo-mafia, a conversion into a golden idol, into a *Golden Girl*, into a counterfeit currency rented and sold by the loan sharks, of which *Shana Grant* was probably not the least bit aware at the beginning.

I don't know what her dream was, probably to be both a big star and the most fulfilled of lovers, to have "a home, children, a husband who loves her," as she says in one of her movies called *Glitter* where she plays a romantic girl like her, but that was obviously not possible for *Shana/Shauga Grant*. Lena or Colleen would have been free to change her ways, give up her glittering career or keep her professional life strictly separate from her personal life, Shauna was not. Then she would become "yet another," but that "another" would not survive for long.

After a first terrible phase of purely animal despair, without word, without concept, without time, I took foot again little by little, dazed, in the ordinary reality. What came back at first was an awareness of time. I had lived an *apocalypse*, a *revelation*; this apocalypse was also the end of times, in the dark vision of the prophet Yochanan Ben Z'badiah aka John. All these paroxysmal states, the orgasm, the ecstasy, the vision, the absolute despair, are out of time; to a lesser extent, it is also a little the same thing for the

dream. When we come out of it, it is the consciousness of time, of insertion in time, that comes back first.

This awareness was that of a tragedy, of a relentless chain of causes, effects, of actors driven by their contradictory passions, what is often called fate, or fatality. The word tragedy, *tragodos*, means *song of the goat*, it is a song sung during the sacrifice of a goat to Dionysus, an archaic god linked to Pan and the satyrs with goat feet. The goat, Pan, symbolizes the raw forces of nature. Very often, or always, the spring of tragedy is that a fatal *destiny*, imposed by *the gods*, crushes with all its weight the feelings of the humans. I didn't really see the actors, me, Shauna, Hollander, I saw the machine that had crushed Colleen and me, with an almost demonic precision, without anything being able to stop it.

During this period, I was obsessed, and as if hallucinated, by one of the ancient texts of European literature, Sophocles' *Oedipus the King*, or translated more accurately from the Greek, *Oedipus the Tyrant*. A tyrant is a desecrator, he has violated the natural or customary order of human relationships. The violator generates violence, and this is expressed in the form of an epidemic, the plague, which can only be cured by the overthrow and punishment of the tyrant. It is not indifferent that Oedipus is precisely a tyrant, because the destiny to which he is bound, which is imposed on him but which he generates by his actions, is, in mirror image, tyrannical.

Oedipus the Tyrant is an extremely powerful tragedy which expresses with a kind of primitive force the tyranny of the fate. It is necessary to imagine the permanent presence of the chorus, which it seems that it was dressed in goats; this chorus represents the mass of those who did not provoke the gods, but undergo the consequences of the tyranny.

There is also in *Oedipus* a revelation of what is hidden, through the mouth of the blind *seer* Tiresias. The *unveiling* is the spring of very great works of Western literature, such as *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, among others. What is revealed is a hidden *crime*. The concern to reveal crimes, to denounce criminals, is very old in the European culture; it undoubtedly happens often enough that criminals seize power and bring the plague.

There is a very notable evolution in the tragic conception, that the star goes from the criminal himself, *Oedipus*, and his torments, to the whistleblower and vigilante, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. This is not always the

case, in Fritz Lang's *M*, the star is always the criminal, and we see the popular *chorus* reappear at the end.

After the overwhelm, came the revolt, the rage, and the hatred. All I had of Colleen, or almost all, were pornographic films in which she engaged in various perverted sexual activities with circumcised men, and what the circumcised men in the *porn business* said about her, the so-called *suicide*. There was enough to fuel the rage and hatred of the most ethereal utopian of universal love. My hatred was growing by the day, and it was reflected in the way I replayed and fantasized my brief encounter with the monsters. I spent a considerable amount of time remembering those fateful moments and reinventing different scenarios in which Colleen and I could escape them.

At first, these scenarios were rather defensive; they were about preventing the monsters from harming us; for example, when Colleen told me that they were going to kill her whole family, we could have written a letter to people we knew, and eventually to her family, informing them of the threats, and explicitly saying that if we were to have an *accident*, or commit *suicide*, or be liquidated, Hollander-Sachs would be the culprit; maybe that would have defused his blackmail, just by showing him the letter. This is a simple way, but in the shock of the horror of the blackmail, we never think of it. By a kind of *cognitive dissonance*, we prefer to undergo the blackmail, which, in a way, erases it, and it is as if it had never existed, business resumes as usual when the horror has been *digested*; it is finally a *conditioning* like any other, just a little more directly violent, but the causes are quickly forgotten. One forgets the threat, and one automatically obeys.

Little by little, as my rage grew, I envisaged more and more violent and bloody scenarios; I had only one desire, to make them disappear, as painfully as possible, from the face of the planet. Even when I learned that the Sachs known as Hollander was dead, I strongly regretted not having been able to catch him in time; torturing him in one way or another would have been, in my fantasy, an enormous pleasure; even if I know that in the other world, he has found his true place, Gehenna, the hell of Moloch that his ancestors built and from which he came to haunt the earth. And don't tell me, like the priests, that by taking revenge I would become *like them*; it is only the natural feeling of justice, of which revenge is the expression. I do not believe in this pretentious reign of the Law, which would be impartial and equitable, especially since the community that has the greatest interest in massively

occupying the offices of public justice, which is not subject to any popular control in most cases, is the most criminal community; only vengeance is just, because one knows why it is exercised.

Neither despair nor rage and hatred, which were current and pervasive feelings, really helped me to unravel the arcana of the situation; extreme feelings bring an extreme lucidity at the moment, a sense of evidence of reality, but also a total blindness to the whole environment. To understand what had happened, who I was, who Colleen was, who these circumcised pornographers were, I turned to a method I knew well, though I practiced it only moderately now: research.

I had spent years of my youth looking through mounds of books in various libraries, most of which I read *diagonally*, trying to understand the mechanisms of the evolution of human socio-cultural systems. How on earth did we get to the state we were in? This is an essential question, and not a particularly new one, but in this day and age it has become almost forbidden to ask it. The established and oppressive dogma is that of the equivalence, or equality, of races and cultures; there is no evolution within the human species; move along, nothing to see.

This is justified, according to the censors, by the fact that the human species would not be a species like the others, and that it would evolve differently from all the others; there is a God, or a Law, in front of which all are *equal*, and this is supposed to define the reality of the whole species. Only the most staggeringly empty theories about *humans*, the most denialist of the immense differences between real humans, all the greater if they are of distant origins, have the right to be cited today. The slightest mention of an unequal evolution of races and cultures is considered as heresy, a sacrilege called *incitement to hatred*; all of nature, or all of reality, would thus be an *incitement to hatred* to which it is forbidden to open one's eyes. We have allowed ourselves to be dragged into a new obscurantism as it existed before the Renaissance.

In short, in the midst of the exaltation of the miraculous promises of multicultural *enrichment*, in the early 1980s, based on basic ideas of systems theory, such as that all structuring is based on the creation of differences and obviously not on their destruction, and joining them to Darwin's evolutionary theory, I easily concluded that the *multicultural* system is an evolutionary aberration, an unnatural and counter-current system that inevitably

generates a catastrophe, the one that today, together with the growing hold of financial predators, is ruining our lives.

This worldview did not please at all; we were going towards a *brighter tomorrow* and a *multicultural paradise*, and in this magnificent concert, I was singing out of tune. The publishers gave me the most absurd excuses, without ever addressing the basic issue. For a Christian editor, I was a "Jansenist", although, even if I had read and appreciated the brilliant Blaise Pascal, I had no idea what that meant; my theological culture being weak, it took me years to understand that I was contradicting the Catholic dogma of universal salvation, which the dogma of the equality of races and cultures took up identically, adding to it a false veneer of *modern, materialistic* and *scientific* claims.

I was used to the ordinary bookworm's habit of stirring up tons of pontificating crap to find information that made sense; but in the case of what was available on Shauna, the work was particularly hard. You had to find documents that were almost impossible to find; newspaper or magazine articles, photos, bits of film that would have escaped censorship. Because even the pornographic films were censored; some scenes in which Colleen, playing under her real name or the pseudonym Callie Aims, appeared as she was before the drama of our forced separation, not only beautiful, but playful and sexually active, strangely disappeared from the new editions of the video tapes. She was not yet Hollander-Sachs' creature; the monster had become his *manager* shortly before we met, though he always claimed to have *discovered* Colleen, who owed her *star* status entirely to him.

Hollander, one of the worst scumbags in a business full of them, had managed to monopolize the video distribution circuit by activating the mafia network; he was in fact the henchman of Reuben Sturman, the immensely voracious super-predator of Jewish mafia pornography. In criminal activities, it is always the worst ones who come out on top, and this is just as true for loan-sharking or politics as it is for pornography. He probably controlled what was to be seen of Colleen and what was not, especially after her murder. He had to make credible the thesis of a poor *disturbed* girl's suicide announced on the spot by the LAPD and by his public comments on his *star*, who according to him only found respite from her intrinsic unhappiness as an *uptight* white Catholic girl by shooting porn scenes with circumcised people.

In short, there was an intense work of *disinformation* on Colleen, a work in which the Judeo-Mafia employed all its media networks, that is to say, almost all the existing networks; but when I began this work, I was only very theoretically aware of the existence of *disinformation*. I had read Orwell's *1984*, whose title was, surprisingly enough, that of the year Colleen was liquidated, but I had never really had to deal with a concrete case, and above all I did not know that I was a victim of it myself.

When, after the attacks of September 11, which had shocked me terribly, voices had been raised, books had shown the impossibility, among other things, that it was an airliner that had made a round hole in the Pentagon and exploded after piercing a few other walls, or that steel towers had suddenly collapsed on themselves because of a fire, I had not wanted to believe these demonstrations. I believed as much as anyone else that it was impossible for people from a government, humans, to be complicit in the massacre of their fellow citizens. It was just *unthinkable*. *It would be a crime*. I was resistant to conspiracy theories, because they imply that certain ethnic, religious and ideological groups distinguish themselves as an *elite* from the rest of humanity by coldly manipulating the ordinary feelings of the *mass*, and, probably, enjoy its gullibility. It is this truth that is unbearable, that we are reluctant to see, and yet it is the only key to understanding.

My search had little to do with the research I had done in the past, spending a lot of energy in piles of books and writings. In this search for Colleen, I was not looking for the keys to the universe, nor even those that would allow us to understand humanity a little better, all things that can be invented to be delivered to the restless appetite of beings in search of meaning, I was looking for something much more difficult to find, the feeling of reality.

I know that it can seem strange to speak about "feeling of reality" in what is basically only an intellectual research, whereas this feeling invades us especially in the strong expressions of the life, those in which we are plunged *body and soul*, like love, but also other less pleasant circumstances. But there is a feeling of unreality when the descriptions of the world we have do not *fit* at all with our experience, it is as if the space of the descriptions and the space of the concrete experiences were disjoined, the two start to *float*. I got this in my face when I said to Colleen, "*That would be a crime*," when this *unthinkable* crime existed, and conditioned almost everything she did.

We suffer a lot of these disjunctions in education, especially when they claim to hurt us *for our own good*, or for the good of *humanity*, the *planet*, *anti-racism* or other nonsense, but these disjunctions are glued back together with mythical glue that allows us to function in a false, but shared universe.

Strangely enough, or not, the feeling of reality is much stronger in the world of dreams, or that of hallucinations or other strange forms, than in the world normally considered as *real*. This is relatively familiar to poets and artists, but awareness of this fact is rare, only Nietzsche to my (admittedly limited) knowledge dares to evoke the "luminous *reality* of the dream world". In the quest for reality, memories, dreams, sensations, perceptions mingle, gradually drawing a picture of the way we have been forced to see reality, which allows us, once we have grasped a corner of the veil, to pull it aside and look behind.

There are typical phases in the discovery, and they are always the same. It always begins with a phase of worry, discomfort, or even despondency; it is the awareness that something is *wrong* or doesn't *add up*, although we never know what it is. It is not really a *problem*, according to the common way of presenting things in our *solution-hungry* world; it is not what the discovery of reality is about. In this quest, elements reveal themselves, by various means; they are facts, bits of reality, individual or collective memories, of which one can say, at the risk of being considered as an enlightened person, that they have always been present in a space where they are just, most of the time, invisible.

I was not driven by an abstract search for knowledge, but by the violent desire to find Colleen, and to find myself. True, she was dead, I was like the living dead, and a mind certain of the fact that we are only objects, an *objective* mind, would find this useless. But I had the urgency to find her, not in flesh and blood, obviously, but to find her image, her spirit, this unique vibration which was hers, the one we had shared too, and which was buried in a foul gangue of mud poured by the monsters, sellers of illusions and traffickers of information. It was a question of destroying this gangue, piece by piece, and for that, it was necessary to perceive how it operated.

Little by little, the image of Colleen fabricated by the media and the various false testimonies would fade away, and I would get closer to her, to the one who is still the one I knew, still alive in a parallel reality. There is an

essential and authentic reality of every being, more or less good or bad, and this reality is the indelible one of the other world; and since I have to shock, I would say that the reality of the other world is more real, more authentic, than the one of ours, entangled in the mirages and the terrors of manipulations. Gradually, this path of reunion with Colleen would lead me to mediumship, to dialogue with the afterlife, and some very important points of what I know today come from these contacts; I then understood that the specter pointing at his assassins, the central character of *Hamlet*, was not at all an artefact fabricated by Shakespeare to tighten the plot of his story, but the master of the ballet.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*

The reality factory

Staging

Colleen's entire history is condensed at the moment of her disappearance; this is the moment when she becomes a legend. Dead, she becomes a malleable object, which the propagandists can present in any way they want; and the horror of this event becomes the filter through which her whole life is interpreted. Death, this final point, occupies the whole scene when it is inexplicable or monstrous; the dead person *enters the legend*, and witnesses and chroniclers will always be found to fabricate this legend in their best interests.

Colleen's death propelled her to the forefront of the so-called *mainstream* public scene; and as in any large-scale media operation, the *staging* follows an immutable strategy: a first authorized source *creates the event*, and sets the *tone*; then, after the initial impulse of the conductor, all the relays gently follow, without asking questions. This method doesn't look much like what used to be called journalism; in reality it is a propaganda method, and it was theorized by Edward Bernays, a nephew of Freud, inventor of *public relations* and author of the Bible of manipulators, the famous book *Propaganda* published in 1928. In the doctrine of *public relations*, taken up by the *psyops*, the specialists in psychological action who have spread from the Psychological Warfare Units of the US army created for the occasion of the Second World War to the CIA departments, an event does not exist in itself, it is *created* to produce a certain *effect*. You can see these creations every day on TV, under the name of *news*.

The scenario is more or less unchanging: a first official or *authoritative* media support launches the information, sets the tone, then *relays* spread and add their sauce, then *witnesses* sing a more or less discordant chorus, but who cares, it's the mass that counts, and only a few *evil spirits* will maliciously raise the existence of inconsistencies and implausibility in testimonies that come to support the truth revealed by the *authority*.

The only problem is to silence the dissent of *evil minds*, for which there is a plethora of means at the disposal of the holders of the *revealed truth*; the Soviet Union, at the forefront of the manufacture of the *socialist paradise*, employed several of them, from the gulag to the execution, and the pseudo

liberal democracies confronted with the uncontrollable explosion of the communications linked to the Internet follow little by little the same way, with a very worrying acceleration these last days.

Los Angeles Times: the authority

Colleen was murdered or executed on March 21, 1984, and a lengthy article about her death and its causes appeared on the front page of the weekend *Calendar* supplement to the *Los Angeles Times* on Sunday, May 6. The *Los Angeles Times* was one of the most important newspapers in the USA, with an audience that went far beyond California, and its articles were picked up everywhere. No less than seven full pages, fifteen photos, plus a full page of cover photos and an editorial by the editor. The case deserved exceptional treatment. In the meantime, the only information had come from the police, who had immediately concluded that the pathetic loser had committed *suicide*, had botched an almost empty report and was in no hurry to provide any autopsy results, which they would never do in the end, in a state of near-general indifference. The article was entitled "*The Death of Colleen*" and was written by a Michael London. This London was Jewish, as were his editor and the newspaper's owners, which is commonplace, if not the rule; what is a little more surprising is that another London edited a small sadomasochistic pornographic magazine called *Sexy Slaves*, in which very young girls are exhibited, undressed, tied up in various ways, and if possible terrorized, and that the very young Colleen, freshly arrived in Hollywood, had appeared on the cover, then in about thirty photos, in the number 3 of the magazine.

Without necessarily seeing malignancy in it, it is quite obvious that the worldview offered by the *Los Angeles Times* to its readers, *gentiles* or *goys*, will be highly *kosher*. And it is perfectly abnormal that, in what claims to be a democracy, the means of expression are concentrated in the hands of a minority having the enormous monetary means created by financiers or usurers of the same gang, instead of being in the hands of members of the majority community or communities; if the people cannot express themselves directly, they must at least be able to express their opinions through representatives close to them, that is an essential condition of freedom of expression. The media, which have substituted themselves to the Assemblies, have confiscated to their advantage the word of the people, and this is intolerable. This is only one confiscation among others, there are

others just as important, that of money and finance, of the media and even of what is still called politics when it is no more than an art of predation.

The subject of the article is, of course, to assign a *cause* to the spectacular death of a 20 year old *star*, and, if possible, a cause that completely exonerates the *interests* that link pornography, drug trafficking, and the owners and journalists of the *Los Angeles Times*.

First, the imprisonment of her *lover* Jake Ehrlich:

"She was soon celebrated in the porn world as Shauna Grant, the very young star of *Virginia*, *Suzie Superstar* and *Flesh and Laces*, each of which earned her a nomination for best actress at the recent *Erotic Film Awards*.

Her rewards were a life of fame, wealth, admirers and cocaine. But that began to unravel on February 22 when her lover of the past year - Jack (*Jake*) Ehrlich - was arrested for drug trafficking and sentenced to five years in prison. Ehrlich had helped her get out of the porn business and provided her with a quiet domestic life in Palm Springs."

In fact, she was out of the porn business long before she met Ehrlich, and Colleen/Ehrlich as a quiet, why not *redneck* or *middle-class* couple in Palm Springs is high fantasy - and perfectly implausible. We'll get to that later when we discuss Ehrlich's role in the story.

"At the time of her death, Colleen was clueless following Ehrlich's arrest. Her hopes for mainstream film roles were dashed, and she was scheduled to appear three days later in San Francisco in her first pornographic film in months. At the same time, her parents offered to pay for college if she returned to Minnesota, but Colleen feared she would no longer feel comfortable at home.

Suicide or murder, his death has angered people. His family blames the porn world. The porn world blames the cocaine world. Those closest to her say that in a moment of crisis, she found herself caught between Colleen, an Irish name meaning *girl*, and Shauna Grant, *sex star*.

"She was totally caught up in Shauna Grant, the little Colleen Applegate who grew up and was wildly successful," says Karen Howorth, her neighbor in Palm Springs "She couldn't cope with it, and she was at the point where no one could help her. There was only one thing she could do to get out of it."

Here is a reason for suicide. It had to be invented. Not very credible at first, but finally taken up again in a slightly different form, after seven long pages that wander around without ever saying anything very conclusive, sitting on the fence between those, very numerous, who don't believe in suicide, and those who do; this is necessary in order not to be too open to criticism and for the appearance of *objectivity*. The opinions are, to say the least, very contradictory, and nothing coherent emerges.

These are the paragraphs at the very end of the article, the summary of the contradictory versions, and the definitive conclusion on Colleen's death by journalist Michael London, an opinion probably validated by an entire chain of command attentive to the slightest misstep.

"No matter what future investigations reveal (note: nothing, there will be no "future investigation", and it's amazing that the reporter knows the outcome of the "whatever" in advance...), Colleen's family and friends in Minnesota will never be convinced that she took her own life (note: that's to be expected since these "rednecks" are filled with "prejudice"). Nor will her male partners in pornography, such as actor Richard Pacheco: "I'm amazed that anyone would think that the pain was so great that leaving the planet was the only choice."

All the male actors had a *crush* on Colleen, and as far as I know a depressed and suicidal girl is not particularly *attractive*. Richard Pacheco will set out his very serious reasons for doubting the *suicide*, based on what Colleen told him a week before the murder, in his book *Hindsight*, which will not be published until thirty years later when the case is seriously cooled. It's not hard to guess why he didn't say anything when the pseudo-investigation was still going on.

"But for the women closest to Colleen Applegate - especially her fellow porn actresses - her alleged suicide was far less surprising. "She was just an unhappy little girl with a lot of imagination," Laurie Smith says in a shaky voice.

"What hurt her the most was not having her parents' approval. She needed roots, and she found them with Bobby (Hollander) and then Jake (Ehrlich). But the roots were pulled out," says Kelly Nichols. What happened to Colleen Applegate may have less to do with porn than with the inevitability of being young, pretty and impressionable in Hollywood. If her closest friends are not mistaken, that sad night in

Palm Springs, Colleen must have been a long way from her home in Farmington, and a long way from anywhere else she would have liked to be."

Los Angeles Times, May 6, 1984

Great art, stated with all the *authority* of a great journalist.

"*Ossabandus, nequeys, nequer, potarinum, quipsa milus*. This is precisely why your daughter is mute." Molière, *Le médecin malgré lui*

It was necessary to offer to the reader worried in front of such a horror a *cause*.

In a big, bold tagline in the middle of the last page: "*What happened to Colleen Applegate may have less to do with porn than with the fate of being young, pretty, and impressionable in Hollywood.*" pounds and marks the point, the only information for the harried reader.

In short, Colleen was the thousandth white goose without much talent to come to *Tinseltown*, Hollywood, the city of glitz.

If all the young, pretty and impressionable girls passing through Hollywood ended up with a bullet in the head, you wouldn't be able to walk around without stepping over bodies. It's a little masterpiece of misinformation, like: "Move along, nothing to see". Young, pretty and impressionable, it's nobody's fault, *she shouldn't have gone there*. That's all.

Three women who are considered by the journalist to be Colleen's *closest friends* are the *privileged witnesses*, almost alone against everyone, pornographers and *rednecks* alike; almost everyone who knew Colleen had trouble *swallowing* the suicide. The journalist will have to invoke a wealth of casuistry to *justify* the suicide. Even if there's nothing special about it, move along, you have to throw a little something at the readers.

Karen Howorth is almost an unknown, she was Colleen's neighbor in Palm Springs, and worked as a florist in Los Angeles. It would have been a bit more normal to interview her companion, Gray Frederickson, a film producer at MGM/UA, whom we see on several occasions towards the end of Colleen's life. But I suppose he had no desire to be in the spotlight.

Laurie Smith is, as we'll see later, a scatterbrained weather vane who has been dabbling in dope for years and who can be turned around by the slightest breath of wind, especially if it's laden with a little cocaine.

It is the Jewish Kelly Nichols who will be responsible for the final word, with her Homeric tirade about the *roots being pulled out*.

"What hurt her the most was not having her parents' approval. She needed roots, and she found them with Bobby (Hollander) and then Jake (Ehrlich). But the roots were pulled out."

Hallelujah, revelation, trumpets blown: the good-natured Jewish mafia is innocent, the ugly, reactionary, intolerant *prejudices* of Minnesota *rednecks* are ultimately responsible for Colleen's death.

In fact the only *root* that Sachs-Hollander and Ehrlich provided Colleen was the white powder that she was desperately *clinging to*. Laurie Smith was involved in the operation, and quite possibly, so was Kelly Nichols.

I guess I don't need to go into a long speech to explain how, when you've heard dear Bobby threaten to kill you or Colleen's entire family, you have a rather different, and even opposite, view of *root pulling*. If it was indeed the *root pulling* that caused Colleen's death, then the culprits are not the *rednecks* of Minnesota's *authoritarian* and *repressive* society, but the professional *root pullers*, who are not usually shy about proclaiming that they hate the *fascist* roots of Gentiles.

Colleen naturally had roots, as most people do, and such roots could not be destroyed by a simple disagreement with her parents; her roots were genetic, European, Nordic, and Celtic, and our love was deeply rooted in the same race and culture, an essential condition for deep agreement; it was obviously in the cosmopolitan criminal milieu that she was *uprooted*.

But for me, who knows only too well *to whom* she was attached by every root of her being, *from whom* she was torn, and *by whom*, these words typical of the total inversion always practiced by this band of criminals are simply monstrous, oozing and dripping with their ordinary hate. Sanctifying the criminals and criminalizing the victims, a routine.

From another point of view, it is equally astounding to hear that roots can be pulled out, just as if they were weeds. This is the negation of all that is genetic, that is to say what characterizes us most definitely and most intimately; one can argue that we are *more* than our genes, or much more, to each his interpretation, but I do not believe that any being can be anything *without* its genes. Genes are what link us to the immense lineage of our ancestors, and ultimately to life itself. It is perfectly obvious that they cannot

be *taken away*. It is possible to use various means of stupefaction, drugs, propaganda, to make us forget them, but it is impossible to destroy them. For the moment, because we can guess that some particularly evil beings could have the project.

Thirty years later, the echo of Kelly Nichols' statements is very strange; the mafia cabal has, almost unanimously, taken up the cause of destroying or even negating all *roots*, precisely, by engulfing them in a *multicultural* world; the activities of a Bobby and a Jake, and of millions of their fellows and accomplices, were perfectly coherent with this objective, which is in turn perfectly coherent with the first biblical Covenant, whose declared aim is to destroy or enslave the Nations.

In the same vein, when the Shauna Grant case resurfaced a few years later with the release of a documentary film, a pornographic magazine was more explicit. On its cover was a catchy title: *Who killed Shauna Grant?*

"Colleen Applegate died thinking she was worthless. If only her friends and family had joined us in appreciating her great talent, telling her how much she meant to us and how great sex looks the way she did it... If only...

If we had told her that, if we had all let that girl know how much she meant to us, to anyone who loves beauty... But we didn't. We stayed silent. We disapproved. And now, finally, we know who killed Shauna Grant. It was us."

Who killed Shauna Grant, Adam Film World V12#4, 1988

One will admire the excellent sleight of hand, which makes that at first the *friends* and the *family* are the bad *intolerant ones* who opposed *us*, the good ones, the *pornographers*, who *like the beauty*, and that then this same *us* is used in a more general sense, apparently incriminating nobody in particular... although everyone understands that it is about those who *disapprove*... adding as a note of false contrition, so that everyone understands that we must beat our chests...

What is quite remarkable is that it is the same process as the one used by Kelly Nichols, and that a *communicator* may have told her: the pure and simple *inversion*, a great classic it seems.

While it's not far-fetched to think that mafia, pornography, and cocaine networks were involved in Colleen's death, accusing those around her in her

hometown is simply a *slander*. Slander is a lie intended to harm, motivated by *hate*.

The inversion made by Kelly Nichols is a simple one, let's say of the first order; it's something that is easily enough noticed and not very elaborate; one has to be very, very naive, or benevolent *a priori* to certain causes, to admit that Colleen's *roots* had been *given* to her by *Bobby* and *Jake*, and that the abominable intolerance and repression of the *rednecks* had *torn* them *out*. Kelly Nichols follows *good* standard doctrine in making *intolerance* the crime of crimes, the one that leads to *racism* and *anti-Semitism*, the *root cause* of the worst *crimes against humanity*, and by extension Colleen's abominable death. But to say that this crime of *intolerance* characteristic of the rooted, white, Christian rednecks caused the *uprooting* is not consistent with dogma. I am surprised, moreover, that the certainly experienced London reporter let it slip; he did not, however, make it his main point. Adam Film World's article refocuses entirely on the *intolerance* that *kills*, which is more in line with the dogma or the *right line*. It is a *slander* that is perfectly consistent with dogma, and a slander that spreads, without the propaganda-bombarded accused having the reflex to counterattack.

There is indeed a line, a doctrine, established after the Second World War, summarily exposed at the Nuremberg trial, then developed by the *Macy Conferences*, linking intolerance to the roots, those of the Nations, of the authoritarian white, Western, Christian and atavistically intolerant, *racist* and *fascist* man. In the doctrine established by the only real winners of the Second World War, a so-called *cosmopolitan* gang dominated by absolute financial tyranny, any national *roots*, capable of opposing the terrorist omnipotence of financial extortion, must clearly be *torn out* no matter how horrible the price for the Nations.

This line or doctrine does not spread by itself. It is spread by official or semi-official bodies working in the shadows. During an investigation by the US Senate in the 1970s, when a CIA official was questioned under oath about the existence of a *Mockingbird* operation by the agency to influence the media, the answer was "yes". I've mentioned several times the possibility of the presence of *communicators* to explain the homogeneity of the testimonies of a small number of selected people, and of the media analyses. In reality, this homogeneity in the media has an organized source. This

homogeneity affects today all the countries dominated by the USA, or more precisely by the US Jewish mafia, since the Second World War.

Why is that the Minnesota's white Catholic redneck population, who lost the most beautiful of its daughters to the Hollywood Jews, allows itself to be accused and insulted without reacting with all the violence it deserves, why some of them will probably let themselves feel guilty as usual, can only be understood by the Almighty Moloch syndrome.

Racism and anti-Semitism, specters and root causes

It is a matter of shifting the responsibility for the crimes from the individuals who commit them to what Nietzsche calls *ghosts* or *specters*: the pornographic criminals will then be heroes of the struggle for *freedom*, against *intolerance*, against *disapproval* of what is considered bad out of *prejudice*, and, as a last resort, against *racism*, *antisemitism*, *conspiracy*, to name only the most famous star specters. The trap is omnipresent: focusing on specters will fuel an endless discussion about specters, racism, anti-Semitism, tolerance, freedom, and whatever else; scribblers will exhaust themselves trying to demonstrate that if, that no, that anyway, and *tutti quanti*; the real question will remain obscured. The real, realistic question is: who does what? And from this point of view the answer is clear: there would be no pornography, there would be no crime, no *suicides* of twenty-year-old girls, if there were no organized networks of pornographers and criminals, and their elimination is the only real problem that has nothing to do with questions of *freedom*, *tolerance*, *anti-Semitism* or anything else. This is true for all kinds of crimes that are done today under the guise of *anti-racism*. The more a population is protected by exceptional laws, the more it becomes criminal with impunity.

Nietzsche said: "the priest lies" at a time when the Sunday mass was still a mass communication medium; today we can say: "the media lies", and this is more and more visible for more and more captive audiences. They only talk about spectral causes, racism, antisemitism, etc., and never about real, objective causes.

False cases and false witnesses

All this has become commonplace, and is shamelessly displayed on the front pages of *mainstream* newspapers like the *Los Angeles Times*. I suppose that hardly anyone notices, and even the victims of the operation, if they balk, do not go so far as to denounce a nefarious scheme that they are unable to see. Yet the victims are insidiously accused of being the ultimate perpetrators of the crime; this is the organization of a monstrous system, in which the victims are stripped of the status of victims and given the status of culprits.

Life having extracted me, in spite of myself, from idiocy, what passes unnoticed for most people appears to me in all the horror of its malevolence. This malevolence is everywhere, made invisible by its omnipresence and its banality.

Nietzsche, however, had warned us of the malevolence of the *specters*; it will be necessary to transcribe because the names of the specters and their priests have changed, but the phenomenon itself has only grown and flourished, enclosing us more and more in its tentacles.

"The beginning of the Bible contains the whole psychology of the priest. The priest knows only one great danger: science, the sound notion of cause and effect. (...)

The whole *moral order of the world* is invented against science, - against the detachment of man from the priest... Man must not look outside, he must look inside himself; he must not be intelligent and careful, like a learner, he must not see things at all: he must suffer... (...)

The notion of guilt and punishment, (...) - nothing but lies without any psychological reality, invented to destroy in man the sense of causes: an attack on the concept of cause and effect! And not an attack with the fist, the knife, the frankness in hate and love. But with the most cowardly, cunning, lowly instincts! Attacks of priests! Attacks of parasites! The vampirism of pale underground bloodsuckers!... (...) -

Sin, again, that form of self-sabotage of man par excellence, was invented to make science, culture, all elevation and nobility of man impossible; the priest rules by the invention of sin."

Nietzsche, *The Antichrist*, 1888 (published 1895)

The notion of *sin* as it existed at the end of the 19th century, after fifteen centuries of permanent brain control, must be replaced by the new notions established by the new doctrinaires, those of *racism*, *anti-Semitism*, *discrimination*. The *moral order* of the world today is *political correctness*. The terrorist control inflicted by the new priests, the most cunning, the *pale underground bloodsuckers*, whom everyone will easily recognize, is undoubtedly more powerful than the old one, by its suddenness and its brutality; Christianity still took centuries to impose itself completely.

The notion of causality is essential and, in fact, no life can exist without it. Not to recognize even summarily the cause of an event, to be *deceived* about the cause, is to be unable to respond correctly, and this can be fatal. This is true for every living being, including man. The ancient theologians of the Middle Ages, not devoid of intelligence even if they were deluded, had perfectly understood this question and made God the *first cause*. This idea of *efficient* cause, producing an effect, is from Aristotle.

The beginning of the Bible, and its *original fault* invented by the *priests* of the Near East, makes all this very clear. The Tree of Knowledge (of Good and Evil) is forbidden. Why? Because only God knows good and evil. Why is this? Because ignorant men have only one vocation: to obey the Commandments that this God, and of course his henchmen, will impose, whatever they are. This blind obedience to the Good is constantly tested, as when Abraham prepares to sacrifice his son Isaac as God has commanded. In the ancient religion of the Israelites that preceded the Judaism of Moses, the Eternal and Almighty God, Baal-Moloch, demands the sacrifice in the fire of the firstborn. This is what I have called the *Moloch syndrome*, the reverence and worship of the Infernal God, from which we are not freed a few millennia later.

But if the prohibition of Knowledge is violated, if one seeks *the real cause* of all these horrors behind the God who is supposed to be the *primary cause*, one inevitably comes across the *priests*, the *pale and subterranean leeches*, the *sacrificers*.

For more than a century, a continuous offensive has progressively transformed the sin of disobedience to God, which could make you burn in this world and in the next, into the sins of racism, anti-Semitism, discrimination, intolerance, which justify genocidal punishments that destroy civilizations, peoples and cultures. God and the Law are one and the

same in totalitarian systems. The Bible is full of commandments and laws. Likewise, it is a punitive Law that creates the sins of racism and anti-Semitism, it is the same story that continues, in a very little different form. It is always a question of convincing the victims, slaves or victims of genocide, of their guilt, and of making them praise their executioners, the principle of the *Moloch syndrome*.

The article in the *Los Angeles Times*, and the following articles, which castigate the *intolerance* of the rednecks, are exactly on this line: they practice the activation of specters which provoke the frightened reaction of the Moloch syndrome. If the rednecks have noticed the obvious, the role of pornographers and drug dealers, and have imagined blackmail, they have remained a thousand miles away from questioning an entire system of which the newspaper of reference and reverence, the *Los Angeles Times*, is one of the spokespersons. Or, if they did, it didn't get any echo.

To suggest that white Catholic *rednecks* are responsible for the death of their Colleen is to *add insult to injury*. White Catholic rednecks, rendered unable to defend themselves, are the perfect *scapegoats*.

The practice of *scapegoating* is a practice described in the Bible, which seems to be specific to the Judaic religion. It may have existed elsewhere in the Middle and Near East, but I know of no trace of it. This practice is inseparable from the notion of *sin*, of guilt towards an Almighty and Omniscient God, of expiatory sacrifice, of redemption, all of which originally existed only in the totalitarian religious spaces of the Middle and Near East.

Any action contrary to the commandments of the totalitarian God and his priests, any disobedience is a *sin*. Sin can be *redeemed* by sacrifice. The sacrifice to Moloch of the firstborn thrown into the fire is a redemption, in terms familiar to Christians. The firstborns continue to belong to God in Mosaic Judaism and must be circumcised and *redeemed* with money. In the case of the sacrifice or redemption of the newborn, it is the redemption of the *original sin* of disobedience.

But some *sins* remain hidden, and are therefore not *redeemed* by sacrifices. But God is Omniscient and sees everything. The weight of unredeemed sins will weigh on the whole people and provoke the terrible wrath of Yahweh-Moloch. The *scapegoat* is the ritual which, by loading an unfortunate goat with these unknown sins, will send it to perish far away in the desert with its load of *sins* from which the people will then be relieved.

It is a very specific ritual, very strange, and well adapted to a world of raving lunatics, obsessed with sin. Obsessed who were created by the horror of punishments, such as the incineration of their first-born. One would be terrified if it were not for that.

When the Jewish world disperses into the *Diaspora*, there will no longer be a *scapegoat* to send into the desert. The Nations, the *Gentiles*, the *wicked*, the *unjust*, the *pagans*, the *hicks*, *hated* by God, will quite naturally fill this indispensable role. The shift is not very difficult, since in the religion in question, the *others* are only animals with a human face, which it is normal to condemn. The Ukrainian Jew Zelinsky chokes on hatred by swearing that the Russians will all be killed one by one "as scapegoats".

Many superficial observers have called this process of blaming his victims an *accusatory reversal*. That is indeed the logical aspect of it. But among humans, logicians are exceedingly rare. Such a specific behavior, and such a deviation from the commonly accepted norms, must have deep roots, which can only be detected by anthropologists. Such a constant and automatic habit among a people cannot be a learned conjuring *trick*, it must have ancient and deep roots.

To accuse Europeans of practicing the *scapegoat* ritual, of which they are completely ignorant, and in particular of practicing it against the holders of the copyright and the exclusivity of the process, the Jews, is more or less equivalent to accusing the Amerindians of being the minions of a Satan they did not know either, which earned many of them being massacred in various ways, including the pyre that Moloch so much likes.

The people of Israel are the only ones of their kind, to my knowledge, to practice the ritual of the *scapegoat*; it is not difficult to understand how this ritual could be transposed into the ordinary life of displaced Jews, who no longer have either a desert or a goat to purge themselves of their sins; the peoples among whom they live, and whom they exploit without the slightest pity and in disregard of all decency, will be scapegoats charged with their own hatred of humanity, as already noted by Tacitus.

A *thinker* calling himself an anthropologist, no doubt inhabited by a superior spirit, has had some success in outbidding the official *good word* by claiming not only that the *scapegoat* was a practice known to all peoples, but also, and this is an astonishing revelation, that the people who sent their goats into the desert, the inventor of the thing, the Jewish people, were

themselves the scapegoat, the victim. Such a reversal is a wonder, one does not know whether to admire the scientist or the magician.

Any anthropologist, no matter how stupid, knows that the practices of a people, and especially their ritual practices, their worldview, their relationships with others, etc., endure for a very long time, and if they change form, if there are permutations in the system, it can never become the opposite of what it is. This is why this *theory* based on a reversal of roles, analogous to the accusation of *intolerance* of the *rednecks* who would be responsible for the death of their Colleen, deserves a good place in the firmament of the *specters*. But let's take a closer look at this famous universal *scapegoat*.

Europeans certainly practiced rituals of exclusion, as do many non-European societies, but they are totally different, both in motive and in form, from the scapegoat.

Athens had a practice called *pharmakos*, which gave rise to our word "pharmacy". Ritually, once a year I think, the Athenians would expel two people they wanted to get rid of: evildoers, deformed people, handicapped people; it was a ritual of cleansing the city. Most commentators, joining the modern meaning to the ancient practice, translate *pharmakos* by "purge", and link this ritual to the very famous Jewish *scapegoat* ritual, which would not be specific, but general, like the totem, the taboo, and *tutti quanti*.

First, the translation into *purge* is inaccurate. *Pharmakos* can be a poison, a remedy, or a ritual practice. The closest translation would be "potion", including Harry Potter's "magic potions" or witches' cauldrons, Tristan and Isolde's "love potion", in short it is a kind of magical artifact with powerful effects on humans.

Is the Athenian *pharmakos* equivalent to the Jewish *scapegoat*? Apart from the fact of the ritual expulsion, underlined by the translation into "purge", the practices are very different.

First, any human community, and many animal communities, may occasionally resort to expelling one of their members. This does not make them *scapegoat* rituals.

The lamentations about the so-called *scapegoats* are based on the innocence of the goats, onto which a stupid crowd would project its own sins. But this practice, the projection of one's *sins* onto a goat that is burdened

with them, exists only in the Judaic culture. In order for it to exist, the notion of *sin* must already exist in the populations that practice it. The practice of the *scapegoat* serves to cleanse the Jewish people of their sins of disobedience to the commandments of their God, when these sins have escaped the vigilance of the priests and have not been *redeemed*.

In the practice of *pharmakos* and the like, innocent sacrificial victims are not hunted, but members of the community considered *unhealthy* are ritually hunted, and in some cases, when there are ritual executions, they are executions of criminals who would have been executed anyway. One reason for the existence of ritual is that the exclusion of a member of the community, no matter how *unhealthy*, challenges the collective cohesion; a priori, I don't believe that the expulsion of foreigners required any ritual.

Among the Greeks, it is not a question of fault, but of hygiene, and health, *Hygieia*, was a respected goddess. Even today, Greeks greet each other with a friendly "good health!" To remain in the pastoral register, one does not throw out a *scapegoat*, one throws out the *black sheep*, because it can transmit the scabies to the whole flock. And in the popular vision, the one that persists in spite of two millennia of indoctrination, one still does not see, in general, the divisions of the world according to the immaterial and doctored terms of the Bible, between good and bad, just and unjust, but between healthy people or *those who have clean hands*, who have not *dirtyed their hands*, and the *scum* or the *filthy types*, the *rotten* ones, the ones who *smell*. The popular, realistic language is based on real feelings, here disgust, and not on the false classifications of totalitarian ideologies, even after more than a thousand years of intoxication.

It is true that it is not very flattering to be thrown out *like a dirty man*; it was necessary to replace this notion of hygiene by another one, found in the Holy Book and which is a kind of very suspicious sleight of hand, a practice obviously dishonest, the *scapegoat*. The obvious dishonesty of the people who make a scapegoat bear their sins becomes, by a sleight of hand that reverses the roles, the dishonesty of the people who are fed up with the dishonesty of the first, and who find it *unhealthy*.

The violent and lethal attacks on *anti-Semitism* and *racism* are destructive strategies modeled on *scapegoating*. As usual, today's practice is rooted in very old practices of yesterday. Two original and unique practices of the people of Israel are taken up and combined today: the *herem*, total

destruction, and the *scapegoat*. We, Westerners, Europeans, Christians or ex-Christians, are the *scapegoats*. We are the ones who bear the sins of *racism*, of *racial hatred*, of which the media and powers controlled by the Judaic usury accuse us constantly; we are the ones they want to chase into the desert to die.

Re-education of the *authoritarian* man: the *Macy Conferences*

The guilt-tripping of victims according to the new doctrine was developed after the Second World War in the *Macy Conferences*. This doctrine is the basis of the New World Order project and is still being implemented.

It is a matter of replacing old *specters*, such as *sin*, with new ones, better suited to the totalitarian enterprise. These new specters are racism, anti-Semitism, intolerance, discrimination.

The preconditioning to *guilt*, the work of more than a millennium and a half of Judeo-Christian influence, will not disappear at once with the attack on the specter of *sin* that begins timidly in the Renaissance, matures in the Enlightenment and is accomplished with Nietzsche. Such an investment was to be recycled for the benefit of new, even more ruthless and destructive specters.

The *case* of Colleen's death is only one among thousands or millions of others, and it affects for the moment only me and her relatives, but it reveals, like all the others, a *treatment* that can be found for any *case* in the Western space. I start from there to go back to the sources, to go upstream, in contrast to the historical explanation; but after all, I am only interested in the concepts and their genealogy; the sources are necessarily reconstructed.

Unless I am mistaken, the doctrine or *doxa* established in the aftermath of World War II, among others at the *Macy Conferences*, has never been questioned, and is followed uniformly by almost all media with minor adjustments, just as the established Christian doctrine on *sin* was told uniformly in all Christian places of worship with local adjustments due to schisms, sects, and the like.

The *Macy Conferences on Cybernetics* took place from 1946 to 1953; George Orwell's famous *1984*, describing a dystopia where all pseudo citizens

are controlled, which he said we should be careful not to let come true, was published in 1953. The word cybernetics comes from the Greek: it means to pilot (a ship), to control. The object of the Conferences was the description and development of control systems, such as those of automata and the first computers, based on the work of Wiener, von Neumann, Turing and others. The new systems theory, developed from the study of feedback phenomena in living organisms, was also called upon. And, also, human control specialists, who will take a disproportionate part in the Conference, to the point that they have become the center of it.

Those who were to mark the *Macy Conferences* and transform them into a body for the elaboration of a kind of doctrine to be imposed on the whole of the West, and more if possible, were armed with solid experience: they had just *re-educated* previously National Socialist Germany, reduced to total impotence in the face of its new masters, by a terrorist *brainwashing* of unparalleled scope and violence.

Among these competent *re-educators*, heirs to the Soviet tradition of bloody *political commissars*, was the German Jew Herbert Marcuse, Freudo-Marxist *philosopher* of the Frankfurt School. These *brainwashers* depended on the US Army's *Psychological Warfare Unit*, a complete unit with its own general and resources, which would play a leading role once Germany was physically crushed. The Freudo-Marxist doctrine is particularly well adapted to give a theoretical framework to psychological warfare: it combines indeed the necessity of violence to *advance history*, such as it was theorized by Marx and applied among others by Trotsky and his *Communism and terrorism*, with the new weapon of psychological manipulation, Freud having theorized that the human being is led by malicious *primary drives* and the *death instinct*, which legitimizes his *castration*, the use of violence and *guilt* to build him a constraining superego. Freudo-Marxism fully justifies the use of terror, the essential basis of *psychological warfare*.

Among other *American* political commissars involved in this brainwashing operation called *denazification* was another famous German Jew, Heinz Alfred Kissinger, known as Henry Kissinger, who had his first experience there. These were undoubtedly trained *shock troops* who would easily dictate their project to the whole Conference, and then impose it on the whole of the West in a gradual but increasingly violent and authoritarian pattern of intoxication.

Among the Freudo-Marxist theorists of the Frankfurt School, Theodor Ludwig Wiesengrund, known as Theodor Adorno, dominated the conference with his simple, even simplistic notion of *authoritarian man*, which would provide the overall framework for the attack on Western man. According to him, the *authoritarian man* is intolerant, self-confident, convinced of the excellence of his civilization, etc. And this phenomenon of the *authoritarian man* is the primary cause that explains *racism*, *anti-Semitism*, and then everything else that will be added later to make it worse, *supremacism*, *sexism*, etc., the list is endless.

The Conference will establish specific psychological tests to flush out these *authoritarian men*, and will advocate coercive *corrective* measures to achieve the reign of *political correctness*. Marcuse, quoted above about the *hero*, the authoritarian man *par excellence*, described the *liberated man* as he conceived him, a being without roots, without history, without goals and without defense, manipulable without any limits.

Most likely, the immense success of *re-education* and psychological warfare in the totally shackled Germany gave wings to the re-educators, arming themselves to control and shackle the entire West.

This *psychological war* oversees another war, institutional and legal, that of the famous *Human Rights* and their criminalization of racism and anti-Semitism. It is interesting to see that in the articles about Colleen, and most of the events or so-called *facts of society*, the communication is about the supposed *intolerance* of the rednecks, a sign of their belonging to the hated world of *the authoritarian man*, but not directly about *racism* and *anti-Semitism*, which are used only as a last resort in the first place; today the attacks on various forms of *tolerance* and the attacks on racism and anti-Semitism are no longer distinguishable, as they have become totally ordinary. It is clear, however, that in the attacks on the *intolerance* of the rednecks who would not have *accepted* Colleen, it is indeed a question of making them responsible for a crime, although they cannot be accused of racial hatred or anti-Semitism on this occasion.

Psychological warfare is necessarily based on the presupposition that the aggressors are healthy, are on the side of truth and goodness, and that the aggressed are sick, and must be treated against their will. The *authoritarian man* is not *healthy*, according to the expression of the freudo-marxist Marcuse. This opens up the field of psychological investigation,

which has become a field of maneuvering. In any organized society, one considers as *healthy* what follows the declared or implicit values of this society, what strengthens its foundations and encourages the evolution of its power, and *unhealthy* what opposes them. This notion of *health* was essential to the Greeks, and they ritually expelled *unhealthy* beings; this operation was called *pharmakos*, which gave rise to our pharmacy. In *psychological warfare*, on the contrary, we see minorities claiming to change the allegedly *unhealthy* majorities. One can ask oneself if the *unhealthy*, the psychopaths, the paranoiacs, the liars, the perverts of all kinds, are not precisely on the side of those who lead the psychological war. And if a *pharmakos* would not be essential to get rid of them.

The Specters emergence

The Specters appeared in two stages, first the Nuremberg trial, and then *Universal Human Rights*.

Human Rights was conceived by a tiny working group of ten members, headed by the crypto-communist Eleanor Roosevelt; *crypto* is conventional, her communist faith having been declared several times. Eleanor Roosevelt was the widow of F.D. Roosevelt, president of the USA, whose chief advisor, the financier Morgenthau, had advocated a plan reducing the Germans to the state of serfs, attached to a piece of land, and deprived of any form of industry and civilization; a kind of radical, destructive and punitive *ecological* project before its time. It is quite easy to imagine what kind of *good intentions* this working group had. Symptomatically, the only member of the group who disagreed with the text was a Chinese man who recommended reading Confucius; in Confucian thought and traditional Chinese thought in general, the notions of balance, peace, and respect for established differences are essential.

In reality, *Human Rights*, which were imposed universally in an absolutely tyrannical and anti-democratic way, only endorsed and generalized a jurisprudence established by a self-proclaimed *International Military Tribunal*, that of Nuremberg, which in fact created, on its own initiative, new unknown *crimes* which were later legalized by the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. This *military* tribunal, in which Soviets experienced in this kind of maneuver figured prominently, could just as well have been called a Soviet-style *political* tribunal, since the only military

personnel who played a significant role in it were those of the US Army's Psychological Warfare Unit and the Soviet Army's political commissars.

At the Nuremberg trial, the U.S. prosecutor, Robert Jackson, a judge of the U.S. Supreme Court, made an opening statement to open the trial. This is, in itself, a very strange procedure in a fair court. In this opening statement, he defined or invented a motive that was previously unknown to the law and the courts, and that had never been the subject of any democratic debate, *racial hatred*, *racism* being the cause that leads to a new unknown crime, the *crime against humanity*. It was to invent at the same time a *cause*, racism or racial hatred, a *crime*, the crime against humanity, and the *culprits* of this crime, the *racists*. Such a monstrous violation of the ordinary laws of causality could not be discussed, and never was. The *specter* of racism was the cause of the most horrible of crimes. Like *sin*, this specter is self-sufficient, and there is not the slightest material evidence of its existence, unnoticed by all who have thought for millennia.

A small detail confirming the malicious intent of Prosecutor Jackson, a confirmed Supreme Court jurist, he could not be unaware that classical Roman law, whose principles are recognized as the foundation of all law in republics and democracies, is strictly concerned with the facts, and with the relations of cause and effect, to determine the materiality of a crime. The Christianized West will separate the civil or objective law from the *canon* law of the religious, to which was reserved the judgment of the *spectral* affairs. The revolutions will abolish the privileges of the canon law. The reintroduction, in the 20th century, of a specter, *racism*, in the common law was an absolute scandal.

"*Attacks of priests! Attacks of parasites!*" According to Nietzsche, the real "*crime against humanity!*"

No doubt recognizing the undeniable contribution of the operations of the Psychological Warfare Unit, Jackson will add that it was a *continuation of the war by other means*. Which *war*? The one we will see in the Declaration of Human Rights, in the *Macy Conferences*, and finally, in the accusation by the sold-out media of the *intolerant* rednecks responsible, according to them, for Colleen's death. It is indeed the extension of the same war. It all ties together, always.

Another Jackson, C.D. Jackson, commanding a section of the U.S. Army's Psychological Warfare Unit, entered the Buchenwald camp first and

provided most of the photographs and films that we see running in the media as evidence of the genocide, to be used at the trial. The same man, who became editor of the *Times Magazine*, bought Abraham Zapruder's film of the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, which invalidated the official thesis of the lone gunman, at a high price and locked it in a safe, on the pretext of safeguarding the sensibilities of little children. It was also undoubtedly *the continuation of the war by other means*. And it was far from over.

Robert Jackson bears a heavy responsibility for the promotion of *racism* as a hideous crime against all humanity, followed by the promotion of its punishment, but he is not its inventor. The word *racism* was created in its present meaning by Lev Davidovich Bronstein, known as Leon Trotsky, one of the worst mass murderers in history, both as a pretext for the extermination of the ugly *racists*, and as an explanation of the stubborn resistance of certain peoples to this extermination. Indeed, in the Marxist doctrine, it is necessary to exterminate bourgeois and *enemies of the people*, but there is no theoretical basis for the extermination of the peoples themselves. It was therefore necessary to find a reason for this resistance of the people against the Marxist *liberation*: it was their *racism*.

It is exactly the same process used today: those who resist their invasion by backward and hostile alien populations, an invasion orchestrated, almost a century later, by emulators of Trotsky, are *racists*. Since these Trotsky emulators won the Second World War, it is no longer permitted, under the *anti-racist* law, to contest this pure horror. In short, the anti-racist law forbids defending oneself against aggression. Trotsky won hands down.

The immense stupidity of Christianity, with its self-destructive and grotesque principles of universal love, rejecting all forms of resistance and violence, has provided the bedrock for this generalized horror. Christianity is the Trojan Horse of the Judaic enterprise, which is to possess and enslave the whole world promised to it by the Lord Almighty.

The construction of the pretext of *racism*, which casts opprobrium on any form of resistance to real crimes, is an extension of the pretext of *anti-Semitism*, which provided a reason, so to speak, for the many revolts provoked by exactions and crimes committed by Jews, crimes and exactions which led to their being expelled time and time again from various places to maintain the public peace. As in the case of *racism*, it is a matter of

criminalizing under a baseless pretext those who believe that it is their right - or *natural* right - to resist oppression or crime. Turning criminals into *righteous people*, or better yet, into *victims*, is an operation that requires very large resources, but Trotsky had them, and so do the rotten governments of today.

The only way to properly enslave people and prevent them from revolting is to terrorize them and make them feel guilty. As soon as the Bolsheviks seized power, they made anti-Semitism a crime punishable by death. The *Politburo*, which directed the destiny of tens of millions of Russians, and promised tens of millions to death or to the Gulag, was at least 80% Jewish, depending on the period, but was not itself *racist*, because it worked for the *good of humanity*. This *humanity*, and even less so the tens of millions of Germans directly accused of this *sin* fallen from heaven or risen from hell, were never asked what they thought of it.

Robert Jackson has raised a specter on the international scene that is full of potential and whose damage is growing daily. Where exactly this specter was conceived is not known, but it opens up interesting prospects for the destruction of the *Nations* that the god of the Bible demands.

When we see the progression of this type of specter, from *anti-Semitism* to *anti-racism*, its origin, its effects, we can see it as a *Golem*, this artificial magical creature created by a curse of the cabalists to destroy the *goyim* or Gentiles who oppose them. Today, many leading politicians, created by the cabalists, with only *racism* and *anti-Semitism* in their mouths, are in fact *Golems* launched against the West.

Solzhenitsyn, a Gulag survivor, estimates the number of victims of the Politburo's proclaimed *anti-racist* humanists at 66 million, but there is more or less agreement on about 20. In his very large book *Two Centuries Together*, he quotes a Jewish author, David Azbel, about the Soviet prosecutor at the Nuremberg trial:

"David Azbel evokes in his *Memories* the Nekhamkin, a Hasidic family (*note: a Judaic sect*) from Gomel (he himself ended up in a concentration camp on denunciation of the youngest, Liova): "The revolution brought the Nekhamkin to the crest of the wave. They dreamed only of revenge: to make everyone pay - the aristocrats, the rich, the Russians -, to take revenge and nothing else! It was their way of

asserting themselves. It is no coincidence that fate linked the members of this glorious family to the Cheka, the Guepeu, the NKVD. To realize their plans, the Bolsheviks needed "enraged" people and they found them in the Nekhamkin family. One of them, Roguinsky, even reached the 'radiant heights': he was a prosecutor of the USSR"; in the 1930s, however, he ended up in the Gulag, where he behaved like a "little snitch", but, "after the camps, he resumed his ascent and sat as a prosecutor at the Nuremberg trial" - a truly remarkable destiny, quite a symbol! “

Solzhenitsyn, *Two Centuries Together*

There is more to the *anti-racist* epic, the Jewish poet Ilya Ehrenburg

"Kill! Kill!

In the *German race* there is only evil

Kill, nothing in Germany is innocent

Neither that which lives, nor that which is not yet born.

Follow the commands of comrade Stalin

Destroy the fascist beast once and for all in its lair!

Use force and break the *racial pride* of these German women.

Take them as your rightful spoils.

Kill!

In the assault, kill, valiant soldiers of the Red Army!"

Ilya Ehrenburg - Member of the Steering Committee of the World Peace Council - *Appeal to the Russian soldiers as they enter Germany*

This is not a confidential text published in a *poetry* magazine. This lively work was widely distributed to Soviet soldiers at the front. It is about orders, commands, and everyone knows what it could cost, in the Soviet Union, to disobey orders.

And elsewhere: "Germans are not human beings".

We are still waiting for the identical *hateful, racist* and *genocidal* anathemas uttered by the Germans. One can always say that if they did not say it, it is a sign that they meant it. One may also wonder why General Patton realized with a sense of horror, in defeated and occupied Germany, that his army had "made the wrong enemy" just before he was assassinated.

Indeed, there was *deception*, and not the least.

Viper's tongues

"You brood of vipers, how can you say good things, evil as you are?"

Matthew, 12:34

Introduction to the global lie

We have one of the birth certificates of the *spectrum* in question, which was perhaps originally intended by some of those who unwisely helped create it to have a limited life span.

This circular letter was sent in February 1944 by the British Ministry of Information to the English radio (the BBC) and to the highest members of the clergy:

"Sir,

I am directed by the Ministry to send you the following circular letter:

It is often the duty of the good citizens and of the pious Christians to turn a blind eye on the peculiarities of those associated with us.

But the time comes when such peculiarities, while still denied in public, must be taken into account when action by us is called for.

We know the methods of rule employed by the Bolshevik dictator in Russia itself from, for example, the writing and speeches of the Prime Minister himself during the last twenty years. We know how the Red Army behaved in Poland in 1920 and in Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Galicia, and Bessarabia only recently.

We must, therefore, take into account how the Red Army will certainly behave when it overruns Central Europe. Unless precautions are taken, the obviously inevitable horrors which will result will throw an undue strain on public opinion in this country.

We cannot reform the Bolsheviks but we can do our best to save them- and ourselves- from the consequences of their acts. The disclosures of the past quarter of a century will render mere denials unconvincing. The only alternative to denial is to distract public attention from the whole subject.

Experience has shown that the best distraction is atrocity propaganda directed against the enemy. Unfortunately the public is no longer so susceptible as in the days of the "Corpse Factory," the "Mutilated Belgian Babies," and the "Crucified Canadians." (*note: propaganda*

dating from World War I, against the Germans, and obviously grotesque)

Your cooperation is therefore earnestly sought to distract public attention from the doings of the Red Army by your wholehearted support of various charges against the Germans and Japanese which have been and will be put into circulation by the Ministry.

Your expression of belief in such may convince others.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

(Signed) H. HEWET, ASSISTANT SECRETARY

The Ministry can enter into no correspondence of any kind with regard to this communication which should only be disclosed to responsible persons."

Quoted in Edward J. Rozek, *Allied Wartime Diplomacy*, 1958

In 1944, no one had the slightest idea of what the *various accusations against the Germans* were going to be, which could be put into circulation by the Ministry and which would have to be *supported unconditionally*. The letter does not mention any known German exaction at the time, and does not hide the fact that it is a manipulation, but just to *divert attention*, a sin of lesser importance, a trifle, why get upset over so little?

It is abundantly clear that *the Ministry* has plans that go far beyond *deflection*, and by the time the *useful idiots realize* this, it will be too late. They could not imagine that their *unconditional support* would allow the invention of the crimes of *racism* and *racial hatred*, the invention of the *crime against humanity*, and that all these weapons created thanks to their passive complicity would be turned against them, and all the unsuspecting white, Christian, *racist* rednecks.

Under Secretary Hewet obviously did not write this letter on his own initiative. He is writing on the orders of his superiors, who have the prudence not to sign such an incriminating letter with their names. Undoubtedly, similar instructions were circulated throughout all the countries *allied* in the lie as in the war.

This operation was obviously concocted long ago by professional manipulators who had planned the whole thing. If we study the text, we can see that the authors know perfectly well the operations of the previous war, such as the "mutilated Belgian babies", because they are surely the authors.

One must pause, reread this letter, understand who writes it and who reads it, and how a horrible future of lies, slander, guilt, oppression, and terror is somehow written in it in advance.

With perfect impudence, as if it were the most normal thing in the world, the letter from the Ministry of Information tells religious dignitaries that the same Ministry or an associated office had uttered the foulest slanders against the Germans in the previous coup, but that this time it will be necessary to do better, with even worse slanders, since it will be a matter of covering up the particularly foul crimes of the Soviets. Behind the very administrative and opportunistic tone of the letter claiming in the name of the common good a *small service* - after all, it is *only Germans* - unimaginable future horrors are hidden. Who can expect anything else from the inventors of "mutilated Belgian babies"?

That there were, to my knowledge, no protests - or that they were immediately suppressed - remains a kind of mystery. The only possible explanation from my point of view is: terror, amazement, veneration, *Moloch syndrome*.

Slander, deceit, manipulation

In the Christian world, as in the ancient world, lying is close to treachery, and it is an extremely serious crime to accuse someone by a lie, to *slander*. *Slander* is punished more severely than the crime of which the victim is unjustly accused - which is a great deterrent, that is the point. The application of this rule, the principle of which is quite right, would have rid us of the slanderers. A Germanic ethnic group, proud of its frankness, was called the Franks; they gave their name to France. Lying under oath is still a serious offense in the United States, although criminal influences are destroying this and many other things. This obligation of candor is general; it is not permitted to lie to injure an enemy. A false accusation, a slander, is an extremely serious *offense*, not only against the accused, but against God himself. This is a general rule that underlies trust, even in hierarchical relationships, and if people in power cannot be trusted, *everything goes wrong*. In the case of the First World War, and then in the Second, we see horrible slanders against the Germans, and there will be no retaliation of any kind against their authors; yet such horrible slanders are capital crimes, and

the kind of criminals capable of such horror with impunity can attack anyone in the same way.

It is also possible that what would have appeared as monstrous slander in the traditional Christian worlds, Catholic or Orthodox, seemed normal in a world influenced by the Bible, in which all those who oppose the Chosen People and their God must be exterminated or enslaved. The Bible knew only the most expedient means, and did not mention lies and slander against foreigners, which it did not need; this would be the business of the Talmud, concerning the scattered Israelites among the despised foreigners. Although the new worshippers of the biblical Revealed Word were not familiar with the Talmud, it is possible that the general idea of *all means being good* has become well established in the Protestant populations.

If the slander is always a crime for Christians, it is quite permissible and even recommended by their religion for Jews and Muslims against their *foreign enemies*. And potentially, all those who are not of their religion are their *enemies*. Most of those who used these slanderous campaigns, perhaps all of them, were Jews; among the most famous were Sigmund Freud's nephew Edward Bernays, the pope of *propaganda*, perhaps Sigmund himself advising his nephew, and the inventor of *social engineering* Kurt Lewin. As usual, what is forbidden to Christians or Westerners, because it destroys order and trust, slander as well as usury, is tolerated for the Jews. This is an old habit which, like usury, can *help* corrupt powers, as we have seen for a long time in the phenomenon of the *hostile elite*.

This kind of unbridled slanderous license granted specifically to the Jewish people was very visible when that *viperous tongue* of Daniel, thinking himself an all-powerful prosecutor against an unarmed culprit, accused me of having written an ignominious letter to which I had nothing to do. Curiously, it was when I called him a "dirty Jew" that the house of cards of slander collapsed, as if there were indeed a link between his Jewishness and his slander.

To allow a *nest of vipers* to flourish, as those who use the violent poison of slander were called, was extremely dangerous. After the Second World War, the slander against the Germans having found a basis in the imaginary cause of their *racism* or *racial hatred*, it became possible, thanks to the same imaginary cause of *racism*, to slander anyone, except of course the slanderers protected by special laws. It was the return of the totalitarian system of the

Inquisition, in which most of the trials were legally based on perfectly slanderous accusations. The existence of Satan or *sin*, like the existence of *racism* today, made any accusation potentially credible, as Satan and racism were everywhere.

The apotheosis of deceit appeared with false epidemics and vaccines aimed at enslaving the population, shameless lies about effective medicines, and slander of those who effectively treated or refused to endorse the system: although everything was false from one end to the other, the formerly Christian populations remained *trusting*, not realizing that honesty and trust had become things of the distant past, and that the most horrible manipulators, liars and slanderers, the *deceivers*, were in power.

To make matters worse, the population of liars and slanderers, the nest of vipers, having succeeded in acquiring an exorbitantly protected status, will create in the USA an *Anti-Defamation League*, *ADL*, whose purpose is to accuse all those who denounce or resist them of being *slanderers*. It is almost unbelievable and implausible that the vast majority, Christian and frank, would have allowed this to happen, but it did.

Since the First World War, the main center for the study of ways to manipulate people's consciences was in London, and was called the *Tavistock Institute for Human Relations* (note the humor), founded by General John Rawlings Rees and dependent on the British military department of psychological warfare, which was probably called by the rather reassuring name of *propaganda*. It was to become the largest *brainwashing* institution in the world, in coordination with Stanford in the United States. In 1932, Kurt Lewin, the inventor of *social engineering*, became its director.

Here is one of Kurt Lewin's brilliant ideas:

"If terror can be induced on a widely disseminated basis in a society, then the society returns to a *tabula rasa*, a blank slate, a situation where control can easily be established."

Kurt Lewin, German Jewish psychiatrist, think tank of the English war propaganda agency *Tavistock Institute of Human Relations*

Edward Bernays, Sigmund Freud's nephew, was not to be outdone:

"The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the opinions and behavior of the masses plays an important role in a democratic society.

Those who manipulate this invisible mechanism of society form an invisible government that truly runs the country."

Edward L. Bernays, *Propaganda*, 1923

Conscious and intelligent manipulation, in other words, is *deceit*. An old expression for deceit, which is no longer used, is *the Judas kiss*.

Edward Bernays offered his services to the powerful who enthusiastically adopted them; this is a perfect example of collusion with what has been called the *hostile elite*, against the people. A hostile elite that would soon be itself enslaved by those whose services it employed.

In 1940, Rees announced as the goal of psychiatry: "We must infiltrate every educational activity in the life of the nation...We have launched a very successful offensive in many of the professions. The two easiest are naturally teaching and the church; the two most difficult are justice and medicine."

This immense and monstrous operation of mental intoxication has never been recognized, let alone denied. It is on it that will rest thereafter, in a growing intoxication relying on more and more atrocious and obscene lies, carried by the units of Psychological Warfare, the *denazification*, then the *anti-racist* offensive and the anti-discriminatory *Human Rights*, the criminalization of *racism* and *anti-Semitism*, the relentless censorship of any word claiming the truth, the anti-white hatred and finally the progressive genocide of the West by replacement of the population. All these atrocities against our peoples are happening before our eyes.

A well-made mind knows that, when one allies oneself with people one knows perfectly well are criminals, one is not long in being dominated by these criminals, or, more likely, one is already a criminal oneself without knowing it. Birds of a feather flock together. *To dine with the devil, you need a long spoon.*

The consequences of the slander against the Germans were appalling. Because the slanderers wanted to prove to the world that their slanders were true, and used the most inhuman means to do so. After the war, German prisoners, first military and then former National Socialist civilians, were transferred to a residence in London called the London Cage, to be horribly tortured to sign confessions about the crimes allegedly committed by the National Socialists, which would then be presented in court as evidence.

3,573 Germans were tortured, and more than 1,000 *testimonies* were extorted.

Why transfer them to London? Probably because it was the center of propaganda at that time, the place of the London Financial City and the Tavistock Institute, and it was necessary to coordinate the confessions closely with the slanders that had been made previously. Exactly as in the Inquisition trials, torture validates slander.

The *London Cage* was only a small part of the massive torture operation that was taking place all over Germany, especially by the Americans; they seemed to have a particular taste for testicle destruction; an American Commission of Inquiry revealed that

"All but two of the Germans, in the 139 cases we investigated, had been kicked in the testicles beyond repair."

Sunday Pictorial, January 23, 1949.

As it will become the rule, it is the Army that handles these strategic psychological operations; it is a military man, Rees, who founds the Tavistock Institute; the U.S. Psychological Warfare Units that coordinate propaganda, brainwashing and torture in Germany are also military; the great future psychological operations, such as the World Trade Center operation, but also the Covid-19 and vaccination operation will be coordinated at the highest level by the military. And we will even see their role in the "Colleen" case.

The lesson to be learned from these atrocities is that torture is never far from propaganda, as the ultimate means of persuasion. This is very well described in George Orwell's novel *1984*; Orwell was a Londoner, he was certainly aware of the activities of the Tavistock Institute, and perhaps of those of the London Cage. It is claimed that he was inspired only by Soviet communism and National Socialism, which he did not know directly, when he had all the elements on the spot.

Hate

One can lie out of interest, or even out of play, to conceal oneself, to avoid admitting something, to steal, etc. The lie, small or big, does not exceed the limit of the liar's interests. But to slander, to want to deliberately inflict harm, one must hate.

Hatred is usually a particular feeling, linked to particular situations; most of the time, it is linked to the desire for revenge. To my knowledge, there is only one Avenging God, Yahweh, God of the Israelites. It is not very surprising that Tacitus noted that the only populations that were globally hateful were Jews and Christians.

The totalitarian religions born in the Empires of the Middle and Near East, those which culminated in the horror of the cult of Moloch, are fundamentally hateful and slanderous. Everything is based on the founding myth of the Earthly Paradise and the Fault, as recalled by many Christian Councils. To inflict a horrible punishment on Adam and Eve for having eaten a forbidden apple is already a peak of hatred; and even, to connect us to our subject, Adam and Eve are slandered in the worst way, since they have nothing to do with the existence of God, the Devil and the Tree. The *crime* of which they are accused is purely imaginary, and has caused no harm to anyone except a terrorist totalitarian power.

This may explain why, after all, *slander* passes with Christians *like a letter in the post*; they live in an environment in which slander is permanent, whether they are the guilty sinners or the slanderous denouncers. The horror of slander, of treason, of lies is very ancient and pre-Christian; it is clear that the influence of Christianity has been to blunt this horror, and even to consider it as normal, as we will see in the foul witch trials.

Among the Christians many had mellowed in the course of time, rediscovering the charm of natural life, but the new Bible worshippers, Protestants and the new Sacrificers, had taken up the torch of hatred and slander with everyone else.

This is not exclusive, as Céline wrote about his French compatriots:

"When the hatred of men carries no risk, their stupidity is quickly convinced, the motives come by themselves." Celine, *Voyage au bout de la nuit*

But the hatred proper to the original biblical religion has, however, a disproportionate, apocalyptic, even demented side which is specific.

This is what an English official can say about the *terror bombing* of German civilians during the Second World War:

"I am in full agreement [with terror bombing]. I'm for bombing the working class areas in German cities. I am a Cromwellian. I believe in the phrase "*Slay in the name of the Lord!*" (Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, UK).

The Lord in whose name one *slays* (a nice word for burning alive with phosphorus bombs) is the Lord of the Bible; this Lord condones and even prescribes massacres, genocides and eradications. His predecessor, Moloch, whose power is hidden, but not eradicated, delights in incinerating alive the children who swarm in the "working class areas".

Sir Archibald Sinclair still has a bit of a hold, and justifies himself with historical and theological arguments. But let's see what his boss, Churchill, wrote confidentially about the genocidal massacre in Dresden:

"I don't want to hear suggestions on how to destroy military targets in the vicinity of Dresden, I want proposals on how *to roast* 600,000 refugees from Breslau in Dresden."

Winston Churchill, *note of January 26, 1945* to Air Marshal Sir Wilfried Freeman

We can see that the notion of *refugee* is quite different when it comes to mass slaughter of Westerners, or when it comes to helping backward and hostile populations to invade Western countries en masse in order to destroy them.

Europeans, aware of the enormity of the devastation that could be caused by the modern weapons they had invented, had, in the 19th century, developed institutions such as the Red Cross and an international law, based on what was called *natural law*, which forbade military attacks on civilians who were not engaged in terrorist activities, the seizure of their land, property, etc., and, of course, their massacre. I don't know if Churchill had any other justification than the opportunity to satisfy his morbid psychopathy, but Sinclair clearly refers to the Bible, the sacred book of reference of his dear Cromwell. Now, the Bible is a book of incredible ferocity, where murders, genocides and *sacrifices* abound.

Slander, hate and barbarism

The premises of psychological warfare

Slandorous hatred is a very particular phenomenon, also very limited, and, unless I am mistaken, always linked to doctrinaire and totalitarian religions which fix once and for all the roles of good and evil, friend and enemy, etc. For Judaism, the enemy is the Nations, i.e. all that is not the Nation of Israel. For its extensions, Christianity and Islam, the enemy is the Unbeliever, all those who do not *believe* in the religion. In all cases, it is a question of allegiance, inherited from Judaism and the *Moloch syndrome*. It is not a question of *fault*; on the contrary, the enemy would be the one who does not *believe* in the *fault*. The less the enemy, the unbeliever, the free man, believes in the existence of guilt and sin, the more it will be necessary to burden him with imaginary horrors that will justify his extermination.

There is a certain kinship between *scapegoating* and *slandorous hatred*, which is the projection of one's own horrors onto an outsider, but slanderous hatred is immensely more devastating.

Slandorous hatred is the pinnacle of psychological warfare.

The first psychological wars are those waged by doctrinaire religions. A doctrinaire religion is based on a fixed, and often written, body of doctrine. This body of doctrine can sometimes be incoherent, contradictory, delirious or stupid, but this is not important, the important thing is that the doctrine is fixed, becomes essential like a paranoid hard core. On the contrary, in the ancient religions of the European peoples, mythologies are diverse, abundant, often adapted to the ancient local traditions, and no one takes offense to this. A body of doctrine that presents itself as *divine laws*, like the Bible, is already a form of psychological warfare or brainwashing. Learning by heart, repeating over and over again, etc., are methods of psychological warfare.

Ancient peoples have repetitive rituals, songs, dances, and the like, and the Greek theater has a chorus, but not all choruses sing the same song perpetually.

Unsurprisingly, the first weapons of modern psychological warfare are prints.

Gutenberg and the Bible

The first important book printed was a body of doctrine, the Bible, published in 1455. This will have enormous consequences, because this Holy Book, which was not accessible outside the Christian networks of copyist monks, will suggest to some Christians that to be *chosen*, one must be chosen by God on an equal footing with the Jews, and this will create a kind of illusory complicity between the peoples of the Christian *Chosen* and the original *Chosen People*. This link breaking the traditional separation between Christians and Jews, relatively preserving the Christians obliged by their religion to grant a special status to the Jews, inventors of their God the Father and of his Commandments, but not mixing with them, was going to be a real catastrophe, even a betrayal, for the whole of Christianity.

We know that Gutenberg made his invention profitable by publishing very small books, quickly printed and quickly sold. A financier named Faust got him involved in the project of printing a Bible; who this Faust was is a mystery. The incidental result was that the project ruined Gutenberg, and that Faust took over the workshop and the idea, according to a well-tried technique still practiced by financiers.

Witch hunt

The first modern *psychological warfare* is that of the horrific *witch hunt*. This *hunt* was triggered by a book, the *Malleus Maleficarum*, the *Hammer of the Witches*, by the inquisitors Kramer and Sprenger, published in 1487. This book is a compilation of *slandorous hatred*. This *witch-hunt* is an enigma that defies common sense. Why, in the midst of the rise of the Renaissance and humanism, take an interest in so-called *witches* whose real or supposed existence, as far as we know, no one was interested until then?

At the base of this story, there is a psychological war, a hate propaganda operation in which the *authorities* are accomplices. Corrupt *authorities*, it must be said, without which nothing is possible. Disinformation and propaganda campaigns are not new, and this one is going to surf on a brand new invention, the printing press.

At the Jewish Passover of 1475, little two years old Simon from the Italian city of Trento disappeared, and his corpse was found with all the signs of a *ritual murder*. The case was judged by an ecclesiastical court as a religious

matter and not as a civil crime, and several Jews were convicted and burned. In 1484, nine years later, Pope Innocent VIII issued a bull *Summis desiderantes*, which made the eradication of *witchcraft* a priority, and extended the powers of the German Dominican inquisitors Kramer and Sprenger. It was a time when the papacy had become the temple of the worst corruption; eight years later, Pope Borgia opened Rome to the Jews, to prostitution and all kinds of trafficking, in short, he installed crime in the heart of the city; rumors circulated that Borgia was in fact a *Marrano*, a falsely converted Jew who practiced *entryism*.

At the time, the Jews were in the crosshairs in Spain because they had collaborated enthusiastically with the Moors in oppressing the Christians through their usual joint weapons of tax collection and loan-sharking, all of which they practiced with fervor and even ferocity, non-Jews being merely *animals with a human face*. In 1492, once the Reconquista against the Moors was completed, a decree expelled all Jews who did not convert to Catholicism; to imagine that a Jew could convert in good faith was enormous nonsense, but it was part of the line of conduct toward Jews advocated by Saint Augustine.

St. Augustine was a descendant of Carthaginians, who were Semitic worshippers of Baal-Moloch, and therefore cousins of the Jews; Augustine does not hide this affinity, which perhaps explains in part his leniency. The Spanish Inquisition was very busy hunting down the *Marranos*, the false converts, a phenomenon that existed only because of the stupidity of the Church. Without wishing to justify the Inquisition, which is a totalitarian practice, on a par with that of other tribunals, including contemporary ones, the persecution of the Jews had historical, political, economic, moral, and finally religious causes, which can easily be found. The Jews were accused of what in ordinary language is called double-dealing, or treachery, and no institution, whether democratic or totalitarian, would put up with that, Jew or not. It was a crime considered religious, but treachery is also a civil crime. This is in stark contrast to the *witch-hunt* that was to be the shame of the rest of the West at the same time, for which no cause can be found that makes sense, and no particular event preceded it.

It is said that the papal bull was published at the request of Kramer, and that he would have accompanied this request with an "important sum of money"; when one knows the sum of money needed by the Popes of the

Renaissance, the sum must have been enormous. Who is this Kramer? According to his name, he was a *Marrano*, a Jew who supposedly converted to Catholicism, most likely one of those who *entered* the Church to control it, which explains the origin of the sum. In 1487, the inquisitor Kramer, known as *Institutoris*, published the *Malleus Maleficarum*, the *Hammer of Witches*, the manual of witch-hunting, a summit of barbarity. This was only a little more than thirty years after the publication of the Gutenberg Bible, and large books of this type were not common, because they required enormous investments. Among the crimes which it is prescribed to attribute to *witches* are all those of which the Jews are sometimes accused, including the ritual murder of children. It is true that unlike ritual child sacrifice, which is widely documented and leaves traces, the Jews were falsely accused of a host of evils that have a natural origin, but *one only lends to the rich*, and their sometimes criminal malevolence was not a myth.

The Inquisition was becoming *useful* to a certain community, whereas until then it had been rather hostile to it. The corruption of the Papacy, though undoubtedly very expensive, was the best of all investments. And it is undoubtedly the model for many subsequent corruptions. Inquisition tribunals, rather than looking for facts proven according to the rational rules of Roman law, will look for *diabolical motives*, often through extorted confessions. A proven method for creating fabricated crimes, which would later be used again, the *diabolical motivation* becoming an equally imaginary *incitement to hatred*. In fact, there is hatred in this story, a *slandorous hatred* that accuses victims to hide the true origin of *hatred*.

Dreyfus Affair

The Dreyfus Affair became an *affair* only because of the press. Small publications already existed during the Revolution, but the *affair* is probably the first time, or one of the first times, that a newspaper publication will have such an impact. The affair itself is of little interest, when a century earlier tens of thousands of *suspects* had been murdered by the Terror, and thirty years earlier the massacres of the Paris Commune had taken place. The Dreyfus affair, involving a Jew, demonstrates how the control of the media at the end of the 19th century can stir up opinion about a cause that directly interests only the manipulators. This is the beginning of modern psychological warfare. The aim, from the end of the 19th century, was to make it difficult to accuse a Jew, regardless of the reality of the Dreyfus case,

which did not really matter, by blaming the accusation on *anti-Semitism*. This was only the beginning, and much more was done later, up to and including certain special protection laws preventing any accusation.

Any being endowed with the fundamentals of simple logical reflection, cause and effect, will understand that only those who have a precise interest in hiding their crimes can obstinately want to criminalize their disclosure, in contradiction with the common rule.

Bleilis case

In this case, which just preceded the butchery of the Bolshevik Revolution, an intense worldwide press campaign orchestrated by the new owners or captors of the media was indignant about the *anti-Semitism* of a trial for a horrible *ritual crime* for which the evidence was overwhelming. The horror went so far as to poison children who had witnessed the kidnapping of the little victim so that they could not testify; yet the presumed culprit, a certain Bleilis, was acquitted on the incredible pretext that it could not be proved that it was his hand, and not that of a companion, that had committed the crime, even though the court judged that the crime itself was indisputable, and that it was very obviously a ritual crime practiced collectively. The court *cracked* under the pressure, and Bleilis will be considered by the so-called *independent* but *bought* press as a hero, an innocent victim of the ugly *anti-Semitism*; the *innocent victim* will go to a very promising place, New York. A few years later, during the Bolshevik revolution, the *anti-Semites* who had dared to testify, including the only terrorized child who had survived the poisoning, would pay with their lives, anti-Semitism having become a *crime* in a totalitarian regime where almost the entire Central Committee was Jewish or, more rarely, half-Jewish. Thirty years later, *anti-Semitism* was criminalized in principle throughout the world, but was no longer punishable by death, at least not legally.

Jacob Bronowski and "The Ascent of Man"

I have already mentioned, about the *herem*, *הרמה*, the *anathema*, the foul crime against humanity in Dresden, the burning to death of an a priori innocent population of women, children and refugees by the *cyclones of fire* developed by Jacob Bronowski. But in our worlds, the raw facts no longer exist, they leave all the room for interpretation, which fills the media. The

Bronowski case is particularly exemplary. Before his little secret as a mass genocidal arsonist was discovered by chance, the same excellent soul had presented his version of the evolution of humanity in the famous series *The Ascent of Man* produced by the BBC. The evolution of mankind was bound to go towards the triumph of the intelligence of Bronowski and his ilk, but evil beings with dark designs wanted to stop this radiant march towards progress and humanity for obscure reasons.

In one of the last episodes of this series, this *great conscience* expert in horrific systems of mass murder, taking in his hands, sobs in his voice, a lump of the black mud that surrounds the former camp of Auschwitz, tells us that these are "the remains of six million Jews", and warns us against the evil drifts of science in the hands of the awful *anti-Semites* filled with *racial hatred*. There is obviously not a single human remains in the mud of Auschwitz, and he knew it perfectly well; if this mud had contained the 3,000 to 6,000 tons of burnt remains that must have been produced by the industrial mass extermination, and which must be found elsewhere, it would have been obvious; he is not a poet, but a physicist. As for the mud, we will say that it is an allegory. But if we know that Bronowski belongs to the Gotha of the most monstrous and hateful criminals, together with a Churchill who loves roasting refugees, we must understand how and why he could find himself in a very privileged media position, with millions of spectators acclaiming his intelligence and his profound humanity. We need to dig a little deeper into this question.

According to the *standard* interpretation, Bronowski is not a criminal because he only took revenge on the Germans, who were all unknowingly complicit in the worst crime against humanity of all time, the genocide of six million Jews. This is why it was perfectly legitimate for him to show his black mud: it was the irrefutable proof that he was not a criminal. Let's dig deeper into this mud. Why would the entire German population, men, women and children, attack the Jews in such a horrible way? One can find many causes for the expulsion or deportation of the Jews, which may or may not have been true, but not for their mass murder. A mass slaughter can have a traditional or religious cause, such as the *herem*, the extermination of enemies, which is mentioned explicitly in the Bible dozens of times, including in the Gospel, but this tradition does not exist anywhere in the European culture to which the Germans belonged.

So what was the cause? Well, *racism* and *anti-Semitism* were the cause. So, following the thread, *anti-Semitism* is the cause of the genocide of the Jews, which is the cause of the genocide of the Germans; so Bronowski incinerated alive from one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand innocent people in Dresden, or even more, and eradicated a jewel of European civilization, because of the *anti-Semitism* of the Germans, which is the only culprit, and led to the *crime against humanity* that the excellent Bronowski punished.

One hundred, two hundred thousand, or more, that's for Dresden alone, the horrible incendiary bombs incinerated alive hundreds of thousands of humans more, maybe millions, the statistics are missing or I don't know them; ten million Germans undoubtedly perished in the war, through the bombing and strafing of civilians, the deportations and despoilments, the famines, various massacres, various exactions, we don't know exactly how much of this is due to Jacob Bronowski, beacon of humanism, hero of Human Rights.

It is not very easy to believe that *racism*, that *specter* born of Trotsky's hateful imagination some thirty years earlier, is the sole *cause* of crimes against humanity, also of recent invention, but this is the official version, and it is very advisable to believe it. If we trace the genealogy of this word, we see that the accusation of *racism* was used, like many others, as a pretext to massacre opponents, and this is the only function of this word, which does not describe anything tangible. Perhaps this word, passed on from Trotsky to Bronowski, has acquired more noble functions. It is also easy to imagine that this *specter* appeared opportunely to *hide* and *legitimize* real crimes, as the letter from the English Ministry of Information indicates. And that it still serves this purpose throughout the West.

Slanderers and murderers

In a photo taken in front of the landscape of the tortured remains of the Hiroshima open-air incinerator, Jacob Bronowski is seen posing very pleased with himself along with his fellow mass murderer, Robert Oppenheimer, mastermind of the A-bomb; I don't know which of the two won the contest, both are "out of category". It seems that other criminals than the Bolsheviks and the Red Army benefited from the "detour of attention", for the good

cause and *for the greatest glory of God*, advocated by the British Ministry of Information.

The *useful idiots* who agreed to believe that this was only a *public distraction* surely did not imagine that Soviet criminals would be invited to *judge* the Germans, in collaboration with henchmen of the criminals whose origin it is forbidden to mention who organized this masquerade, and that this horrible slander against the Germans would then be directed against the entire West.

The *Universal Declaration of Human Rights* is the logical, institutionalized continuation of this *continuation of war by other means*.

These "*Human Rights*" are absolutely not egalitarian rights, they are an open hunting license against all those who can be accused of "*racism*", in a system of totalitarian terror.

In invaded, burned and pillaged Germany, faced with the horror of the situation, General Patton said: "I think we've been fighting the wrong people all this time" and "the Germans are the only decent people left in Europe. It's a choice between them and the Russians. I prefer the Germans". Patton lived under the common illusion that he could have a choice, that he could express it, and that the U.S. Army had just made a "mistake. In reality, democratic choice was an illusion, and the source of the error was the enemy within, the great Jewish financiers who were advisors to President Roosevelt, the principal of whom, Morgenthau, had drawn up a plan, known as the Morgenthau Plan, for the enslavement of the German population.

We always believe that we are consciously making choices, and it is on this fundamental illusion that the most brutal and despicable manipulation operations are based, because we do not question the origin of what we think are our choices. The origin, everything is there, look for the author. It would have been more accurate to say: "We have been deceived about who the enemy is". Patton will be assassinated in Berlin, in occupied Germany, and *liberated* thanks to him.

What is called *anti-racism* today is the product of an operation of *slandorous hatred*; this hateful, murderous and destructive character is quite visible in the actions of *anti-racists* and *anti-fascists*, supported and financed by the powers that be; this hatred does not come from nowhere, it is not linked to a doctrine, and theoretically, if it were only a doctrine, there

could be a peaceful anti-racism; in reality, in anti-racism and anti-fascism there is a clear sign of their origin, the *slanderous hatred* conveyed by propaganda, or psychological warfare

The anti-fascist slanderous hatred has been combined with another, older hatred, also created by the cabalists with the aim of destroying the Nations, their wealth, their cultures, their beauty, the Christian *self-hatred*.

The wonderful thing about the anti-racist doctrine is that with well-orchestrated propaganda - *propaganda* being the civilian name for psychological warfare - it will be possible to make the victims, convinced of their guilt, fight for their own genocide.

My realistic view today of what *anti-racism* supports in practice, from the very beginning, genocide, has little to do with the anti-racist imagination of the majority. Unfortunately, before I could understand, the damage to my life, and to millions of lives, was appalling. *It would be a crime*, and it is *unthinkable*.

Don't even think about it!

"The individual is handicapped by being confronted with a conspiracy so monstrous that he cannot believe it exists."

John Edgar Hoover, first director of the FBI

Revelations (psychic)

Understanding what really happened to Colleen was extremely long and difficult, and I had to gradually clear up tons of prejudices or preconceptions, of affects well established by millennia of manipulations, which prevented the expression of what is called the truth, which is nothing more than the perception of reality.

Of course, one of the bases of the apparatus of manipulation and propaganda is to claim that their lures and inventions are the truth, as in the «I am the Truth and the Life» that shamelessly claims one of the very ancient masters of the genre, himself heir to a long tradition probably developed in the first totalitarian empires.

A whole apparatus of ostracism and punishment is generally set up to punish those who do not believe in the perversely so-called *revealed truth*, are *deniers*, *unbelievers*, spreaders of *fake news*, etc. It is today as yesterday, and even seems to be getting worse. It takes an enormous effort, and a lot of risks, to approach the truth that is only reality, is only what happens and has happened *for real*.

In this discovery, Colleen's word was essential. I have indeed discovered quite a bit by searching documentation, by searching my memory, by more or less analyzing my reactions, but the most important thing comes from Colleen herself, from where she is now, in what is called the afterlife. I've been talking to psychics, some of them excellent. I learned some pretty terrifying things, and I'm rather sorry to say that the burden of writing about all this, despite my fairly advanced spirit of independence and my fairly good performance of intelligence, proved to be extremely heavy.

As on other subjects, I think it is useful, before going into the heart of the matter, to prepare the ground a little, concerning clairvoyance phenomena. Many people see it as nothing more than folklore of no great importance. If clairvoyance is nothing more than fantasy, the most serious part of what I write is of no importance. Those who know and are already convinced do not need my little pamphlet on the importance, and I would even say the decisive character as far as the truth is concerned, of clairvoyance, but I doubt very much that they are, for the moment, the most numerous.

Mediumship was perfectly *natural* for a very long time, and it is our situation that is no longer natural. This is linked to the joint oppression of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, and even their heirs, Marxism and certain forms of so-called *materialistic* scientism. In reality, mediumship has been banished in our worlds, and this is important to know; the well-installed prejudice according to which it has almost disappeared because it is *false* is absolutely false, and even, by banishing it, the manipulators and swindlers have banished, for their own interest, the *truth*.

The *ghosts*, as they say, do not really have a place in the contemporary *western* world. This is relatively new, all ancient cultures, including for example that of ancient Greece, were founded under the aegis of the ancestors with whom they communicated regularly. Communicating with important people from the other world, or with *who knows what*, was a rare and coveted privilege. The temple of Apollo at Delphi, whose motto was "Know Thyself", was built around the Pythia. For the ancient Greek, there was no essential difference between knowing oneself and listening to the Pythia. The beings of the other world *know better*, and this has hardly ever been in doubt for anyone.

Except, a certain Cabal that has a rather particular program, established for its exclusive interests.

Exterminating *truth-tellers*

This is what appears in the Holy Book, in *Deuteronomy*, 18; it is about the conquest of the land of Canaan:

"When you enter the land which the Lord your God will give you, take care that you do not try to imitate the abominations of these peoples; and that no one is found among you who claims to purify his son or daughter by passing them through the fire,

(note: this is the ritual that preceded circumcision, the sacrifice of every firstborn male in fire to the Lord-God Almighty Moloch, predecessor of Yahweh)

or who consults soothsayers, or who observes dreams and auguries, or who uses curses, spells and enchantments, or who consults those who have the spirit of the python or who deal in divination
or who question the dead to learn the truth from them.

For the Lord abhors all these things, and will cut off all these peoples at your entrance, because of these kinds of crimes which they have committed.

You will be perfect and without blemish with the Lord your God.

These nations whose land you are going to possess listen to augurs and soothsayers; but as for you, you have been instructed otherwise by the Lord your God."

Deuteronomy, 18, 9-14

(note: the literal translation of : "those who deal in divination" is: "those who tell the truth")

This is completed by *Leviticus*, 20, 27:

"If a man or a woman have in them the spirit of a dead person or a spirit of divination, they will be punished by death; they will be stoned: their blood will be on them."

Deuteronomy does not bother with Talmudic subtleties: the Lord abhors *truth-tellers* who might shed light on the abominable sides of his power, and one must listen to the Lord and to him alone for fear of the "dreadful fire". It could not be clearer, and we must thank the biblical simplicity of the terrorists who wrote this Deuteronomy.

This is not a small matter or a point of detail: it is in the text the second abominable sin which justifies, in the eyes of the Jews, the total extermination of the Canaanites and the eradication of their entire culture.

This will be taken up and if possible aggravated by the Christians. In 528, the emperor Justinian, or "Saint Justinian" according to the Orthodox, taking up the basics, ordered the execution (by fire, crucifixion, wild animals, or iron nails) of all those who practiced "witchcraft, divination, magic or idolatry", and forbade all teaching by *Gentiles*, "those who suffer from the blasphemous madness of the Hellenes".

The *Hellenes* are the last representatives of classical Greek science and philosophy. They were officially persecuted by the Christian emperors, driven by the ancient Jewish paranoid hatred; fundamental science and philosophy overshadowed Yahweh the Almighty and his henchmen, the sole repositories of *Truth*. The consequences of this are still dramatic today, when it is claimed that genetics does not exist and that all races are equal, and a

thousand other lies, each one more crude and disgusting than the last, such as the non-existence of sexes, which would be socially created "genders". One of the thousand execrable consequences of the eradication of Hellenism is Islam: this arrogant, conquering, murderous and arch-stupid religion, which rots the life of civilized people, could never have developed, a thousand years after Aristotle, in an intelligent Hellenistic world; it is said, and it is very likely, that Islam would be the invention of Arian Christian monks (who did not believe in the Trinity) transmitted to the Prophet.

Hypatia's case

It was on the basis of Justinian's Judeo-Christian doctrine that the neo-Platonic Hypatia of Alexandria was stoned to death in 413 as a *magician*. This story is worth telling in its entirety, because it has been told a thousand times in a totally false and truncated way, and this, intentionally. It will be easy to understand who manipulated this story for their benefit, how, and why. It will also become clear that this is certainly not an exception in the flow of information, but rather the particular expression of a general rule.

The full story is told by Socrates the Scholastic, also known as Socrates of Constantinople, in the *History of the Church*, Book VII Part 1, chapters XIII, XIV and XV, published around 440. It illustrates perfectly the consequences of the Council of Nicaea, which took place a century earlier and which imposed on Christians, on pain of heresy, Yahweh, the god of the Jews, as the Christian God the Father, and the Judaic Bible as the holy text. Jews and Christians will follow to the letter the strict code of conduct dictated to them by the Book, with the addition of the Gospel for the Christians. Jews and Christians believe that *Gentiles*, unbelievers who suffer from "blasphemous madness" according to Justinian, are *wicked* and *unjust* whom it pleases God to eradicate, as is affirmed a hundred times in the Bible. The small but important difference is that for the Jews, Christians are *Gentiles*, whereas Christians cannot consider the Jews, the people of the Holy Book, as *Gentiles*. The status of the Jews is ambiguous, and Saint Augustine, in his work, evokes this ambiguous status more than a thousand times (I counted), not knowing on which foot to dance, if Augustine danced at all.

The Hypatia affair began when the governor of Alexandria, necessarily a Christian, but a friend of the neo-Platonic Hypatia, sanctioned the Jewish community by banning a Jewish entertainer who was disturbing the public

order, history does not say how. According to the story, and to what we can see in a tradition still alive today, it was probably to mock the Christians. A Christian monk had the bad idea of taking this opportunity to publicly mock the Jews, and following a complaint from the Jews, he was publicly punished. The Christians were indignant and during a small riot, a paving stone was thrown by a fanatical monk and injured the governor, who immediately had the guilty party arrested and publicly tortured. The Jews took advantage of this opportunity to take *revenge* for the mockery of the Christians, who were inferior, impure and without rights from the point of view of their Bible, by luring them during the night into a trap, a church that was burning, and by massacring them under the cover of darkness.

The Christians were obviously burning with the desire to take their revenge, and turned to the governor to ask him for justice, but he denied them. Then their bishop intervened and forbade them to kill any Jew. There you have it, summarized, all the marvels of the relationship between Jews and Christians. The former are allowed, indeed morally obliged, to kill or do all sorts of things to show that they are the only *Chosen People*, the latter are obliged to suffer and *sacrifice*; their superior moral strength, *forgiveness of offenses* and *charity* will win out, they believe. Do not believe that this has fundamentally changed since the 5th century, history repeats itself to the point of disgust.

It is quite remarkable that Socrates the Scholastic, who is a Christian and who reports the facts, is at no time moved by the disparity of treatment in favor of the Jews. Since the Council of Nicaea and the writings of the Church Father St. Augustine, the Jews are children of God, but *imperfect* children, a lost sheep. Today they cannot kill Christians or ex-Christians without valid pretexts, but as usury towards foreigners is allowed in the Bible, it was allowed in Christian territory. The source of the worst horrors that the Christian peoples have had to suffer, and still do, lies in this provision.

Finally, the governor reluctantly decided to expel the Jews from Alexandria, although he would have preferred to keep them for the taxes they brought in. And although they were admonished by their bishop to suffer in silence like our Lord Jesus Christ, the restrained fury of the Christians, and especially of their most fanatical branch, the monks, still existed and needed an outlet.

Since the Jews had the safe-conduct of being the original and privileged recipients of the Divine Word, it was necessary to find someone else to blame. Elsewhere, it was among the *Gentiles*, the Unbelievers, the Hellenes, the Magicians, in short, those who were still under the influence of Satan. The friend of the governor, the erudite philosopher Hypatia, was the perfect *scapegoat*, to take up a practice described in the Bible; she was accused of having, by black magic, invoked the demons that filled Alexandria with horror, created the awful discord, and, as the Holy Bible commands, she was stoned in the public square to exorcise the city of evil. And Hypatia was also, without doubt, one of the only people who could see the situation with an *objective* eye, as an embarrassing witness, so it was a case of *killing two birds with one stone*, no pun intended.

Objectively, the knot of discord was indeed a demon, but this demon was the God of the Bible, the Avenging God of the Jews enthroned as the God of Love of the Christians by the paranoid emperor Constantine and the Council of Nicea.

The distance between the real story and the story as it is told today in countless books and even in at least one Hollywood movie can serve as a yardstick for a multitude of stories where what is told by the media as a whole is simply a filthy travesty of reality.

The story of Hypatia is widely circulated in its doctored version, which exhibits Christian barbarism for all to see. The original authentic version, on the other hand, shows the relationship between the arrogant Semitic barbarity legitimized by its Holy Book and the agonized Christian impotence in its relationship with the *Chosen People*. Our era is literally flooded with stories doctored in the same way, and massively disseminated on all the networks controlled by the Chosen People.

Information warfare

It is extremely remarkable that in his total war against the people, the Lord places in the forefront a kind of war of information, against the *truth-tellers*. The war against truth-tellers has been taken up in the worlds of totalitarian predation until today; I don't know if it is reassuring to see that it is already present in the Bible. Genocide, or more exactly total destruction or *herem*, follows as a consequence or application.

The *herem*, the *vow to the forbidden*, decreed by the Lord, prescribes a destruction of *all traces* of the destroyed people. Why this relentlessness? So that no trace of a truth other than that of the Lord, or, indeed, of the truth at all, remains. When the Avenging God destroys a people, it is so that his *Chosen People* can seize all their possessions and their virgins, but also so that no trace of their crimes can exist in the conquered lands; in the order of divine priorities, when reading the texts, this question of *truth* seems to be the main preoccupation, and the main preoccupation of the caste of priests, while that of the common people is undoubtedly to stuff themselves with the fruits of the plunder. All trace of what the destroyed peoples really were must disappear; only the excellence of the Chosen People, whose duty it was to destroy the *wicked*, must remain on the scene. In fact, what Orwell describes in his *1984*, the rewriting of history, already exists in the Bible, in an even more brutal form: history is not rewritten, it is completely erased with all the signs that could recall it.

So what is called *necromancy* in this doctrine, the ordinary relationship with the dead or guides from the afterlife, is strictly forbidden, because it potentially awaits the totalitarian reign of the Lord, the only one who can legitimately be *listened to* according to the very terms of the manipulators. And in the mind of the Jew or the Christian, of the Muslim too, it is entirely linked to the fight against science and philosophy, which are in the same package. In modern language, it sounds like the *truth-tellers* are producing what the media call *fake news* that disturbs the system. So it's a very, very old story.

It is quite possible that the overwhelming preponderance of the *Chosen People* in the operations of propaganda, manipulation, *brainwashing* and *mind control*, operations of which they can often be seen as the inventors, is due to the fact that the training in these practices, advocated by Yahweh, dates back at least as far as the Bible. For an anthropologist, accustomed to tracing long-term developments, this would not be surprising. The Bible recommends erasing traces, but it has left one: itself.

Contrary to the Bible's instructions, I am quite convinced that if there is one area where truth resides today, it is the area that Yahweh has forbidden: that of *truth-tellers*, those who have the *spirit of a dead person* in them. The reason is simple: the living can be bound, deceived, drugged and terrorized, but not the dead. I don't know if the beings who have passed on to the afterlife

still have what we call *opinions*, they seem to know only the reality of the facts, and the feelings, love, hate, etc., aroused by these facts. All the fears linked to our survival reflexes, the fear of various kinds of problems are no longer relevant.

Mediumistic communications - Colleen

First, I must say a few words about the specific modalities of mediumistic communications, which are quite different from ordinary communications. These communications, even if they are sometimes established fortuitously, without any will on the part of the receiver, generally require a strong concentration; there are few or no long explanatory sentences, and quite often visions are substituted for words, because they show instantly what would require a long description. It is as if the communication were rather fragile, and as if one tried to make it as profitable as possible; it is agreed that it requires, especially on the part of the sender, quite a lot of energy.

In a rather different field, some people know how to communicate with animals, and even from a distance. Some shamans can communicate with their ancestors, and also with animals, to the point of sometimes confusing one with the other, at least that is the impression one can get from the outside. These are extremely ancient modes of communication, which can link different species, but also different space-time. It is probably the kind of background of all communication, since a very, very long time. As with dreams, there can be a discrepancy between mental images and their interpretation; we can misinterpret what we are told or shown; mediumship does not guarantee the correctness of the interpretation.

I have this contact with Colleen, but not directly, through mediums. Everything the media, *friends*, *lovers* etc., have said about dead Colleen, will be confronted with what Colleen herself says, in the unconstrained space she is in today. I suppose you can easily imagine that what the otherworldly *truth-tellers* say is very different from what the official news media say and impose. But you probably can't imagine how different.

Colleen, through the voice of the psychics, tells the truth about what she has lived, seen, heard, done, suffered, in places that no *whistleblower* will ever penetrate - which is not always very pleasant to hear, but always simple and without embellishment. She has her moods, her loves, her angers, her regrets, her preferences; we are not talking to a saint: she is *alive*, and even

more than ever. She knows very well what happened to her, and, from where she is, she *knows the drill*.

I don't necessarily agree with everything she says or expresses, what she says about *friends* I don't know doesn't concern me directly, but I'm not going to hide anything, without sparing anyone's sensibilities, if Colleen feels it's important for her to talk about it. If I were asked to characterize the world *beyond*, I would say that, contrary to myth, it is not particularly *kind* or *forgiving* or *compassionate*, but it is totally devoid of hypocrisy. The source of the hypocrisy, terror, is absent. What Colleen says is mostly just factual, and I will state it as it is.

Colleen, Lena, Shauna?

Before getting to the heart of the matter, I will return to the question that bothered me, her name: Lena, Colleen, or Shauna? Because in my identity confusion, I had indicated to the psychic, by giving her the photograph of the dead woman, that her name was *Lena*, a name that would be more intimate than Colleen and especially than Shauna. And Colleen/Lena/Shaua reacted immediately to this mention of her name. It is important to understand that the otherworldly beings to whom we are connected or attached react to our feelings, they are still fully human, in fact, except that they are no longer enclosed in a body in our space-time.

Psychic: " You know, she is telling me that the name Lena is... yes, it is her name, it's only part of the name, but she is mentioning another name, that... sounds a little bit like yours, except it's... Shaun or something like that, (*note: Shauna*), well it's that's another man, you know, father or something, I don't know, but she is mentioning this name, and she said she hates it, she HATES it. She hides behind it. She likes the fact you called her Lena, even now that was not her full name, and, mm, it made her feel very feminine, something she wanted to feel." " Now, I don't know who is this Shaun (*note: actually Shauna, the psychic thinks it's someone else*), it sounds like Shaun. She saw this is the way out, whatever (*note: Shauna is her porn star alias*). But I honestly feel that she just did not belong where she was living. And she says she did some dark things, but, you know, she knew she was young and everything, but she knew she could make something of her life, she

was pretty, she had a personality, she had a wonderful figure, and I know there is sort of lots of girls around but she, she was different. I look at her, she is sort of like the girl next door, but much prettier than the girl next door.”

You see, the *tone* is set; it was right at the beginning of our first contact. The name Shauna was indeed given to her by a man, not her father, but the filthy Sachs-Hollander, and *Shauna* was a public person, a *pornstar*.

When she says that Lena is not her full name, it is very reminiscent of the little poem where she says "*Her given name shortened, she answered to Lena.*" Her given name was Colleen.

I know that in most initiatory processes, people from beyond are considered *guides*, and Lena/Colleen is indeed a guide for me as well, but it is not that simple. In fact, the separation of our worlds is much more tenuous than we usually imagine. On several occasions she asks me to *feel good*, to love, to be loved, because she loves me, of course, but not only; she can by empathy feel what I feel, and she wants to feel pleasant things. It's probably easier from her perspective than from mine, the fact that she's haunting me doesn't really encourage me to get into party mode. And, again, we are quite far from the usual *New Age* fantasies.

Who is Colleen, how she describes herself

Describing yourself is a perfectly unverifiable and uncontrollable operation, it is quite clear that this description is provided on demand, and that it can vary from one extreme to another in time and space. As for the assessments that others make of you, it is even worse, from sanctification to demonization. The essential dimension is missing in all this, the distance between the observer and the object of observation.

There are many fascinating aspects of mediumship, but I would like to make a remark which I think has not been made very much. It is that the entity which addresses the psychic masters absolutely everything it presents of itself, without the psychic being able to verify it in any way; the entity can therefore a priori present anything. There is always the filter of the psychic's personality, his feelings, his morals, his religion, etc., which will make him interpret what he is shown or told, and this must be taken into account, but the fact is, quite flagrantly, that the description which the entity can give of itself is a description which seems perfectly objective, that of a vanished

object, the earthly person, from which it is detached and which it can describe quite calmly, even objectively.

After that first one saying that she likes to feel feminine when I call her Lena, while her *friends* called her Colleen, and she was the *pornstar* Shauna, she immediately tempers it by marking a difference with me, a difference that I mostly preferred to ignore.

Psychic: "She was like a butterfly, she was like a free spirit. I don't know, you warned her at doing certain things, you know, she is just like a child, a child of the universe. She had to go and do her own thing. She is very vulnerable. She thought that she could weight people up, but I feel that she was not very good at this."

At the same time:

"She was trying to be independent, and she was still trying to, I feel, make it quite big in her own way, because she had something inside her that she needed to prove and yet, you could have had a simple life, because she did love up being out in nature, she loved to look at the water, she loved to talk about the stars, all these things, you know, she was a dreamer and yet, she got herself mixed-up, and really, sort of muddled herself up to be honest and got in with some very bad people."

And:

"Now, this girl is a very ambitious girl, and she had decided that she wanted to do certain things, and you weren't totally in agreement with her, because, you know, you tried to tell her that this was not the way forward for her, but she knew, whatever it was she wanted, and that she could meet people who could propel her into something."

I always tended to blame our drama on coercion and blackmail on the one hand, and cocaine on the other, because I didn't want to see that she was so strongly motivated by her ambition, and the lure of the gilding that I had, as a good *ex-hippie*, disdainfully rejected. She has, in a way, in my dissident language, *collaborated*. I too *collaborated* in my youth; there is no other way to get out of a mediocre environment. Without the historical chance that was offered to me, and that I also provoked a little, in '68, I would probably have continued to do so. In all objectivity, I shouldn't blame Colleen, but in reality, I do.

While I usually describe our situation in terms of terror and duress, as if we were one block facing the same enemy, my deeper reactions in my relationship to Colleen are quite different, and quite disturbing. Her vision of her *friends caring for her* was certainly idealized, but not entirely false from another perspective.

When, in a trance-like state, I approached Colleen in the afterlife, I was overcome with a wave of anger and blame that I directed at her, "Why did you leave?" - which brought me out of the trance immediately, totally confused and bewildered, stunned by my own behavior that I was not expecting at all. I don't think I'll teach anyone that the trance state is uncontrollable. In a trance, without control, I blamed her for this departure, whereas in my ordinary routine, I was certain that the only ones responsible were the Jewish Organized Crime. They were responsible for the threats and the incitements, the carrot and the stick, but Colleen had still somehow *chosen* to leave, or rather probably *chosen* not to rebel, to play *along*, even if it was to come back later on the island.

Is it necessary, to characterize this, to speak about unconscious? I don't think so. It has little to do with a Freudian unconscious which is apparently formed in childhood. I would prefer a theory that generalizes the phenomenon of multiple personalities. I had a personality that had been buried in amnesia, that was terribly emotional, totally disoriented and terrorized by this disorientation, much more than by the Jewish mafia criminals, and this disorientation was in fact, for the most part, due to the behavior of the coke-addled Colleen *superstar*. I had a disabled personality that covered the amnesia and allowed me to live, and finally a third, the one that, after coming out of the amnesia, wrote novels minimizing Colleen's role in the debacle. Which is not to say that I would have only those three; I think we have several personality patterns ready to use for various circumstances, tailored to the terrain, if I may say so.

All of these beautiful considerations being made, I can't rule out the possibility that Colleen is taking up, because all indications are that she feels guilty, she expresses it at times, and I don't believe that the weight of what is instilled in us magically disappears once we pass into the afterlife. So we continue to evolve on the *other side*. Everything that is appreciated can be biased in one way or another; the only things that are certain are the facts,

and, for what we are fundamentally, our genes. Everything else floats in varying degrees of vagueness.

I do not seek to minimize the initial responsibility of the Jewish mobsters, which is overwhelming; without them, in a world from which they would be excluded, none of this would have happened. I do not hide the fact that for me, a world from which they and certain alien beings would be excluded would be an almost ideal world, or at least a livable one.

Exclusion, and exclusivity, are reserved for the rich and powerful, often crooks, in our so-called "liberal" world; but they are natural rights and attributes of peoples. The Athenians could ostracize, i.e. exclude, some of their fellow citizens by a vote, they discussed it but did not have to justify it, it was a right among many others. As for the non-citizens, the aliens, they had almost no rights. This is how a genuine democracy works. All power to the people, and no "Higher Law" dropped from the Clouds for the benefit of a few.

Suicide or murder?

I wanted to know more, of course, about her death, as it was the major event that had drawn more light on her than the studios where pornography is concocted; since I suppose that worries everyone, and I'm not into *suspense* novels, here's Colleen's answer, through the psychic. We'll get into the details later.

Psychic: "Lena is still restless in the other dimension that she resides in, because she was very, very unhappy with her death. Her death, she was murdered. There's no doubt in that, and it's as she feels very, very upset that anyone would think that at her age, she would actually take her own life in the way she was supposed to."

And again:

"You're looking for a balance, because you cannot rest, because you can feel her, you can feel her unrest, and you feel that you want to clear her name but, there is a mystery over her death, and, it's not going to be easy to clear it because she was involved with a drug cartel."

I imagine that there must be a lot of people up there, murdered and vilified, who must be very agitated when they see the way they are talked about in almost all the media. That's why mediumship is important, to re-

establish the truth; that's why it has been condemned, and is still vilified by swindlers and murderers. In ancient times, it ensured the realistic continuity of history, showing clearly who does what, who are the friends and who are the enemies.

Back and forth, from shootings to the island, from "friends" to me

One of the questions that bothered me enormously was whether Colleen had returned to the island to find me. I had left in despair, sure she wouldn't come back, overwhelmed both by that last encounter where she had avoided even looking at me, by the death threats from the filthy Jewish mobster Ira Allen Sachs, and the attempted murder while I was diving, which prevented me from diving again and relaxing. I wasn't sure, though. I was tortured by doubt, my intuition was telling me to go back to the island, all of which added to the nightmare that my priority was to get rid of, anyway. I got confirmation of the psychic's excellence when she told me about Colleen's departure to Copenhagen, which at most a few people in the world could know, and also, about her return.

Psychic: "Somebody else tried to really, mm, help her and stop her getting involved with other people, maybe this was you, I don't know, but she was quite headstrong, and she wanted nice things. But she just decided that she would go and she would trust these people. Now, I don't know whether she went to Holland but she is something like Holland to me (*note: actually she told me about Copenhagen, Denmark*), I don't know what that means but anyway, she is shaking her head as she is saying that.

But, you know, she really actually feels as if, mm, she was, mmm, she knew best, and I can understand that, I can understand because, you know, she certainly realized that she was very popular and that she could do whatever it is. Now, I don't know whether it was acting or modeling, TV work, something like that whatever. But I actually feel that, had she lived, she would have definitely made it to the big time and, you know, big screen to be honest. But, you know, she really started to go wrong."

Of course Colleen *knew better* than I did, because she knew all the terms of the equation, and I knew almost none of them. Unfortunately she didn't

explain the story about the "crime" or what a *pornstar* was; in fact she made all her decisions alone, or more accurately with her *friends*, and not with me, as if I would spontaneously adapt. A complete picture of the situation would have probably helped me to understand and support her. The worst part was obviously the blurring, and the *disorientation* that followed.

She had probably planned from the beginning to join me later, once her shootings or various sessions in Copenhagen were over. Unfortunately, all this took more time than the two weeks I had planned. And she came back too late.

Psychic: "When she came back to your island, you wondered if she intended to try to flee forever, or to submit to the friends, the threats, and go back to them. Well, she did not know what to do

At first, she did not know what to do, to be honest. But I think she wanted to just get away, she thought that they could not touch her as she was away. But she was very sadly wrong, because I think that she had some visitors, unknown people who came to her, (20:00) and I think that they, maybe unbeknown to you, forced her to go back. They wanted her under their control and not, maybe going around Europe or everywhere, they were too many people involved in all this, too many who had a lot to lose. So I think she had to go back. I don't think she wanted to. But I actually feel that she wanted, she just wanted to forget the all thing, because she became over frightened."

"And, you know, I don't know what you could have done to have kept her on your island, wherever that is, I take it it's France (*note: Colleen didn't specify, actually it's Greece*), but I feel that what you did was get her back her dignity and you gave her common sense which, you know, people manipulated her all the time, you never ever did that."

Being launched on the theme of the few people who tried to help her, she talks about her father, Philip Applegate; she wants to give him a message.

Psychic: "I hear her talking about Phil, Philip, Philips, she is saying: this person could have helped. But it was not until it was too late that he did try to help. But she is telling you that in the heart of that person, that regret is so deep, and it's like she wants you to forgive him. Now she is talking about *apples* by the *gate* (*note: this is Philip Applegate, Colleen's father*), (laugh) I don't know what that means, did you have apples, did you go eating apples, did you put apples by a gate, I don't

know, but she is, she is dancing around and she is wearing a beautiful little flowing pink dress, and she is dancing and dancing and she is picking up apples and she is, there is blossom on the trees, oh, she feels really, really happy now."

Psychics receive like coded messages, it's very special, and it's rarely, if ever, an explicit speech. Some say they receive messages, or even long speeches, from vague *entities* that are in no way connected to our reality, and are therefore immune to any *fact-checking*. With what we know for example about Pythia and her *incoherent* speeches that had to be interpreted by the priests, I have a big doubt about the *entities* that remake the Bible for us, but who knows. In general, in any case, these are fragments which pass to the psychics, and it is up to them to transcribe them into understandable speech; the quality of the psychic is therefore an extremely important factor. An honest or experienced psychic will tell you that he or she does not understand something, while a less experienced one will interpret it in his or her own way and *act smart*.

Then, since she was on the topic of true affection, she talks about me again, tells me things I really need to hear:

Psychic: "She is saying to tell you that she really did love you and she still does and that you were and always will be her friend.

Now, she is saying that you might start investigating after this reading, but she is asking you to be extremely careful, because the people who took her life spirit away are still around and they still watch, because they are certain things that could cause great sensation if they came out. And, so I think that, although you might make this a central purpose in your life, you must be extremely careful."

Another world still in turmoil

Psychic: "Lena is still restless in the other dimension that she resides in."

Several times the psychic will say that Colleen is *restless* in the other world because of what has happened to her, and also that I am *restless* for much the same reason; she will also say that I *feel* Colleen's unrest in the

other world as if it were echoing in me, which is after all possible, but I am not aware of it.

Everything happens, in fact, as if there were many more connections between the worlds than we can be aware of; that said, the psychic is able to consciously feel Colleen, and it is also possible that she projects what she feels onto me; I don't really have an opinion on this question at the moment. The question of interactions, interferences, between the other world and ours is complex, and we are far from having exhausted the subject; the only certainty is that there is much more than we imagine. This is a field in which we may have many surprises in the future, especially as regards our conception of time; if the ban on *truth-tellers* is one of the terrors imposed by the Bible, it is perhaps not only because they can say that the sacrificing priests are scum.

This unrest has a reason that Colleen expresses: she cannot stand the lies about her suicide and the rest of her life. Humans have, until the irruption of Judeo-Christianity which forbade it, always maintained a connection with their departed loved ones and ancestors, knowing that they are not indifferent to how they are regarded on this earth.

Colleen has not failed to corroborate the reality of the vision I had around the time of her death, during which I did not recognize her at all at the time, which underscores the depth of my amnesia.

Psychic, on Colleen's death: "I actually feel that, in a way she was glad to be free, but straight away, after she died, she did think about you, and I think that, when she could have so came to visit you and this was so important."

It is important because the awareness that there is continuity, and that people's true deeds can be revealed, is of primary importance if we are to recover our humanity currently lost under a mass of horrors. It is also important because, despite everything, she never stopped loving me. I noticed a very moving detail for me, in most of her films after our aborted meeting, she wears a ring on her right ring finger, which she had never done before; in the traditional codes, a ring on the right ring finger means that one is engaged, and on the left ring finger that one is married. She thought she would meet me at Easter, six months after we met. Then, as all hope was lost, she took it off.

I believe very strongly that contact with those who have passed on is the best way to dispel illusions. Clearly Colleen is not trying to *sweeten the pot* or please me: she is illuminating the stark reality of the situation, which she never really did in her lifetime. Those who have these contacts with the afterlife often emphasize the empathy of those who have left; this is true, but this empathy is not biased by *good feelings*, it is totally realistic.

We have a rare opportunity: to be able to confront the form of reality constructed by the propaganda and what Colleen says about it, which is spectacularly different. It's pretty obvious, I think, that Colleen is the *privileged witness* of what happened to her, unless I made up the whole story, which would make me a genius forger, a specialty that, it seems, has almost always been the prerogative of an ethnic group of which I am not a member, but who knows, maybe their God has touched me exceptionally with his grace...

Colleen speaks: back to reality

Psychic: "She was murdered. But she is saying that it was made to look as if she killed herself. She really got mixed up with people who were not very good, to be honest."

The psychic, who is an excellent person, is never comfortable speaking ill of anyone, even the worst - "not very good" is an understatement, in my view. In the traditional Christian worldview, to speak evil is *to do evil*; that is why we ask God to *deliver us from evil*, because it is forbidden to do it ourselves; which God obviously never does, because evil is his business.

Colleen and her family

A good manipulation has to be based on a few plausible elements in order not to be spotted at once; there must be at least a few elements to create doubt. And there were: Colleen had made a suicide attempt, largely faked, with sinusitis pills, probably not extremely toxic; this suicide attempt had been the talk of Farmington, the big Minnesota village where she spent her childhood. The filthy Hollander had already used this failed suicide as an argument against me: I was "bad for her", but he, Hollander, the excellent Jewish criminal invested by cosmopolitan finance and the Lord Almighty, was going to protect her and correct the unfortunate mistake that she was in love with a *goy*, one of those evil people, of the same origin as her, who created the most brilliant of civilizations. Sachs-Hollander, savior of lost souls. Explain to me by what psychic contortion act it is possible not to hate these people.

In reality, Colleen's relationship with her Christian family, or Judeo-Christian family since everything that is absolute evil for me comes from the same source, was not a good one. Something I understand very easily because in my own home, in my childhood, it was not better, even worse.

Psychic: "Part of me wonders whether she was born in California (*note: that's correct*), whether she wanted to be an actress or something, that supposedly was, I don't know, she has not really said that. But, it does feel as if she met many people who were not really good for her. She had a good idea well before the event (her murder) happened, that something was going to happen."

Psychic: " And I feel that she had a family, she had brothers and sisters, but, it's, she wanted to be different, she wanted to make something of herself, rather like her brothers and sisters."

"I feel that really, she sought very hard to make something of herself (so *says her father, Philip*). She hated home, she hated the family to be quite honest, (*note: these are commonalities with me*), but she really, she thought as if she was so different, and it feels to me that the family really could not see it at all. They just thought she was just attention seeking (*note: this is indeed her mother's speech about her botched suicide*), but she definitely was not, she just wanted to better herself, she really wanted."

In fact, the pseudo-suicide with sinusitis pills was not strictly speaking the act of despair of a lost girl, but on the contrary an act of will to express her revolt. The psychic also says that she is "very vulnerable", which I was not, at least until I ran into the unexpected pitfall of Judaic treachery; very vulnerable and very willful is indeed a rare cocktail that can put you at risk.

When I met Colleen, at least, she didn't seem to suffer from the *family misunderstanding* any more than I did; she obviously didn't give a damn anymore, just like me; *stars* don't care about the people they left behind. Colleen was worshipped, brushed off, and paid a fortune in the business that had taken her in; when she told me she was a *pornstar*, she had no idea how I would react; she lived in a bubble that for her was one facet of the *glamour* world. There was only one person whose opinion mattered, and that was me; and unfortunately, my experience of the world was very different, much more diverse than hers; if anyone had not "approved" of her and was therefore responsible for her suicide according to the porn chorus, it was me. But history has shown that when I said, "It would be a crime," it was prescient, and indeed, in her last moments, she knew that it was not a criticism, but a warning that she did not want to hear.

This is one of the *tricks* constantly used by this rabble, that crime, perversion, all sorts of horrors must be tolerated, *accepted*, and that the cause of crime is that crime is not *accepted*, or is *discriminated against*. This is a wonderful and extremely perverse way to blame the victims and exonerate the criminals. It is used relentlessly in systems of totalitarian manipulation that have made discrimination a crime.

Colleen testifies on "witnesses"

Colleen does not make generalizations, or very few. Almost all generalizations or analyses come from me. On the other hand, she is very specific about the actors and their statements, which rarely, if ever, correspond with reality. I have described above the great media maneuvers organizing the holiness of the Jews and the guilt of the Christians; these maneuvers are themselves based on a few *witnesses* who will be evoked to support the cause. The long report in the *Los Angeles Times*, like other works on the Colleen affair, gives the appearance of an objective collection of simple *testimonies* gathered by journalists. Which is obviously false, the testimonies are not the basis of the investigation, they are there to validate a script. And obviously, all of them lie, except the testimonies of the *rednecks*, so uninteresting that they are anonymous.

Lies of Kelly Nichols

Kelly Nichols, the advocate of the *roots pulled out*.

Psychic: "She got snared in a trap, a trap with certain people who really, hum, sort of capturing her if you like, using her and persuading her to keep doing things that she really did not want to do. Now, I keep hearing a name that sound like Carrie, or Kelly, (*note : Kelly Nichols*)..., I don't know if that is a friend of hers, but I am feeling, mm, that person did not entirely work for the good of Lena, hum, she was not an evil person, but she did not work entirely good for the good of Lena (*note : Colleen*)."

I don't know what level of manipulation, malfeasance, or maliciousness qualifies someone as "evil," but if Kelly Nichols is listed as the first among those who *captured* Lena, used her, and persuaded her to do things she didn't want to do, that seems to me to be a bit more than "not working for good," and I would certainly have a sharper judgment. She was precisely what we call an *evil genius*. The psychic describes what she sees and feels in her own way; Lena's current opinion, necessarily wised up by the latest events in her life, is perhaps quite different.

Kelly Nichols is almost a caricature of what the servant of Yahweh, the god of Israel, must be, a being in his image: jealous and vindictive. The God of Israel calls himself "jealous" and "vengeful". To this can be added the

enormous amount of perfidy, hypocrisy and dissimulation that have allowed the minions of this God to prosper in a world that without this dissimulation would have rejected them, and indeed very often has done so. The jealousy and spite are clearly seen in the films where Colleen stars, and Kelly Nichols has a supporting role; Kelly Nichols plays the *jealous* role she was hired to play to perfection, and it is not a role of *composition*, which is not often asked of porn actresses.

Kelly Nichols, Colleen's *friend*, an actress comfortable in sadomasochistic roles, and certainly not a *beauty*, stuck Colleen at the 1984 *Erotic Film Awards*, and blew her away with the Best Actress award, even though Colleen had been nominated several times and had Coppola at her table, which is a hallmark that this Kelly could never have claimed even remotely. This was a week before Colleen's assassination, which was certainly already scheduled. Both in terms of being interviewed and in terms of winning an award, it seems that a certain ethnic-religious preference always has the last word, so that one can always tell the *wheat* from the *chaff*. And if Colleen had been named best actress, the propaganda that portrayed her as desperate and destitute, to justify her *suicide*, would have had a problem. So there certainly has been an intervention, if not a complicity.

It is also Kelly Nichols who will maintain that Colleen, destitute, desperate and in the throes of despair, had accepted to turn in a pornographic film the day after her *suicide*, under the direction of the director Henri Pachard, at the same *Erotic Film Awards*. Kelly Nichols would have accepted thereafter, yielding to the supplications of a grieving Colleen, to take the role in her place. But on the morning of her *suicide*, Colleen was in the MGM/UA offices, talking with producers Fredrickson and Beckerman, and maybe other interested people, I don't know. It was probably scheduled for some time before the *Erotic Film Awards*. It's hard to imagine her falling back into porn while dealing with MGM/UA. This porn film was put on Colleen's *charge*, one of the many elements used to justify her *suicide*. But none of this makes sense. Kelly Nichols' involvement in the *scripting* of the *suicide* may well predate her testimony in the *Los Angeles Times*. It is sure in any case that there was a script, because Laurie Smith, another privileged witness, will produce lies more or less coherent with those of Kelly Nichols, at least until, by absent-mindedness, she contradicts herself.

The official story, or the *script* released by the *Los Angeles Times*, is that Colleen Applegate, a cocaine addict *porn star* totally broke and dependent on the allowances of her lover in prison, had agreed to act in a pornographic film the same day she was at the *Erotic Awards* at the table of Francis Ford Coppola and Gray Frederickson, probably well-known pornographers; then she had withdrawn in a hurry, according to the words of... Kelly Nichols, to whom she had offered to take the role in her place. Just at the same time, by an unfortunate coincidence, the gangster Ehrlich, who had become exasperated by the antics of this unbearable Colleen, had decided to cut off all ties and finances and to chase her out of the Palm Springs house, turning the *star* into a homeless person in one fell swoop. Colleen's friend, Brenda Rosenow, was there to help her pack; Colleen in despair would then have *committed suicide*. Colleen's friend and makeup artist, Laurie Smith, who followed her from set to set, would add her part to the description of the apocalypse: they had spent two days together doing Hollywood *parties* in clouds of coke, thinking of nothing but getting high and partying. Colleen's madness had led her straight to suicide, it was fatal.

Later, when he was released from prison, Ehrlich added to the story by saying that when Colleen had, in his opinion, misbehaved again, he told her to take her things and leave, and that Colleen then pretended to kill herself with a 22LR gun, crying and telling Ehrlich that if he chased her away, she would have "nothing left".

Lies by Laurie Smith - MGM/UA

It is not very surprising to see Kelly Nichols or Laurie Smith lie brazenly, since they are under the thumb of the Jewish mafia; moreover, Colleen herself, interviewed and filmed on several occasions by her manager Hollander, claims with her actress's smile evaporated in cocaine that pornography is the summit of happiness on earth. They are like slaves or hostages who know what they risk if they don't follow the *script*.

The lies of Laurie Smith, the other witness to Colleen's last days, are far more extravagant. She told a reporter that, far from being partying non-stop with Colleen, as she had told in her first official version, they were both, that morning, in the MGM/UA offices in San Francisco, in the offices of producers including Colleen's friend and neighbor in Palm Springs, Gray Frederickson,

who would confirm. Gray Frederickson was a co-producer of *Apocalypse Now*.

Colleen had spent the day of her murder in San Francisco, in the offices of MGM/UA, and a meeting between producers and leading actresses in the offices of a production company can only have one purpose at first sight. A contract would have already been signed, and it seems that a team has invested his apartment in Van Nuys, a neighborhood near Hollywood, after her murder to recover the document that invalidated the thesis of *suicide*. A week earlier, she was the star of the *Erotic Film Awards* festival held at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles; Francis Ford Coppola, Gray Frederickson were at her table. Coppola was at the height of his fame at the time; he would never have committed himself to publicly displaying himself with a *bad actress* at the same time as his co-producer; this unique event in the history of pornography could only have one cause, and that was Colleen.

"We were sitting with Francis Ford Coppola, Gray Frederickson, and this guy in this garish leather jacket that looked like it had been varnished - who turned out to be Jake Ehrlich, Shauna Grant's boyfriend. This guy was the cocaine dealer to the stars - that's how he knew all these people. Shauna had connections in the best circles." (...) "Laurie Smith and Shauna really had the right ticket in the Hollywood world."

McNeil, Legs & Osborne, Jennifer & Pavia, Peter, *The Other Hollywood*.

It is probably a mistake to believe that the individual in the garish jacket was Ehrlich, who was in prison at the time; and it is probably another to credit Ehrlich with the origin of Colleen's popularity at the highest levels of *mainstream* film decision-makers, although his position as *dealer to the stars* may have arranged some contacts in the beginning. Having the *dealer to the stars* as a lover, for Colleen, was a combination of benefits: coke and connections. Having Gray Frederickson as a neighbor in Palm Springs, an ultra-wealthy suburb of Los Angeles where stars of all kinds abounded, was an extraordinary opportunity, and having Ehrlich in prison may have provided Colleen with opportunities she didn't have when she was under his thumb. For Colleen, she had a brilliant career ahead.

The presence of a director as prestigious as Coppola and a producer like Frederickson at the *Erotic Film Awards*, along with Colleen, clearly marked

their solidarity with her. And, perhaps, solidarity against the mafia in general, the latter not being certain; I know nothing about Coppola's networks. But to give a sense of the atmosphere, we have the testimony of Howie Gordon, aka Richard Pacheco, who *co-starred* with Colleen in one of her early films, and of course fell in love with her. He remained one of her close friends, and she told him a few things.

"I saw Colleen at the Awards rehearsal early this afternoon. All the freshness was gone. The baby pudge had melted away from her cheeks. She was now a sleek, young, LA greyhound.

She told me that she had quit the business. Wow! She said that she had been out of it now for about six months."

(...)

"She said that she wanted to introduce me to her new friend, Francis Coppola."

Howie Gordon (Richard Pacheco), *Hindsight*, 2013

Coppola was a *friend*. His presence could have meant a great deal to Colleen's career, but that career may not have been, contrary to what one might imagine, the main motive. When Colleen was at MGM/UA on the morning of her murder, it was for a meeting with producers, to talk business, contracts, and Coppola was not there.

Having known the mobsters well, and Coppola, author of *The Godfather*, also knowing them, I doubt that they let Colleen escape without some compensation. I am far from knowing all the power relationships; was the official presence of Coppola and Frederickson at the Awards a power grab, or a pre-prepared move, after negotiations with the mobsters? I don't know, and strangely enough, no one was interested in this question.

It is generally said that Marilyn Monroe was still controlled by Mickey Cohen, the mafia *boss*, and ex-boss of Hollander; she was also controlled by government agencies; the same is probably true of Colleen; when a person is *used* publicly, and this is the case of a *famous* actor or actress, there is often competition between various groups to use her for their benefit.

But there's no question that Colleen considered Coppola a friend. Something bound Coppola and Colleen together, and I often wondered what it might be. Of course Colleen was very beautiful and engaging, and could seduce anyone, but that's not enough to drag a personality into a public space, especially one as *classless* as an erotic film festival; witnesses are

bound to *gossip*, which they did. That said, Coppola was just the kind of person, much like me, who could ostensibly show that he didn't give a shit.

Just before Colleen's arrival in Hollywood, Coppola's hallucinatory film *Apocalypse Now* exposes with terrifying acuity the ravages of two monsters I know well, horror and terror. The beautiful Colleen, who played the role of the seductive doll to perfection, also had a deep, intimate knowledge of horror and terror, as I do. For me, it was this very intimate connection on common vibrations, of which they were perhaps only slightly aware, that brought them together; I am a great believer in the power of attraction of similar vibrations, which can be totally invisible from the outside. At first glance, it is not clear why Coppola was publicly dating Colleen; perhaps he sensed, behind the dapper Colleen, a tragic, torn character, which she carefully hid from the eyes of fools. In his major works, which are all tragedies, even epic tragedies, some form of violence and terror is always present. Coppola *felt* his time, and ours is worse.

One wonders, of course, whether, based on this shared perception of the existence of terror, and specifically *official*, state terror, Colleen had leaked a few or more hints in her report to Coppola, who probably happened to be one of the only people in a position to receive them. Even if not, the Intelligence sleuths most likely imagined that it was possible. *Apocalypse Now* shows how it is the State, represented by the Army and especially its *secret service*, that creates terror as a mode of government; indeed, the revelation, or *apocalypse*, the Greek name for revelation, appears to Colonel Kurtz when he has children vaccinated to contract polio... an operation of utterly *modern* horror. The film also makes a quick, but rare enough to be noticed, allusion to *psychological warfare*, even though the Wagner used for this warfare is not part of the arsenal and would rather be a target like all objects of true culture. Perhaps it is necessary to know how to bias in order to tell essential truths. Wagner, German culture, the *Nazis* have no relation to what we see in Coppola's film, and even less to what is happening to Westerners today.

During the conversations between Colleen and the producers, there had been a phone call from Ehrlich for Colleen; Colleen had started screaming, Frederickson would say *hysterically*; this reminds me of when, looking for Colleen who had disappeared after our first meeting, I had heard a girl screaming as I passed the hotel; I had concluded, in my naivety, that it couldn't have been Colleen, because *she wasn't the type*, as far as I knew.

After that phone call, Colleen had stormed out, hopped on a plane, and returned to Palm Springs. Why? It's a mystery. Surely one doesn't leave a MGM/UA meeting where one's future is at stake, a career plan that Colleen had established a long time ago, not to say all along, for the sake of a house to leave, especially since Colleen always kept her personal pied-à-terre in Van Nuys, where she kept her important personal items, her *book* photos, her contracts, etc. Perhaps she had hidden it from this Jack, by the way; it was probably a kind of more or less secret base, where she could retreat in case of emergency. That's where, at Easter, in early April 1983, she had been waiting for my phone call. What made her jump into a plane was terror, or panic.

Obviously the scenario of the *poor desperate girl* would have been laughed at if the meeting at the MGM/UA, the same morning, had been made public. Laurie Smith's false testimony was therefore indispensable. But having forgotten about it after a few hundred lines of coke up her nose, she'd thrown the whole story out, maybe for one more line, or because she was drunk, I can imagine it easily enough that way. I guess there was no other choice for perjury than Laurie Smith, but it was really playing Russian roulette. It didn't matter at all; Laurie Smith's and Frederickson's late testimonies didn't get any traction at all, and the *suicide* story stayed as it was delivered turnkey by the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Los Angeles Police Department*. All that is needed is to *occupy the field*, and the first account of the facts becomes an *established truth* shared by all, which it is suspect to dispute.

The case is probably more complex than I can grasp. The role of Gray Frederickson, among others, is far from clear. He was a neighbor and friend of Colleen and Jack Ehrlich in Palm Springs. So, a priori not an enemy of the mafia. His girlfriend Karen Howorth owned a flower store in Los Angeles, perhaps not far from Hollywood. Which is perfectly respectable, except if you know that the mafia boss Mickey Cohen, ex-boss of Ira Allen Sachs alias Bobby Hollander, had bought and monopolized most of the flower stores in Los Angeles. A strange idea for a mobster, even one with pretensions of sophistication like *Mickey*. But a flower store has an interesting distinction: its stock turns over very quickly, its product is fragile and perishable, and so it requires constant supplies. What better cover for traffic? What could be more elegant, or more *Hollywood-like*, than a packet of delicious white powder slipped into a bouquet of flowers? Perhaps even a powder in a pretty, pale pink bag of fancy "fertilizer"? Frederickson's partner said that Colleen,

suffering from an *identity disorder* and not knowing who she was, had taken refuge in her home the night before her *suicide*, which she said supported the theory of *suicide*. But according to her partner's version, Colleen was at the MGM/UA the next day, obviously not to discuss her identity disorder. And obviously, she did not have much difficulty to accept to be a *star*, when we see her a week earlier shining of all her lights at the *Erotic Awards*.

There is a knot in this story that is not easy to untie. One can only cling to the idea that the Jewish mafia *ultimately* controls the studios on behalf of the Cabal, and virtually the entire so-called *entertainment industry*. In fact, the silence of Coppola and Frederickson after Colleen's execution speaks volumes. So does the fact that the police and the media totally ignored them. Coppola was far from being *born yesterday*, and most likely understood perfectly well where the hit was coming from, and that it was better to disappear. Here is an excerpt from *The Godfather*, released in 1972:

"Michael: My father is no different than any powerful man, a man with power, like a president or a senator.

Kay Adams: Do you know how naive you sound, Michael? Presidents and senators don't get people killed.

Michael: Oh. Who's being naive, Kay?"

We will see later how this reflection, quite surprising at the time, could be applied to Colleen.

It's a question that often comes up, why do great artists, and only great artists, throw huge stones like this into the pond. Of course, this is *fiction*. How could Fritz Lang, a Jew, in the midst of the disaster of Weimar Germany, a disaster for which Jewish financiers are, in full view of everyone, the main, if not the only, culprits, produce his masterpiece, *M*, in which a Jewish psychopathic pervert murders blond young girls? How can Stanley Kubrick, also Jewish, stage an all-powerful sectarian and criminal world in his *Eyes Wide Shut*, which will probably get him murdered so he can't oppose the cutting of the most enlightening and sacrificial scene in his film? What is this irresistible impulse, which ignores all considerations, to create the work in spite of everything, is it the will to power, an inordinate narcissism, the will to transcend oneself, to get out of the lot of the small-time traffickers, to get out of the filth of hypocrisy? A bit of all of that, no doubt. I feel all this very strongly; it is the luminous part of the human being, which sometimes

resurfaces in the worst inhumanity. It is this part, tiny, improbable, of an uncontrollable resistance, which says: "I want to be myself".

Ehrlich's lies

Death of a Porn Queen, PBS-Frontline

There was a slightly more serious investigation into Colleen's death in 1987 by the *Public Broadcasting Service* (PBS), a non-profit television network funded by its viewers. The *Frontline* news documentary *Death of a Porn Queen*, which aired in June 1987, was one of the network's biggest hits, with millions of views.

The authors of the hour-long documentary on Colleen's death were themselves from Minnesota, the mid-western *redneck* region from which Colleen hailed; the vision that emerges from this rather thorough investigation, even if it does not challenge the suicide theory, is very different from that served up by the *Los Angeles Times*.

The basic plot of the documentary, its tagline, was interesting: "How can one person become another?" or how a pretty, lively kid from Minnesota can become a *porn star* in Hollywood and lose her life. It was a slightly different way of dealing with Kelly Nichols' beloved *root pulling*, as reported by the *Los Angeles Times*.

The documentary shows, among other witnesses, Bobby Hollander and Jake Ehrlich as they are, predatory and devious mafiosi ready to tell any lie or counter-accusation to clear their name, and this reality shines through. Through dear *Bobby* and *Jake*, it is obviously the whole underworld that is targeted.

In the documentary, Jake reinforces the thesis of *suicide* by firearm through his testimony. This was probably necessary because Colleen's family had strong doubts, and because suicides of women by firearms are extremely rare; considering that another young, pretty, top *pornstar*, Savannah, would also *commit suicide* with a firearm a few years later, the only explanation was the theory that Jehovah had assigned *pornstars* a different destiny from that of the common mortal.

Since we live in an era that may be called, if we survive it, the Age of the Archfake, where just about everything the media and the powers that be tell us is false or doctored, and since numbers are harder to fake, I tracked down

the numbers of firearm suicides in the state of California, since its creation around 1850. There have been, in all, 139. Of those 139, there are twelve women, one of who's *suicide* in the turbulent pioneer days is highly questionable. Let's say eleven. But the oddest, or most significant, as you like, is *who* these women were. Nine of the eleven are... actresses, and Hollywood related. And of these nine, three are erotic stars, Shauna Grant, Savannah, Megan Leigh, two of whom, Shauna Grant and Savannah, are very young, very desirable, very drugged and on *top*. We also note the presence, among the men, of at least two *whistleblowers*, Gary Webb, a journalist involved in the same business, mafia, drugs, secret services, as Colleen, and Michael Ruppert, also a journalist investigating mainly the CIA, the Deep State etc. Gary Webb, as clumsy in his *suicide* as in the healthy management of a *good* career without history, will kill himself with *two* bullets in the head.

Here is Jake's *testimony* in the film *Death of a Porn Queen*:

"Voiceover:

Jake urged her to get psychiatric help. She refused, and one day he told her she should leave.

Jake Ehrlich:

She says, "If this is the end, I'll show you." She runs into my room and I hear her grab my gun and go click, click, and I run in very quickly. I didn't take her seriously. I thought she just wanted attention, she wanted something. I run pretty fast because she had loaded the gun and... (...) It was a 22 Long Rifle, the same gun she took her life with. But I didn't take her seriously, I thought she just wanted attention, she was crazy and I couldn't control the situation either and I... We sat on the bed and we talked and I said, "Okay, you don't have to leave. You stay here and when you're ready, you leave." I was scared.

Death of a Porn Queen, documentary, June 1987

Unlocking and loading a .22 Long Rifle is not an easy task. And in the Catholic environment that Colleen comes from, as do I, an environment of saintly victims who are happy to be so, guns are not in the odor of sanctity.

It's kind of curious that Jake says Colleen "wanted attention," because that's exactly what Colleen's mother says, following a more or less bogus suicide attempt by her daughter, when she's interviewed in the same documentary. Colleen, through the psychics, says that it's totally wrong, she wanted to do something with her life, or, as her father says, *be somebody*. It's

a rather strange argument that is used by Ehrlich to justify the pseudo *suicide attempt*, especially since at the time, Colleen's problem was rather that she was the object of attention, and surveillance, that she would have gladly done without. I don't know if I have a particular nose, but I smell like a *public relations* officer down there, and not the very inventive kind, but it's just a matter of *making it real*, hey presto. In fact, that the mobster Jake Ehrlich has, when confronted with the same behavior of Colleen, the same reflection as her Catholic mother, is a boulevard comedy. "Seeking attention" is a moral fault against the modest and egalitarian decorum that governs Christian society, but it certainly isn't one in the exhibitionist world of Hollywood, where everyone is looking to be noticed by any means necessary, and where those to whom no one pays attention are the ones left behind.

Jake's wanderings are even more apparent when he says:

"The bullet went through her head. I don't know how she was lying or *how she was even shot*, I never knew, but the bullet went through her head and into the wall."

To validate the suicide thesis, one can do better. Unfortunately, it was said on camera and difficult to erase, because the PBS documentarians were not accomplices.

Jake must not have taken his fair share of coke; you're always fucked up by image makers; too much shows, and not enough, you sputter. And, though he constantly tries to maintain his image as the mobster in *control*, his confusion is obvious; this criminal had, like everyone else, become seriously infatuated with Colleen who outdid him in everything, and the lousy *dealer to the stars* that he was just had to crumble under the directives of *those who really mattered* and controlled him, but he was having some trouble holding his role correctly.

Brenda's Lies

The key witness to Colleen's *suicide* was Brenda Rosenow. Brenda was Colleen's childhood friend, raised in the same Catholic institutions; one could not have asked for a better *witness* above suspicion.

Brenda would say that Colleen was depressed, had to pack, and had gone to her room; Brenda had stayed in the living room and heard nothing suspicious. Colleen's spare *boyfriend*, who had come from Minnesota to see

her, had called, and Brenda went to the room and saw Colleen unconscious with a wound on her temple; she was still breathing, so the ambulance and police had to be called.

Brenda Rosenow will be interviewed in the documentary *Death of a Porn Queen*. In her filmed interview, instead of saying she didn't hear anything when Colleen killed herself, as in her official statement given three years earlier, she says she heard a "pop," rushed into Colleen's room, and found her with a hole in her temple. More realistically, since the house being filmed was on one level and not huge, it was highly unlikely that she had not heard a bang. If she had claimed that she had not heard anything, this would have probably surprised the audience used to firearms and raised some questions.

But why the first official version, in which she claims not to have heard anything?

The reason is that, most likely, the script called for Brenda and Cal Ardigo, a friend of Ehrlich's who was present, to hear nothing and then worry about Colleen when she was already dead; the Minnesota's friend phone call had turned that script upside down, but it was necessary to explain why they had taken so long to call for help, which would have been noticed. There have been a few known cases where people have survived brain damage, and that was obviously a risk the killers did not want to take at any cost. These are professionals who know their business. So Brenda lied. Why would she do that? It's easy to imagine that she was threatened, as well as Colleen and myself; the idea that it could be a betrayal by her best friend is *unthinkable*.

Yet that's exactly what happened, Colleen realized in her final moments, and it horrified her.

Psychic: "There were threats made against her and they warned her that if she spoke to anyone, that really, that was going to be it. She promised, she promised that she would not. But for a time, there will, there really was quite a, how can I say this, quite a surveillance put upon her. Now, she did talk to many people, and unfortunately, she talked to the female friend that I spoke of, the one she called her best friend (*note: Brenda*). And I think they found this out."

So Brenda, the childhood friend, the confidante, betrayed her and sentenced her to death. She was not aware of the seriousness of her actions, or so one would hope. She cries her eyes out when she is interviewed in *Death*

of a *Porn Queen*, which is the least I could do; I wouldn't want to live with that. An early psychic I consulted, who had seen the film, did tell me that she sensed a very negative reaction from Colleen when she saw "the girl who cried a lot," Brenda, but I couldn't believe it, I thought she was mistaken, or that it was someone else, whom I couldn't find. How could Brenda, best friend, Catholic, more middle class than middle class, guest of Colleen's in Palm Springs, abruptly moved from the quiet routines of Farmington, Minnesota, to the powdery splendor of Palm Springs, California, betray ignominiously, so much? She should dare to explain it, we would learn a lot about the hidden background of our *pseudo-democracies* and their power of corruption.

I have long believed, in Brenda's defense, that she was threatened like Colleen, through her family; this is still possible, but unfortunately, it is a bit less simple. I tend, like everyone else, to make simple dichotomies, separating the good and the bad as God separates the wheat and the chaff, the Righteous and the Unrighteous, the Chosen and the Lost. This is Colleen's vision of the thing, through the psychic:

Psychic: "She did not realize the people who she was dealing with, the power that they had, because, whoever this person was, he was getting what he wanted, was sort of young girls, and, so this is why I think her female Brenda and other friends betrayed her, because they felt they would be in position to power themselves they could, they did not think of the fear factor. And, as she is where she is, she thinks she has been so foolish and so silly and she says: I did not care of myself."

So it wouldn't be terror and threats, but *treachery* and *corruption*, and the most dastardly of them all, even if the traitors probably didn't imagine, at least at first, the deadly consequences of their betrayal; that was a detail they probably hadn't been told, and foolishness probably plays an equal role to greed. From my perspective, this casts an even more sinister light on Colleen's murderers and their power of influence, capable of turning even the best of friends inside out. It's just awful, and I can see why Colleen is still ulcerated by this betrayal. She certainly has no desire to forgive. Brenda's betrayal seems like a detail, considering that Brenda is a lesser actress, whose only remarkable quality is that she was born in the same age group as Colleen, but it shows the immense power of corruption and influence of the monsters who turn our lives into hell; nothing seems to be able to escape them.

The script and the witness

The witness is essential to the script: it is the witness who will transform the script into *information*. They have to be well briefed for the script to be coherent; that's why, even for immensely important scripts, there are surprisingly few witnesses. For Colleen's suicide, it's five or six people, including the criminals Hollander and Ehrlich. Major operations can be conducted on the basis of a single doctored photo and three or four *witnesses* who speculate on the circumstances in which it was taken, and tyrannical sanitary measures can be set in motion on the basis of a few morbid photos in which the patients are in fact actors, or even, perhaps for the sake of economy, mannequins. One can even have the script of the existence of *crimes against humanity* of apocalyptic dimensions, based on *racial hatred*, validated by sixty witnesses, that is to say, only one witness for 100,000 murders; on top of this will be grafted the laws of exception, destructive of liberties in general and of freedom of conscience in particular, against "racism and anti-Semitism".

This script became *news* in a show trial of an *international military* tribunal invented for the occasion where the American prosecutor, author of a strange opening statement setting the script in advance, was named Jackson; a short film made under the control of another Jackson, displaying as evidence soap made of Jewish fat and a lampshade made of Jewish skin, and a few other incongruities, was shown in this tribunal; this Jackson was the head of a section of the Psychological Warfare Division of the US Army, and it is very likely that this very specialized division originated the script followed by the tribunal.

Colleen: How I experienced my murder

Psychic : "I am seeing somebody, one of her female friends betrayed her, but it was not this Carrie or Kelly (*note: Kelly Nichols*), if that indeed was one of her friends, it was somebody with a name like Barbara, is it, something like Barbara (*note : Brenda*), hum, may not being that name, something inside me says "No", it was not that name but it was something like that. And this person was around on the day she died.

And, and I think that she was with, I don't know, one or two people, and they knew what was going to happen, they knew what was going

on. And, I feel, she is talking about four people being around, and..., three, and, well, five people, I am being corrected, three she did not know, and two who she did. And, hum, she, she called for help on the day she died, but, nobody came, and yet they could hear, and this really frightened her, upset her, she was very, very frightened.

Now, she did not die from drugs, that is, that is certain, but she was given some drugs beforehand by a couple of people that she trusted, she did not know that she was being given these drugs; it made her sleepy, and she wanted to go and lie down in the bedroom; I don't know where she died, I don't know anything about it, but I do know that she went to lie in the bedroom and this has been planned; as it been planned because the other two people would have been somewhere else in the house or outside the house and I feel that.. she... it was planned that she would be away and drugged, she would not quite know what was happening."

In order to make a suicide credible, the murder had to be carried out without making waves; and for this, the classic way is to drug the victim, so that he is not in a state to react. This is the common and banal practice, when it is a question of eliminating someone by *suicide* or *accident*, without any obvious trace of violence. When the *suicide* or *accident* is *obvious*, the autopsy results, if any, are not published. The task of drugging Colleen probably fell to Cal Ardigo, Ehrlich's friend who is likely to have been involved in cocaine trafficking and the like. The idea was to give her a powerful sleeping pill, disguising it as something else, probably coke; Colleen would then head for her room, an ideal place for assassins; then, the execution done, all that was left was to wait quietly for her to die, a .22 bullet in the head not killing on the spot.

Brenda and Cal Ardigo claimed not to have heard anything in their initial statements. There was, of course, no reenactment to see if this was credible. The house being on one level, and not huge, it's pretty hard to believe though. Unfortunately one of Colleen's last liaisons, a student from Minnesota who was in the area to see her, called; they had to go into the room and call 911, since the *suicide* was still breathing. Hence the relative confusion in the accounts.

In their initial statements Brenda and Ardigo did not mention the three strangers in the house. Brenda's memory was restored when neighbors told

police that two people "in black" had come. Brenda shows an uncanny ability to forget and then remember depending on the circumstances. These two guys would have come to *see Ehrlich*, who had been in jail for a month, which everyone knew but them apparently.

Colleen was, in the end, cornered; I have no doubt that she continued to believe that she could get *out of it* almost to the last moment, and that she clung to the idea that we all have, which helps us to live, that after all, *the world is not so bad*, and that there is somewhere else, doors of escape, like the mainstream cinema for Colleen. She tells the psychic; she didn't *understand* until the moment of her execution. For me, who is in her wake, I also *understood*, but little by little. But I have no trouble imagining that, outside of the exceptional circumstances of Colleen's life and mine that *force* us to understand, if we live in the relative tranquility of an ordinary life it is *hard to swallow*.

In *Death of a Porn Queen*, another of Colleen's former friends from Minnesota tells the story of what it was like to live in the Palm Springs house:

"They always had people coming by. I remember a bad experience at one of those parties, I was given something that I thought was a joint and it was something called the Jerry Lewis kiss. It made you feel stupid and that's when I decided I shouldn't be there. It scared the hell out of me. I think Colleen was addicted to Jake because of her addiction, and because she had a very nice house. She was very dependent on people."

Teresa, interview in *Death of a Porn Queen*

The drug that Teresa calls "Jerry Lewis's kiss" is widespread in Colombia, land of the cocaine cartels, under the name "*el beso del diablo*", the kiss of the devil, a whole program. This drug is used by various criminals and manipulators to abolish all consciousness and defense in their victims and make them accomplish absolutely anything they want, the perfect *mind control* drug. Best of all, when the effects of the drug wear off, the victim doesn't remember anything. This drug is often referred to in the West as the *date rape drug*, it can be easily put in a drink in a public place. It is known to modern pharmacy as scopolamine; like cocaine it is extracted from a plant.

Teresa left, sensing the danger, but Brenda stayed. In some worlds, if you stay, you are inevitably *with them*, and therefore corrupted. The means used

by these criminals are too powerful and too perverse for a weak and confused person to resist. Colleen, strangely enough, escaped total corruption, even though she was severely *addicted*, but Brenda's weaker character could not resist. I do understand Colleen's anger, inviting her friends over quite possibly to find some support and genuine connection, but I still feel sorry for Brenda, who cries her eyes out in the film, both over the horror of Colleen's death and the horror of her own betrayal. And the reason Colleen insists on this is also because it heightens the horror of what happened at her execution. It wasn't just her death, it was a whole world that was tipped over into the most foul corruption.

Colleen often talks about her *friend* Brenda and the *betrayal*, which at first sight only interests her and Brenda. We can see from this that the beings in the afterlife are not *detached from what happened to* them on earth. Colleen had the apocalyptic revelation of her childhood friend's betrayal the moment she was murdered, when she tried to call for help and no one answered. This last horrible and totally unexpected impression left a stronger mark than the other events, which nevertheless feature characters considerably more important than Brenda. But it is true that the betrayal of her *best friend* casts a rather grim light on what one might think of humanity in general, and that is worse than anything. It's also an illuminating event: the power of monsters is only possible if they establish complicities in the herd they exploit, and Colleen herself was complicit for a long time, without understanding what was happening to her.

Psychic: "The day of her death she was very uneasy, and I feel that she may have made a few phone calls, a few... things, but everything was listened to and she was well aware of that. (*note: indeed the phone call from Ehrlich that sent her scrambling back to Palm Springs was decisive*).

They were two people in the house with her, a female and a male, and she thought they were behaving rather strangely. She thought she was protected, because they said they would set protection for her, but, you know, she thought that this protection was to make sure she did not speak to anyone. But I feel that two or three people came to the house where she was that day, and they were supposed to be, well I don't know - visitors? People she did not know anyway.

And, oh dear, she did realize what was going to happen. She tried to confront them, and I really feel that, they were two people involved in

her death, and they just talked to her badly, and I feel that, you know, bless this girl, mean she was a little pink princess, that's what I feel about her, a little pink princess.

I feel that really, she... was put on the floor, and, I think that she actually, (sigh) one person said: "This is it. We are going to kill you. But first, we want you to know what it will be like."

We need to understand who these killers are, and our survival depends on it. These are not people who are just carrying out orders, for which they would not be responsible. They could liquidate Colleen by distracting her, or at least quickly. But they enjoy what they do. They are horrible individuals who enjoy the terror they inspire. And they are not just executors, they are part of a general system filled, up to the highest level, with beings of the same kind. It is necessary to understand this, this enjoyment of what is generally called *evil*. The Marquis de Sade, a freemason and revolutionary, revealed and even exhibited a part of it, but it is far from being the whole. If one does not understand the immoral perversion of these people, for whom the pleasurable feeling of power is linked to the terror and suffering they inflict, one cannot understand anything that happens to all of us, today, in this world. To understand well, to put oneself in the boots of the enemy, one must remember that for Sade, it is Nature itself that pushes to sadism, this pleasure is for him *natural*. Just as for Freud, it is *natural* to be a polymorphous pervert, and the desire for death, Thanatos, is part of our nature. For these people, as they theorize, the horrors they commit are *natural*.

It is very common to call these people *psychopaths*. But psychopathy is an individual case, linked to a deficiency of the so-called *mirror neurons*, which manage what is called *empathy*. These are not psychopaths, they are people who live in a different reality, *paranoids* for whom the destruction of those who are opposed to their ideological or religious *cause*, or are simply an embarrassment because of the revelations they can make, is a *good deed* of which they are proud and happy.

When you actually see these people in action, in all their horror, you usually don't have long to live, and in nasty conditions. Colleen gives you the show you're not supposed to see, enjoy it.

Psychic : "They were three men who came, and, she was slightly drugged, but, they were two holding her down and one killed her. She

says she remembers feeling steel on the side of her, I don't know, can't remember how she died, but it was not stabbing, but she could feel the coldness of something. And she knew, she knew what was going to happen and there would be no escape. And she heard this noise, was she shot? Because this is how it feels and it felt like the top of head just came off and she just floated up, looked at them, and she says, they just laughed and said: "It's done. A secret safe". And, so, then they just walked away."

A secret safe. History repeats itself imperturbably. Most murders, or *suicides*, that don't seem to have any particular reason, are murders of people who *know too much*. This is certainly the case with Colleen who knew too much about people who have *a lot to hide*.

This reminds us, among other things, of the assassination of J.F. Kennedy, who said that "the word *secret* is repugnant", and that of his brother Robert or Bob, Attorney General, and, most probably linked to these two, that of Marilyn Monroe. There are not thirty-six sources of evil, they would eliminate each other, and only one remains.

Colleen, from the other world, told all. No luck for the "well-kept secret".

Psychic: "Now, I don't know if she was shot, so excuse me, I'm just saying what comes to me. And...it was some kind of...her fingerprints were put on the gun. But she died instantly, there's no doubt about it. Her passage was very easy actually, a terrible fear in going towards that, it was absolutely dreadful, but when she died, she really passed like a feather floating lightly. She found peace, because in the month before, she couldn't sleep, she really couldn't do anything, she had phone calls, she was threatened, and I think, mmm, I don't know if she was with anyone at the time, but she would have heard that there were threats against this person, and I think really, I see two C's linked together, I don't know if they have anything to do with it, the people in the house. But it seems to me that, uh, it was really a setup. And this girl immediately saw what was going on, because these people were government agents, there's no doubt about it, they were *government agents*, but they weren't bothered by the people in the house."

Government agents. This is a far cry from accusations against pornographers or cocaine dealers, at least in theory, because these worlds are not supposed to mix. No one would have thought to explore this avenue. Yet

it brings Colleen's death a little closer to that of Marilyn Monroe. This was a huge surprise to me, for whom the prime suspects were the scumbags I had known, but it was just the beginning.

Psychic: "Her other friends, or the friends she knew who were in the house, they heard of it, but they knew what was happening and they sold her if you like. She could not believe that life could be so harsh and so difficult and in some way she was glad to be out of it."

Colleen reminds us again that she was *sold*, and, yes, that life is harder and more difficult than she imagined it would be, all her life until the last moment. The Lord Buddha taught that we live in an illusion. I don't know if the Buddhist path of liberation from delusion is itself delusional and artificial, nor do I know if the path that Colleen has embarked on, living fully within the delusion so that it is fully revealed at the end of the show, is not better. Colleen's illusions are those of a whole civilization, which imagines itself safe from the worst monstrosities.

Psychic: "I think in a way she was happy to be free, but right after she died, she thought of you, and I think as soon as she could, she came to visit you and that was so important."

It was important, because I became her messenger. I was the only one who had known and loved her, and who could *know*. A very bad messenger, by the way, chained in the same lies, the same horrors, the same terrors as everyone else, and in whom consciousness will take an infinite time to reappear. But finally, a messenger of freedom, because knowledge is also freedom.

Hate, loneliness and disgust

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to be a kid and keep the honesty, be totally ignorant to hate and loneliness and... disgust?"

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to be a child, and keep honesty, be totally unaware of hatred, loneliness and... disgust?"

Colleen Applegate, tape recording, closing the Frontpage series *Death of a Porn Queen*.

By consulting the original documents on Colleen's life, including the films in which she acted, and testimonies other than those of the Jews Bobby Hollander, Gloria Leonard or Kelly Nichols, the main witnesses used by the London journalist, the original source of the misinformation, one realizes quite quickly that Colleen was absolutely not the pathetic failure driven to suicide by her miserable drug life. On the contrary, she was full of life, even under the difficult circumstances of pornography; this is clearly seen, and is even the fairly general opinion; only the small clique around Hollander expresses a different opinion, which however will become the official truth. This official truth comes from a script written by others, which totally contradicts what the official *witnesses* said about Colleen before her murder.

The only dark and surprising part of Colleen's story is why she agreed to be managed by the filthy Hollander when she apparently had no need to do so; could it be because he promised her more money than she already had, a career in mainstream movies, or because he had almost unlimited amounts of cocaine? She didn't seem to particularly need the protective wing of this criminal, even though he was an heir to Mickey Cohen, the Hollywood mob boss, and was feared by most actors and directors. Was this a decision on her part, or was it forced from the beginning? Was the *blackmail* that the Minnesota *rednecks* talk about, and of which I was the victim, because I was indirectly affected by the one on Colleen, actually present from the beginning?

In an episode of *Paper Dolls*, produced by Ira Allen Sachs *aka* Bobby Hollander, he asks Colleen, whom he introduces and who is not yet called Shauna Grant, if anyone has "*twisted her arm*", "*forced her hand*", forced her into what he calls the *business*; to which she of course replies that, of course not, it is "*entirely her own decision*". Curious question, isn't it? In many of

the film clips where he introduces *his* star, he has her *testify* that *everything is fine* and that she is positively *delighted* with her business, it's a quirk.

In reality, blackmail does exist, since the same Hollander threatens to kill Colleen's whole family, and threatened me, but it is a different kind of blackmail than that of the stupid terrorists who will force their victims to say on camera all the good things they think of their tormentors. It is more like a cult: Colleen was attracted by the easy money, the promises of stardom, the more or less luxurious *parties*, etc., and she says so herself; what the cult cannot stand is the relationship with the outside world, especially if this relationship is privileged; this is why I had to be eliminated and this is why those who *speak out* are eliminated. It is not only the Jewish mafia that functions as a sect, a lot of other organizations inspired by the Cabal function in the same way; Freemasonry, among others, expressly threatens to kill its members who would reveal its secrets, although the practice has, perhaps, more or less died out after some scandals.

There is no need to "force the hand" of anyone when you can "have the hand" without effort. To do this, you just need to have what everyone else is more or less desperately lacking, money.

It's easy enough to trace Colleen's path in Hollywood back to the beginning. The story in the media is that Colleen was broke and went to Jim South's modeling agency, *World Modeling*, after seeing a commercial. Then, after a few months of modeling, not finding any more work, she would have accepted to do porn. All this, which looks like a classic path, step by step, is false.

As soon as she arrived in Los Angeles - Hollywood, she fell right into the trap of the World Modeling ad, and Jim South immediately sold the fresh and innocent Minnesota girl to pornographers specializing in very young girls. It's easy to see, because in the color photos she shows off a beautiful sunburn; the first thing an alabaster-skinned girl does when she arrives in California is to go to the beach and sunbathe while gazing at the ocean. At the first or one of the first sessions, they will have her shave her pubic area to make her look even more childlike. And very quickly, she will go through some sadomasochistic sessions. So her *education* started immediately, without her having time to think or make any decision. It was obviously *for her own good*, for her *career*, in addition to the money it brought. In fact,

modeling in the pornographic pervert scene started before modeling in the relatively more normal erotic magazines.

The shaving of the pubic area is in fact useful for those who want to reconstruct Colleen's real life journey, the regrowth allows to estimate among other things the time spent before entering *hardcore* pornography involving sex, photo shoots, *loops*. It all happened very quickly. About a month after arriving in Hollywood, Colleen was already having sex on camera. In addition to the slow regrowth of her hair, which gave her the appearance of a barely pubescent teenager as Nabokov liked them, she still sported the silly short fringe of her typical *redneck* blond hair, which the stylists would gradually transform into more sophisticated hairstyles, another proof that she was *new* and *unprepared*; the whole thing was combined with a slightly chubby physique that would be very quickly refined by cocaine and a proper diet. You have to strike while the iron is hot. She obviously didn't decide any of this: she just agreed to take the jobs she was encouraged to take, and conformed to the standards of what she was asked to be. She had arrived in March, and by early September, after coming under Hollander's thumb, she called herself a *star*, and rightly so: she had *appeared* in a good dozen *loops* and shorts, half erotic, half pornographic, some pornographic preceding the erotic, and at least six *X-rated* features, all in about four months. If we add the countless photo shoots, she was in front of the cameras every day. I don't think it's hard to control an eighteen year old girl who is made to work *non-stop* on a set, film or photo, who is flooded with dollars, and is totally *taken in* by the underworld.

Shauna: Every Man's Fantasy

In the hybrid film *Shauna: Every Man's Fantasy*, a documentary and porn film, released in 1985, a year after Colleen's death, and directed by a woman, Roberta Findlay, there are many interviews with actors and actresses who worked with Colleen; none of them see her as a desperate and suicidal girl, on the contrary, nobody understands her death, which is a total surprise. Colleen was the biggest star, and she combined great seduction with extreme kindness, so everyone adored her. It only takes a very small minority with power, dominance and access to the media to impose on the world whatever images suit them; all other voices are neglected. Roberta Findlay was a pioneer of the pornographic film, Jewish, but New Yorker, and quite unconnected to the California Jewish mafia; she had directed during the

winter of early 1983, in New York, Colleen/Shaina in the film *Glitter*, where she had her play the role of a modest young woman lost in *modeling* who desires more than anything else to have "a home, children and a husband who loves her", the Incarnation of the innocent *American dream* in the blessed new *promised land*.

To give an idea of the general feeling, here is the contribution in this film of Philip Toubus, alias Paul Thomas, a circumcised Jew and leading pornographic actor, coming from a well-to-do family, and having played, it is not invented, the role of Yochanan Ben Z'badiah aka Saint John the Apostle in *Jesus Christ Superstar*, the musical film that makes Christ a kind of *Peace and Love hippie*. Paul Thomas occasionally knows how to play the role of a well-mannered civilized guy, and he is one of the least seriously disgusting of the circumcised men who show off on pornographic sets.

Reporter: "There was a rumor in the business that you were in love with Shauna; in fact, on the few occasions I had a private conversation with her, she confirmed it herself."

Paul Thomas: "(Sigh) I was in love with her by a kind of infatuation, Jamie fell in love with her, Joe fell in love with her, Richard Pacheco fell in love with her, John Leslie fell in love with her, the same way as when we first met; it was nothing more than an infatuation."

Jamie is Jamie Gillis, aka James Ira Gurman, circumcised Jew. Joe is Joe Silvera, aka Joseph Nassivera, circumcised Jew, the Nassivera's were the largest slave traders in Latin America, and the Jew who modeled Marlowe's infamous *Jew of Malta* was named Nassi and operated in Cyprus. Jewish high sacrificing priests were at one time called *Nassi*, and it is an honorary title. Richard Pacheco is the alias of Howie Gordon, a circumcised Jew who vacillated between careers as a pornographic actor and a rabbi, because if God's ways are inscrutable, Yahweh's are even more so, unless they are too clear. Finally, John Leslie is John Leslie Nuzzo, officially of Sicilian origin, but circumcised, which is not very Catholic; he looks much more like a Jew or a Moor, who occupied Sicily and probably created the mafia when they were driven out of power, than a Greek-Latin. With Paul Thomas, they are the most famous pornographic actors of the moment, the top of the profession, people in principle hardened, armored, and immune to the charms of a nineteen year old girl.

Colleen's beauty, charm, and I don't know what, had the power to arouse in these perverts, who for the most part only felt excitement in the degradation of their victim, something other than the command ejaculation they threw onto one part or another of the *pornstars'* bodies. It is still Paul Thomas who gives us part of the keys to the *Shauna Grant* mystery, during an interview by Bobby Hollander, always attached to promote his *star*, in a film entitled *Centerfold Celebrities 3*, shot in March 83, one year after her arrival in Hollywood, six months after having met me, three months after having *worked* for the first time with Paul Thomas, and shortly before she left pornography. That was about the time she was expecting my phone call.

Hollander: "Did you work with Shauna Grant?"

Paul Thomas: "Yes, of course."

Hollander: "What do you say?"

Paul Thomas: "Shauna is a bitch... Shauna is a bitch, oh my God!"

Hollander: "What?"

Paul Thomas: "I'm kidding, of course. Shauna is amazing. I know, oh...

I call her PP, Pretty Poison, she's a ball buster."

Hollander, surprised: "Really?"

Paul Thomas: "I know, I know, she knows what I think of her, she's...

beautiful, and she's... smart, and the intelligence blows your mind,

because you see the beauty and you don't expect... a head... You don't

expect the intelligence to go with that, but it does, and it's a

combination that's incredibly attractive, and at the same time it's not...

It can't be fully captured by anyone."

Paul Thomas' point is that Colleen is not entirely submissive, that she is uncontrollable, at least in part. The idea that girls should be *captured* is quite typical of this milieu.

Controlling Colleen, that's the question

The issue of *control* is central to the Cabal, in the broadest sense, and it's no accident that Paul Thomas brings it up. The dominant porn production and distribution company of the time was called Caballero Control Corporation, and the 3 Cs in its logo were intertwined in a kind of chain; Sachs *alias* Hollander was linked to this *business* which was controlled, it seems, by Reuben Sturman, a dangerous Jewish mobster with expedient methods.

Psychic: "I see two C's, the initial C, linked together."

Control Corporation is clear, the purpose of this corporation is control; but why *Caballero*, which means "Horseman" in Spanish? There is little doubt that *Caballero* is a transparent disguise for *Cabal*.

The *Kabbalah* is an esoteric Judaic tradition, which incorporates elements from very ancient Near Eastern cult traditions, such as the cult of Ishtar, goddess of love and war, renamed *Shekinah* by the Kabbalah; among the cults preserved in the Kabbalah is certainly the cult of Moloch; all of these cults are strictly forbidden by Orthodox Judaism, the Judaism of Moses and of the Covenant. Esoteric traditions such as Freemasonry are in fact cabalistic. Official Orthodox Judaism serves as a useful cover for the much more powerful secret cabalistic esotericism.

We know that Hollander, following in the footsteps of Mickey Cohen, terrorized the small world of pornography, and that there was no question of denying him anything. Also, to want to *control* a girl they say they *love*, among other things for her intelligence, which is to say more or less transform her into a slave or a robot, is quite typical of the unbearable mental mess of these people. Great beauty is not compatible with idiocy, and idiots are not attractive.

The Hollywood studio mafia, and not only the pornography one, created the cliché of *the blonde*, necessarily naive to the point of idiocy; it is the *role model* that a European blonde must follow to correspond to the fantasies of the Judaic directors. It is the role which was always assigned to Marilyn Monroe, and which she hated. Just arrived in Hollywood, the eighteen-year-old Colleen was perfectly in line with the model, but this was soon to change.

This Paul Thomas' answer to the mafia boss Hollander reveals quite clearly that the question of *control* is part of the ordinary preoccupations of the small pornographic milieu, and that from this point of view, Colleen in particular is problematic.

What Paul Thomas could not understand about Colleen was that she had met me. The process of increasing control that had worked so well since her arrival in Hollywood had suddenly gone haywire.

Psychic: "I think what you did was give her back her dignity and you gave her back the common sense, you know, people were manipulating her all the time, and you absolutely never did that."

Certainly, Colleen's personality had already been altered by the time she met me, and the Jewish mafia pornographer Sachs-Hollander could boast that she had "become Shauna Grant," that he had *trained* her, that he had succeeded in making her adopt at least some of the behaviors of a sex slave. But just as likely, that encounter with me, even if it failed because of the bondage program Colleen had already undergone, alerted her enough that she began to resist all subsequent bondage pressures, and we can see in her career that, unlike all pornographic actresses who are forced into a gradation of increasingly perverse acts, she indulges in more degrading intercourse, such as the filthy facial ejaculation she *coolly* complained about, at the beginning than at the end, when she no longer tolerates any. In a video shot around the time she thought she was going to find me, in April 1983, the great *polymorphous pervert* James Ira Gurman alias Jamie Gillis takes the opportunity to try to ejaculate on her face by surprise, but, something rare in the business, she dares to rebel and push him away in front of the camera instead of pretending to be blissful.

Most of the time, the pornographic actresses, perfectly programmed, seem perfectly happy with their lot, and exhibit an unflinching contentment, a contentment that turns into howls of disgust for some, like Linda Lovelace, who had a violent crisis when she left the world of porn; on the other hand, we see that Colleen, whose programming no longer works well, shows signs of disgust within her career, and she is visibly lying when she praises pornography, whereas a well-programmed slave actually feels and expresses what she has been forced to feel and express; pornographic literature and cinema graphic and sadomasochistic are full of *training* of such slaves, who *adore* their masters and torturers. Jewish pornographers, like Jewish psychological warfare brainwashers, are among the new cutthroat priests locking their victims into the Moloch syndrome.

Moreover, there is another reason why Colleen could not be fully "captured," a reason that I am probably about the only one who knows. From October to April, Colleen found her strength of resistance in the prospect of being able to reach me; in April she waited for my phone call in her apartment in Van Nuys, and that phone call never came. The Greeks told me that they had phoned her, probably to tell her that I had gone completely mad; in fact I had become amnesiac, and if I had seen her in person the amnesia would surely have been released. Maybe she didn't intend to come to Greece, I don't know, but she didn't take the risk.

When the door that allowed her to escape to another world that she could share with me closed, the whole system that allowed her to *hold on* collapsed. If she was doing coke, it was to keep her *model figure*, and to do her *job*; if she was doing her *job*, it was only transitory, and just to earn money, after which it would all stop for a new life. Without the exit door, the awful daily reality, an immense loneliness of which she will complain in a tape recorded between one and two months before her death, could not be avoided anymore without help: she took coke not to *crack*, and also because she could not live any more without this protection against the reality.

After this collapse, she stopped living in her Van Nuys apartment and returned there only to store her most personal belongings; she moved into the house that her manager and controller Hollander shared with friends, while refusing to work in porn anymore. She was on *standby*, and needed urgent retraining. And because of the loss of her exit door, she was probably more *controllable* than ever. But she would never go back to being the naive kid who *let it happen*, manipulable in all directions, giddy with the glitz of *Tinseltown*, the city of tinsel, the nickname of Hollywood.

Ehrlich, *dealer to the stars*

As she stopped working and continued to fill the ever-widening holes in her life with white powder, she had to find a solution. The solution came in the form of the *dealer to the stars*, Jake Ehrlich. He probably wasn't too hard to seduce, and Colleen made an *in-kind exchange*, as she says in one of her latest movies to seduce a lawyer, her body for a house in Palm Springs, a den of *stars*, and most importantly, the coke.

In reality, Colleen's only love since my defection was coke, and her only necessity was money and all the *in-kind exchanges* necessary to get it.

Psychic: "She mentions someone who was much older than her, and she says that this person whose initial is J. (*note: Jack Ehrlich*) helped her in one way, but not at all in another (*note: he did harbor her, but got her further into drugs*). I feel a lot of things, it seems like she was dragged into the drugs.

And I think she didn't really want to do that, I mean, she was trying things, yeah, but really, I feel like she didn't really want to. But, it seems like someone was pushing her into drugs."

The English slang word *pusher* designates the drug dealer, the one who *pushes* his victim to consume, to be able to exploit him.

"...the *pusher* is a monster, he is not a natural man, he ruins your body, he will make your mind scream" Steppenwolf, *The Pusher*

The whole game with Colleen was to keep her under the influence of drugs at all times, and to *force the dose* at critical moments, such as when she was being interviewed by Hollander on camera. Hollander would have his actresses, whom he had previously loaded to the brim with cocaine, tell him they loved their jobs. In the *Centerfold Celebrities* series, number 3, he interviews a *delighted* Colleen who, when asked what she likes in life, answers after an almost imperceptible hesitation that her greatest pleasure is to *please* and that *pleasing* in pornography is the height of happiness on earth, on which Colleen, her partner in the same film Guzman, known as Gillis, and Sachs, known as Hollander, all start to laugh. Not a good life?

It was at the beginning of April 83, when she was waiting for my phone call.

In an audio recording intended for Ehrlich, where she is also completely stoned and laughs while telling the most implausible stories, she uses the same procedure: she says that he *manipulates* her and *enjoys her* as an object, but affirms in great lyrical flights that she *likes it*; as for her own pleasure in the story, she affirms that a woman does not need to cum to be good, that feelings are more important, and that of course, her feelings for Jake are in the firmament of sublime love. If she wasn't *acting*, this could be seen as an apology for so-called *female masochism*, but does she have a choice about what to say to her *manipulator* and *controller*?

Both, Ehrlich and Hollander, will not stop broadcasting these statements, which smell of physical and mental intoxication.

Not much is known about the arrangement between Ehrlich and Hollander, except that there certainly was one. Ehrlich says he "asked permission" to Hollander to take Colleen. The mobsters have, among themselves, in their clan, a respect for property. Colleen stayed *in the family*, and that was obviously quite different from what happened with me, the *goy*, when there was talk of killing me or making me cough up a huge amount of money. It is quite likely that Ehrlich's use of Colleen was not just to keep her,

drug her and fuck her, a *resource* like that must be used, in whatever way, in the *interests of* some group common to Ehrlich and Sachs says Hollander.

The circumstances of the transfer of control from Hollander to Ehrlich are not well known, and are buried in Ehrlich's various lies and versions. In one version, Colleen came to a *party* and never left; in another, Ehrlich saw erotic pictures of Colleen in *Penthouse*, thought, "This girl is beautiful, this girl is for me," and contacted Hollander who brought Colleen to him. The second version misleadingly evokes a slave trade, perhaps that's why the first, liberated and festive one was invented. And both versions are probably equally false. Like Brenda Rosenow and Laurie Smith, who had different memories at different times and obviously all false, Ehrlich lies. When Colleen was living at Hollander's house having left porn, she was already dating Ehrlich and accompanying him on his sprees. It would be very surprising if the *dealer to the stars* had not known his fellow mafioso Hollander for a long time, and it is quite likely that what had to be hidden was that from the beginning it was Ehrlich's cocaine that Hollander used to enslave Colleen. Judeo-mafia people have a sense of solidarity when it comes to exploiting *goys*, *gentiles* and *shiksas*. Even if Hollywood is full or infested with Judeo mafia, it would be very surprising if these two did not know each other.

It is not clear what the *deal was* between Ehrlich and Hollander for the use of Colleen. Hollander frequented Ehrlich's house; in the order of mafia hierarchies, it is quite likely that Hollander, more or less heir to the *boss* Mickey Cohen, was in a position to manipulate Ehrlich, and thus, through Ehrlich, Colleen. The rest of the story will show that Colleen could be extremely *useful* in circles much more important than pornography, and therefore reported to characters much higher in the chain of command of the Cabal's henchmen.

Control and training of Colleen

We have some information about how Colleen was *trained* by her new *manager*, Jack Ehrlich. For the most part, it leaks from *reading between the lines* of a set of articles in the erotic magazine *Hustler*, one of the most pornography-oriented magazines. The December '87 issue would feature Colleen in the headline and on the cover. Eight pages were devoted to her story, and a five-minute 33 rpm floppy disc entitled *Real Feelings* was

inserted in the middle. The centerfold was titled *The Last Love of Colleen Applegate* and tried to compete in syrupy melodrama with the most maudlin of photo novels.

It was a response to the June 1987 documentary *Death of a Porn Queen*, in which the performances of Bobby Hollander and Jack Ehrlich showed them, without needing to comment, as they were: spineless, liars, manipulators, and in my opinion, repulsive. It was about making Colleen's alleged love for the handsome Jake the reason for her suicide. In these kinds of fake stories, there are always elements of reality that appear, which makes them interesting beyond their ridiculousness.

Cocaine was the primary means by which Ehrlich *held* Colleen. That's not to say that the mafia threats to her family's life and possible loves, or to her own life, were gone. But it wasn't enough to ensure her complete submission. In two anecdotes recounted by Ehrlich, he said that he "let her have it", that is, he resorted to the most primitive means of domination and manipulation, he terrorized and *educated* her by beating her. The purpose of the article was to persuade people that Colleen was "messing around," and therefore beating the little *shiksa*, the Northern European whore, was legitimate and educational.

Here are the final subheadings of *The Last Love of Colleen Applegate*, displayed in inserts to ensure that the reader will remember them:

"She went into the bathroom and started throwing glasses. She was coked-out, crazy."

"Her emotional state was fragile during the last weeks of her relationship with Jake."

But, what had happened?

In the timeline of events, the "last few weeks" before Jake's incarceration was around the beginning of February, at a time when she had been involved in considerably more significant relationships than the one with Jake since many months. When she threw glasses, "high and crazy," she was with Jack on a seven-day, \$4,000 cruise, or \$10,000 today. Jack wanted to "mend their relationship" which had deteriorated badly, which can be translated as him losing control of it, and he had brought nine grams of coke and a handful of Quaaludes; all the coke was for Colleen, because he had bad sinuses. So, over a gram a day, a very large dose. The average user is satisfied with that amount

for a week. And the average user has a coke that is probably much more cut, and of lower quality, than Colleen's.

Quaalude was a popular drug in pop culture and Hollywood; it is relaxing and euphoric, lifts inhibitions and defenses. It was sometimes called the *date rape* drug. It was the drug, combined with alcohol, used by Jewish filmmaker Raymond Liebling, known as Roman Polanski, to rape and sodomize thirteen-year-old Samantha in Hollywood. According to the testimony of a friend of Colleen's, this and other more potent date rape drugs were commonly used by the Jewish mobsters with whom Colleen lived. The cocktail with cocaine was a well-known recipe for aphrodisiac mix. That it took "a handful" gives an idea of the dose that was necessary for Colleen to show some spirit in her relationship with her controller.

Speaking of sex, after Ehrlich "*had sex*" with Colleen, as the American expression goes, in a world where you *have* sex, money, coke, and a thousand other things, the usufructuary wanted to sleep, but Colleen got dressed and slipped away to the dance. When she didn't come back, the controller got worried, and looked for her, to finally come across a door behind which Colleen was having fun with the host of the party. He yelled for his property, took Colleen back to their cabin, and *let her have it*.

"She had been doing coke and fooling around with this guy. We went back to our cabin, and I let her have it. I told her I had heard her and not to deny it. She didn't deny it, but she started to freak out. She went into the bathroom and started throwing drinks everywhere. She was coked-out and crazy."

She had been a *fool*, and therefore she deserved to be *corrected*, according to the great master of her destiny, Jack, the cabal's graceful second knife. The moron, in his ordinary paranoia of Chosen One, does not even imagine for a second that the *shiksa* had an irrepressible need to take a little air and to give herself a little pleasure to compensate for what she undergoes with him. More exactly, he doesn't even care. No, out of Jack's orb, she's *being silly*. She was *coked-out and crazy*.

How can you react to an agent of the Lord Almighty who accuses you of all crimes? There are few solutions, except to crush him. The only solution is to take the faults upon yourself, accuse yourself of them and repent. Or in other words, to crush yourself. To crush or to be crushed, that is the question.

Ehrlich uses exactly the same system, which seems to be quite general, and almost a reflex: *slandorous hatred*.

Colleen's situation, beaten, humiliated, deprived of her own body and access to pleasure, is reminiscent of that of Lana Turner who killed or had her daughter kill her *lover*, Mickey Cohen's henchman, Johnny Stompanato. This is the only way out; Lana Turner's means were obviously far superior to those available to Colleen, who had no way out.

Colleen, after her furious outburst where she broke a few glasses, *crashed* very quickly.

Jack: "I was scared. She says, "I don't know what's wrong with me, Jake. What the hell is wrong with me? "I got weak again, like I had been many times, and I said, 'Okay, let's go home. We'll start over."

For a bit, one would cry over the misfortunes of poor Jake, so weak and so full of mercy, and always ready to forgive a madwoman he has the weakness to keep. As is often the case with these people, we don't know whether it's nerve - which they call *chutzpah* and consider a kind of specific ethnic virtue - or sheer unconsciousness. Or whether they are simply using and abusing their belief system, which guarantees them almost every right against the *goyim*, *gentiles*, loathsome *animals with human faces*. In most civilized cultures, no one would have the impudence to deny his faults by blaming them on a victim; Oedipus assumes his faults, even if they were imposed on him by a cruel fate and if his will was not to blame.

The rage of a Jake against Colleen, which manifests itself in the form of blows, is the rage of a being who has had to swallow his hatred and who cannot help but let it explode at the slightest frustration. Only once in my life have, I slapped a girl, a Jewish girl at that, because she had provoked, almost naturally, a state of frustration such that my sudden anger was uncontrollable. I was almost killed by her brothers on that occasion, but that is a detail. What was exceptional for me is, for the Jews, a permanent state. To avoid this anger, the *shiksa* must be in a state of absolute submission, totally controlled.

Much of the horror of the modern world comes from inferior, frustrated and violent beings who do not want to *see* who they are; the problem is magnified if a mafia system encourages them to believe they are equal and superior. And the frustration and rage grow as the resistance grows. This

explains the insane number of horrors committed by men of dark races against white women who, they claim, have provoked them or are *whores*. The system of *slandorous hatred*, unpunished and even protected in what were more or less democracies, has been emulated.

Brice Taylor and guilt

Brice Taylor, a victim of the CIA's MK-Ultra *mind control* operations, consisting of violent traumas followed by partial amnesias to create multiple, compartmentalized and programmable personalities, describes with perfect precision how the victim is made to feel guilty; I know from my own experience that the memories that resurface from traumatic amnesia are untouched, they have not been reconstructed like most of the ones that come into consciousness.

"On another Sunday, after being sodomized in a back room by Reverend Yeatman, he led me back by the hand to my Sunday school class, bent down, showed me a picture of Jesus sitting among little children, and whispered, "Jesus will never love a little girl who is as bad as you. "

From that moment on I believed that there was something very wrong with me and that I could never be like the others. I imagined that Jesus could not love me because I was so bad. Something died inside of me."

Brice Taylor aka Susan Ford, *Thanks for the Memories ... The Truth Has Set Me Free! The Memoirs of Bob Hope's and Henry Kissinger's Mind-Controlled Slave*, 1999

When someone who has power over you, tells you that you are *evil*, that your words are *nauseating*, that you are *filthy* or that you are suspected of things that are declared filthy, such as *racism* or *anti-Semitism*, it is not difficult to understand that *you* are the victim. It is always the victims who are *evil*, and this justifies, even in their own eyes, their persecution. Behind the one who hurls anathemas, which are always based on filthy slander, there is always an enforcer of evil deeds.

The hateful violence of these accusations is never fully appreciated. National Socialism, a popular movement that had won the support of an overwhelming majority of Germans, who were quite happy with it, is described as a *filthy beast*, without this worrying the right-thinking people.

This is, after all, the worst that can be done in the dehumanization of a people, but almost no one seems capable of emerging from a kind of state of stupefaction that makes the most revolting statements legitimate, and even the most reprehensible according to the *values* supposedly professed by their authors.

In the very Christian, very leftist, very self-righteous and very anti-racist family in which I had the difficult task of surviving in my childhood, I was sometimes called a *dirty beast*, and that was perfectly normal, I was not ugly or stupid enough to be esteemed in any other way than by feeling guilty. The Africans were highly regarded, never seen, but so innocent that it made God cry.

These accusations are becoming increasingly frequent as real National Socialism and Fascism recede into the past, and as their real followers have mostly disappeared, or been brainwashed, for two or three generations. This clearly shows that these accusations are only pretexts legitimizing, increasingly badly, oppression, predation, and even destruction.

Methods of coercion and enslavement

The horrific abuse Brice Taylor claims to have suffered at the hands of priests linked beyond Yahweh to the god Moloch, the source of Semitic religions, and then at the hands of ruthless cabalists such as Henry Kissinger, and the abuse Colleen suffered at the hands of the Jewish mafia, is very similar to that of large-scale brainwashing or re-education, such as that practiced by Psychological Warfare units in disarmed post-war Germany under the name of *Denazification*. Henry Kissinger got his start as a *reeducator* or *brainwasher* in Germany, then became one of Brice Taylor's handlers; the same basic methods were used against Germans and are used today against all Europeans and Americans of European descent.

Colleen was probably not as *controlled* as Brice Taylor, whose conditioning through various forms of abuse and torture began in childhood, but towards the end, as the pressure on her grew, she was given some *special treatment*.

Psychic: "She was depressed before she died, but that was because they were giving her things to depress her and they were playing with her, messing with her head. She had been taken somewhere and given

injections but she didn't quite understand what it was all about. She knew they were filming her because they were going to use it to discredit her, if she ever *came out* and revealed anything."

According to Brice Taylor, the places where *mind control* was practiced were CIA offices, and for the most important ones, they were under the control of the army.

MK-Ultra programs were the *VIP* treatment of high-level slaves; they require a lot of resources, a lot of time, and a whole organization for the proper exploitation of the *resources* that controllers spent a lot of time creating. Even if terror remains a basic resource, the same methods cannot always be applied in a large scale. The case of the *brainwashing* or *denazification* of lawless Germany was special and could not be transposed as such to the whole of the West. But some ingenuity, coupled with thousands of years of experience, would establish some useful rules. In 1956, a Jew named Biderman drew up a *Chart of Coercion*, listing all the means that can be used to *break someone down* and make him do as you wish. Or, in other words, to enslave him.

According to Mr. Biderman, the example comes from North Korea, and the American prisoners brainwashed by this evil power. Similarly, the *MK-Ultra* torturers, with whom Jews abound, will always claim that their methods come - obviously - from *Nazis* imported to the US by *Operation Paperclip*, and that the masked leader *Dr. Green* is a *Nazi*, although his accent more likely reveals Yiddish, indistinguishable from German for an American. In short, the innocent Jews recover the technologies of abominable beings to counter them, obviously for the good of humanity that they care so much about. One would weep with gratitude.

Let's have a look at the content of this *Coercion Chart* (used by the organization Reporters Without Borders to measure the degree of psychological torture of opponents in a country, the word *torture* being obviously less appropriate than *coercion*). These criteria are ranked in order of importance. We'll see how it applies to Colleen. And, to all of us.

1 - Isolation.

Colleen will lament the "loneliness" she feels, along with hatred and disgust. It was long after being separated from me. Isolation deprives victims of any social support that might enable him to resist. And it makes victims

dependent. Isolation in a closed group is one of the variants; it is the one that is usually used in cults, criminal groups, etc., it is this variant that was Colleen's, who was permanently surrounded by *guardians* who called themselves her *friends*.

Psychic: "It seems to me that it's like men always wanted her to control her, because they thought she could actually make them money, she could be popular, and because she had this wonderful personality; I think they were always around her, it's very strange."

Indeed she was tightly controlled, permanently, and I don't know if she was well aware of it, at least at the beginning, until she met me; the short moments I was able to spend with her were probably *stolen* from her point of view, which I couldn't understand, and she was always caught up by her *friends*, controllers and jailers.

It is the control that makes the slave, not the legal status. When you are *controlled*, by definition, you are no longer the *master* of yourself. This is why control and manipulation operations such as those planned by the *Macy Conferences* and a host of similar organizations, which will be discussed later, are nothing less than slavery operations. Today, the most absurd controls flourish, and their purpose is quite transparent to an observer of what are supposed to be *freedoms*. Isolation, confinement is among the main methods of mental torture. It is impossible not to make the connection with what is imposed by the manipulators/torturers on the populations.

2 - Monopolization of the perception.

It is a matter of enclosing the person in a mental space, eliminating all external information. The position of actor, and even *model*, is a place where one must be, if possible, *body and soul* under direction, in a kind of artificial parallel reality. Personally, my tiny experience as an aspiring actor made me run away at full speed, I absolutely could not stand it. One can accentuate this torture technique by using darkness, or on the contrary violent lights; so, professional shooting at the time almost always used spotlights, and it is known that this contributes to placing the actors/actresses in a kind of state of disorientation, panic or stupefaction where they are more easily manipulated. Doing this 24 hours a day undoubtedly produces depersonalization effects.

In the same spirit, it is known that the refreshment frequencies of screens, cinema or video, invisible to the eye, produce hypnotic states. This is probably not, for once, intentional. But the monopolization of the media, all following the same *line*, all enslaved to the same powers built on usury and financial spoliation, bombarding the populations continuously with the same propaganda elaborated by the same office, is a coercive method of enslavement.

3 - Humiliation and degradation

The horror of pornography is most apparent, at first glance, in its predilection for degrading acts. In particular, the *facial*, in-your-face ejaculation that Colleen complained about, perched on her cloud of *coolness*. Degradation is part of the process of enslavement, or at least obedience. Pornography also often uses degrading names for girls, such as whore, slut, etc. Among the techniques of degradation is the lack of privacy; in pornography, the public display of what is intimate, is the maximum of this form of psychic coercion.

At the global level, it is the promotion of beings degraded in their identity, such as LGBT, transsexuals and other twisted beings suffering from serious psychiatric disorders, some of which are generated by the propagandist intoxication itself.

4 - Exhaustion

I don't think this form of torture is used extensively by the porn mafia, although the days of filming, which can last more than 12 hours to make the equipment rental and other costs profitable, can be exhausting. Let's just say that, for exhaustion, it's not necessarily deliberate. On the other hand, in the general public, you and I, lack of sleep is an extremely common phenomenon. It was also, of course, lack of sleep that *broke* me, and prevented me from reacting properly when I was separated from Colleen.

In general, the explosion of coercive constraints imposed by the cabal, such as vaccinations, health pass and others, on the basis of propagandist intoxication, can exhaust resistance to lead to submission.

5 - Threats

Here we have the whole panoply: death threats, threats to kill the family, the great classics of subjugation. There were probably other more subtle

threats of various sanctions if she didn't do what was asked of her. Perhaps the threat of leaving her with *nothing*, stripped and forced to retreat to her family, which she certainly had no desire to do. But death threats, like the ones I suffered throughout my childhood from my father, are always the worst, and the main ones. It is a form of torture, and a very common one. The Cabal is always threatening, it is the most basic form of its power.

6 - Occasional indulgences

This applies more specifically to psychologically tortured prisoners, but it is also applicable to a full range of tortures and psychic manipulations aimed at enslavement and obedience. It is not very new, it is the old carrot and stick technique. *Promises* are part of these techniques. Indeed, *they* had promised Colleen a wonderful future, it was a way to *keep* her.

In the same way, the cabalists nowadays dangle the return to "the life before", i.e., freedom, to incite the acceptance of their horrors, like a worrying *experimental* vaccination against a benign epidemic. This is always obviously replaced by a new coercion. This sounds like the slogan on the front of the Auschwitz camp "*Arbeit Macht Frei*", work makes you free; it is now "vaccination makes you free". The difference is that the Jewish psychoanalyst Bruno Bettelheim testified in his book *The Conscious Heart* that he was actually released for good behavior while in a camp, whereas no one who has been vaccinated will ever be *released* from what he has been injected with, or even from the obligation to submit to new slavery-like constraints.

7 - Demonstration of omnipotence

That's what Colleen meant when she said they could find us - and kill us - anywhere. She had obviously been persuaded of this deliberately. This sounds like one of the basic mantras that all victims of MK-Ultra psychic enslavement operations learn: "Nowhere to go, nowhere to hide". Omnipotence, the Almighty God, the *all-seeing God*, the eye in the triangle, make resistance futile and useless.

Global surveillance, digital tracking, are manifestations of omnipotence.

We could hear a French president, the little Sarkozy, of Hungarian-Judaic descent, asserting forcefully that the *New World Order* and *miscegenation* were "obligations", and that "nobody, nobody could oppose it". G.W. Bush, president of the USA, had made similar declarations about the New World Order he was announcing, but without daring to insist on the

mandatory aspect. Charming individuals. Sarkozy may have been high on coke that day, but I doubt that's an excuse.

8 – Pointless requirements

Imposing idiotic and pointless obligations is one of the most deeply rooted manias of totalitarian systems and administrations. One of the most violent examples is the Judaic religion with its plethora of absurd regulations imposed for all eternity by the Almighty God. Modern governments are multiplying such operations, which at first glance might appear to be motivated by stupidity, but which certainly have much more sinister motives. Every organized group can invent more or less absurd rules to constantly test the conformity and obedience of its members; the more sectarian, closed and evil the group, the more these rules abound. You have to be in the group to know them, and it is almost impossible to know them from the outside; there are certainly a great number of them among pornographers and mafiosi.

All these coercions are applied today against the populations, through false attacks or *false flag* attacks, false pandemics, false climatic disasters, and accusations of those responsible which are all slanderous.

What was imposed on Colleen in an extremely visible way, and which has quite clear similarities with the techniques of *conformity* described in Orwell's dystopian novel *1984*, is one of the extreme versions of what is imposed on most populations under the name of *education*, whether religious, civil, military or sectarian. From this point of view, we have all been prisoners of war, subjected to more or less obvious forms of torture, and all accused of imaginary faults, in other words *slandered*.

The first criteria, isolation, monopolization of perception, humiliation and degradation through punishments, and indulgences or rewards, the demonstration of omnipotence, apply even in so-called *free* societies. There are countless coercive laws and propaganda in all aspects of life, even the most intimate.

Hate, loneliness and disgust

The December '87 issue of *Hustler* magazine provided its readers with a five-minute LP entitled *Real Feelings*, complete with an introduction, which is not without interest. It consists of excerpts from a one-hour cassette

recording Colleen made for Jake in January 1984. It is on this recording that Colleen expresses her *feelings* for Ehrlich.

At the time, Colleen was a much sought-after *party girl*, one of the most popular treats among the upper class, and this casts a rather comical light on the display of her *true feelings* for Jake.

The introductory article explains the circumstances of the recording.

Jake and Colleen go out to dinner. Jake gives a vial full of coke to Colleen, who goes to the bathroom and returns with the empty vial. Jake, who wanted to snort after dinner, throws a fit and *let her have it*, a habit it seems, out of two event reports, he lets her have it every time. Colleen rebels in the car and yells that she didn't do anything. They get home and have a big fight. Jake tells her that their story is over, and that she'll have to find an apartment. Did he not know that Colleen had her own apartment in Van Nuys, which served as her fallback and storage base? Would Colleen have managed to hide it from him, even though it was probably known to quite a few people? Was it a script suggested or imposed by an agency specialized in handling this kind of business?

Jake then tells that Colleen would have gone into the room and would have taken out the 22 Long Rifle to commit suicide, saying, hysterically according to him, "If you throw me out, Jake, I will have nothing". Either Colleen shows exceptional acting skills, or this whole story is a sham, like all the others.

What is certain is that Colleen locks herself in the room and begins her long monologue. And she's definitely not suicidal, depressed or hysterical; on the contrary, totally stoned, she seems to be having a lot of fun and giggling all the time, even while talking about some pretty terrible things. Surely, the dose of coke must have been quite phenomenal, like the one that got her completely stoned when I saw her on the beach of my Greek island.

She begins by referring to Jake as her "favorite sex symbol," and assures him that her love, emotions, etc., are all "for Jake." When you know that Colleen is quick to seek pleasure elsewhere, even when she's just been *fulfilled* by Jake, it's kind of funny, and clearly, it's bullshit. But that's how she *should* feel, as property or quasi-slave. She follows her *script*. Just as Hollander will release as many videos as he can of Colleen loudly asserting her love of pornography, Jake will not rest until his tape, which Hustler will

title *Real Feelings*, is released. But, covered by her reassuring opening statements, Colleen will say terrible things in this tape.

"Maybe adults learn too much. Maybe we should all go back to being kids (laughs quietly). Wouldn't it be wonderful to be a kid and keep the honesty, be totally ignorant to hate and loneliness and... disgust?"

Colleen Applegate, tape recording, closing the Frontpage series *Death of a Porn Queen*.

There are two ways to understand this statement. The most obvious is the one that is used in the documentary *Death of a Porn Queen*, whose entire theme opposes the Minnesota Colleen and the Hollywood Shauna Grant; the image that appears on the screen is that of the Minnesota Colleen, posing in a *star* pose in overalls, like a child having fun. Shauna Grant, the eternal child, misses the world of her childhood, Colleen's world, and the story ends there. But Shauna/Colleen's little laugh indicates something else.

Under the pretext of a convenient *return to childhood*, Colleen throws in Jake's face, her ordinary relationship, and beyond in face of all of Hollywood & Co., that the world she is forced to live in is one of *hate* and *loneliness*, and that this world *disgusts* her. She denounces, as if in fun, the world of the creep who just hit her, and of all the other creeps she suffers in her Hollywood encounters.

But it is also an admission of impotence, which suits perfectly the disgusting hateful scum who manipulates her. To return to childhood is to regress, it is to refuse to grow up, the psychoanalytical vampire can rush on this declaration to say that it is a denial of reality, a refusal of adulthood or of the holy *castration*. In reality, the only true passage to adulthood would be that of revolt or revolution, the one in which hatred finally turns against the scum that created it, to destroy them without mercy.

A self-confident Chosen One doesn't care about the hatred or disgust he creates, and indeed there will be no comment on this statement by Colleen. All he cares about is control, by whatever means necessary. But the message is very clear. There will be others, more personal, and even worse. We are here less than two months before her murder.

Hate is quite obviously what one is first confronted with when one comes into contact with certain people. It has become a political issue, when propaganda systematically accuses dissenters, or simple non-aligned

thinkers, of *hate*. In a distant, pre-Christian era, when one could still make observations of religious anthropology without risking anathema, destruction and desolation, Tacitus said that this hatred was characteristic of the Jews, practicing internal solidarity and hatred against the rest of humanity, and of their avatar, the Christians, indiscriminately practicing *hatred of humanity*, including hatred of themselves; Tacitus does not explain that this global and totalitarian hatred is camouflaged under the equally global and totalitarian ideal of universal love. I have already spoken about it at length, it is this hatred that one feels first in the relations with the monsters and cabalists, and this hatred crushes you. That is its function, to crush you. It is displayed today in the supposedly *progressive* horrors that the cabalists launch against the European and global Christian populations that they want to reduce to impotence. It is this deep, ferocious, multi-millennial hatred that is the driving force behind their current success.

Loneliness is the product of hatred; a hateful world destroys empathy, that which binds beings together; natural empathy is directed towards fellow human beings, it is identity-based. Colleen's natural love was for me, her fellow human being, her *soulmate* or her *elective affinity* as Goethe says. Most people who have not gone through the horrors of Judeo-Christianity respect this. Christianity despises everything that comes from the body, or from the whole being, to be more precise, including the passion of love. Judaism, in its frenzy of destruction of the Nations, and of any natural order which is not submitted to the implacable Law of its God heir of Baal-Moloch, will actively, hatefully destroy all that can resemble these spontaneous attractions of beings. Thus, their hatred created in Colleen and me a desperate feeling of emptiness and loneliness that nothing could fill.

To perceive *disgust* is rarer, and perhaps even more illegitimate. It is however a very strong emotion, the second most powerful emotion, after fear, according to neurophysiologists. Disgust is what motivates an attitude of rejection; it is an emotion that is absolutely essential to survival, which leads in its natural state to the avoidance of what is considered *bad*.

In chimpanzee groups, a female who has copulated with a male from another group provokes disgust, and very young human children show disgust for what does not look like them. This is an experimental fact well known to behaviorists. This natural and essential disposition is unsurprisingly severely opposed by the proponents of *love of neighbor* and

especially of *anti-racism*. It is an emotion that must be buried so deeply that it can no longer manifest itself; in fact slow-motion recordings of so-called *unconscious* emotions, too fast to be perceived consciously, always reveal it, but it is always *camouflaged* as a horrible sin, most likely because of the terror of social retribution. This is not exceptional, it is not the only natural reaction that is thus suppressed and crushed, it is valid for almost all of them, as I explained in the passage on *temptation*.

That Colleen was able to realize this is quite exceptional, and to do so, she must have faced exceptional situations. It was not her intelligence that discovered disgust, it could only serve to formulate it; it took very violent events for the barrier of inhibition to break down. At the very beginning of my relationship with Colleen, when she spoke to me about her *friends*, I had not been slow to consider them as *disgusting*, and she had not followed me on this ground too dangerous for her; a year later, after having seen *many things*, perhaps helped by my reaction, she expressed clearly her disgust, which she had probably felt for a long time without being the least conscious of it.

We are all so trained, from childhood, to swallow doses of poison against our nature, that we have to be made to swallow huge doses before we start to vomit.

Disgust is essential for the preservation of life, of lineages, of identities. It is the surest and most natural form of *discrimination*. It is also the most effective barrier, a barrier that no discourse can transcend. Obviously, like everything else that is uncontrollable, it is forbidden, and it must be hidden.

It has its place next to *hatred*, because the propaganda, today, is such that the disgust, the rejection of the other, which is only conservative and not directly aggressive, is assimilated to *hatred*. In reality, *hatred* is on the side of the destroyers, those who precisely want to destroy identities, particularities, almost everything that defines us as specific human beings. Disgust, in reality, is not *hate*, it is a natural defense against destructive hate. To manipulate the world, cabalists turn it upside *down*.

This was nothing compared to what is coming

Colleen talks a lot in this tape; in fact, she *tells her life story*.

Colleen: "I remember the first time I was really, really lonely, depressed and broken down. I wasn't doing much of anything. I was stuck and I was on my own. That was the first time I felt really bad, and it was nothing compared to what's coming, and what's happened since."

Colleen's confessions on tape, featured in the documentary *Death of a Porn Queen*.

I imagine that she is talking about her situation, stuck in the middle of the mafia in the Greek island, and not being able to find me; her trauma was probably equal to mine. The difference between us is that she was always surrounded by those who had provoked her, and that she would remain so until the end; she could not *forget*, whereas I, totally alone, having for only witness Dimitri on his island, could sink into amnesia. But it gets worse, as she says: afterwards, it only got worse, including during her idyllic stay with her *lover* Jake in the beautiful house in Palm Springs. Since this recording was made about two months before her death, it's pretty clear that Colleen saw what was coming. All the processes were underway, and nothing could stop them.

What was Colleen's real state at that moment, just two months before her murder, what was *coming*, as she says?

Certainly, Colleen was *disturbed*, as noted, without much imagination, by the police report that concluded to her suicide, but it was certainly not by the failure of her love relationship with the attractive Jake, Mr. Coke, to whom she did not ask much other than to provide her with her main vital commodity, and perhaps to leave him alone. Indeed, it takes a *disturbed person*, beyond being an *addict*, to sniff a full vial of coke like during her dinner with Jake, or more than a gram a day during the boat trip. Addiction doesn't explain everything; there are also dangerous internal monsters that need to be appeased urgently.

Psychic: "She actually met a lot of interesting people and went to a lot of parties that were drug laden, and I think she met some very, very famous people and I would say, some very famous politicians. And that could be, that could be her fatal mistake. She says that actually, although she was heavily drugged, she knew these people well, she knew what they were about.

And I feel like, they tried to control her, she said she was going to talk and obviously it was very bad. And, mm, she was dangerous. And I feel

now that weird people were coming and talking to this J. (Jake), I think, they were saying something should be done about her. It seems to me that, mm, there may be somebody whose initial is B (Brenda), well, I don't know if it's a man or a woman, who seems to be around, at the time of her murder. But they would know exactly what was going to happen."

Jake and Brenda knew exactly what was likely to happen to Colleen, or perhaps even, what was going to happen to her. What did Jake say over the phone to Colleen at the MGM/UA offices to make her return immediately to Palm Springs? It had to be something particularly serious and urgent for Colleen to suddenly take off from the producers' offices where she was probably fulfilling her dream, perhaps her lifelong dream.

In any case, Jake *knew* for sure. He is at least a passive accomplice, and probably a little more. Who, for example, told the hit squad that Colleen was in Palm Springs that night, when perhaps she was going to stay in San Francisco for a few days to take care of business, or come home late with her neighbor Frederickson? As far as I know, the only ones who could have done it were Ehrlich, Laurie Smith, Frederickson, Brenda Rosenow and Cal Ardigo; that doesn't rule out other actors, but those are the only visible ones. On the other hand, it was probably urgent to liquidate her, precisely because she was at MGM after having been chaperoned by Coppola and Frederickson at the *Erotic Awards*, and this for two reasons: the *suicide* of a young *star* in full rise was totally improbable, and, if she *spoke* publicly, it would become very difficult to discredit her as a druggie, a mythomaniac or others. What Colleen no doubt rightly considered a resounding victory would hasten her demise.

A disease of the soul

She don't lie, she don't lie, cocaine

"She don't lie, she don't lie, cocaine."

J. J. Cale, *Cocaine*, 1976, covered by Eric Clapton, 1977

It's one of those short phrases, popularized by *pop culture*, that everyone knows. It's also probably the most ambiguous, and a lie about lying; in fact, Cale and Clapton say that their intention was critical or mocking, which seems to be corroborated by the body of the song, so it was ironic, but almost everyone took it at face value. And nothing could, in fact, better suit the cocaine, than this double language. At a time when, little by little, more and more monstrous lies and more and more criminal scams are being set up to rule the world, cocaine is perfectly at home as the queen of the party.

I have already emphasized the importance of the role of cocaine in Colleen's behavior or worldview, when she was unable to distinguish innocence from crime, and friend from foe.

Cocaine confuses everything. It *equalizes*. It *undifferentiates*. It is perfectly suited to certain criminal projects that affect us all, and it is no coincidence that among the thousand intertwined threads that make up the fabric of Colleen's story, the common thread is cocaine; this link with drugs will follow her to her death. It is one of the main constants in Colleen's life, and the varied backgrounds she will cross in her rise are all linked to this drug. It was not out of sheer delusion that Colleen's family thought her murder was committed by drug dealers, although it was not easy to imagine the precise reason. Indeed, an examination of her known life history led to such a conclusion.

As this subject obviously interested me, I acquired some knowledge in neurochemistry and neurophysiology, in order not to say just about anything, but first, the simplest is to put under the microscope, not Colleen, but someone I had all the time to observe: myself.

In the year before I met Colleen, I had a story with a girl that was quite similar to what I experienced with Colleen, but with the roles reversed.

That year, my wife, with whom I had had a close relationship for several years, had become infatuated with a famous film director, and had left me

with no bearings; I had a hard time getting attached to another woman and had found two anchors: cocaine and a trendy, *fashionable* nightclub, Les Bains-Douches. One or two *lines* of coke a night were a well-established habit. Just enough to feel *good*. I loved to dance. I lost myself in the universe of sounds, it was my own meditation.

I had made friends with some Nordic girls I had met in Greece, and we saw each other quite regularly. One day, on my way to a kind of snack organized by a friend, to which one of them was invited, I came face to face, in a narrow elevator typical of old Parisian buildings, with an absolutely sublime, ash-blond haired girl. It was like love at first sight, of minor intensity if, afterwards, I compare it with the one I had with Colleen, but at the time, so unusual that I remained speechless, and so did she. I probably had to go back to my more or less forgotten adolescence to find such emotions, when I was still experiencing bursts of enthusiasm; I slept like everyone else with girls I liked, in reciprocal games of seduction, but real love at first sight that *kills* you, it was an unknown land. I left the elevator without having been able to say a word to her, to make a gesture, totally disoriented.

I later learned that she was my friend's friend, that she was Finnish and her name was Marketa. She haunted me, and I only wanted to see her again.

My friend arranged for me to meet her, thinking she was doing the right thing, at the Bains-Douches. And for me, there was no Bains-Douches without cocaine.

Cocaine is the drug of indifferent well-being, or happy psychopathy. On coke, the drug fills you up, you don't depend on anything or anyone else for your pleasure or your suffering. This drug can make you, quite simply, monstrous. For many people, it doesn't make much difference, and I had a seriously psychopathic friend, hyper intelligent, on whom this drug didn't have the slightest effect, but for me, I was no longer the same being, on coke, as the one who had fallen in love with the sublime Marketa. In this world, the one of the *night*, of coke, she was just a girl like the others, more sublime than the heaps of sublime girls who jostle each other in this kind of places, and all her candor of a kid in love broke on a wall of indifference. It was totally unexpected, even for me. I didn't feel anything; I couldn't even cheat, pretend; I just wasn't interested.

When I think about it, it's absolutely horrible; besides, once the effect of the coke was over, I couldn't understand myself at all, to understand this being that I had become by the effect of a little white powder.

Sometimes indifference and detachment are forms of cruelty. At the time, I was not even aware of it.

If I reverse the situation, it must be, greatly amplified, what Colleen felt when she was on coke, drugged by the sinister Sachs-Hollander.

These behaviors are totally abnormal, and they are not understandable by classical psychology, that's why I looked at what neurophysiology - neurochemistry said about them. Indeed, the subject of drugs has been studied, because it is easy to compare the reactions of a subject on drugs or without drugs. The strange subject of addiction has also been studied. The results tell us a lot about cocaine, about the relationship to the world it generates, and how. In simplifying, but not abusing, it can be described quite simply.

Cocaine generates in the brain a flow of dopamine, one of the most important neurotransmitters. This dopamine produces an effect of euphoria and pleasure, and it is also energizing. So, why deprive yourself of it? This dopamine is produced in very large quantities during sexual intercourse, where the pleasure increases *crescendo*, and where, also, one can spend an unusual energy, finds oneself flooded with sweat, without ever feeling the slightest sign of fatigue, completely driven by the feeling of pleasure. Who doesn't dream of having both pleasure and energy, while most of the work requiring energy is rather painful? Cocaine is therefore at first sight the universal panacea. *She don't lie, she don't lie, cocaine.*

But there is a problem, and this problem, as you might expect, is due to its artificial nature. In fact, cocaine *cheats* an essential system that manages our behavior, our attractions, our pleasures, called the *reward circuit*, a system that, in its normal state, manages dopamine.

The name *reward circuit* is a good one, which is not always the case with scientific findings. What is it about? Undoubtedly, the current version of one of the most archaic systems that manages the behavior of living beings, essential for their survival, reproduction and evolution. This system uses pleasure or satisfaction as an incentive to do things that are *good* for survival, reproduction and evolution, and displeasure, pain and dissatisfaction as an

incentive to avoid things that are *bad* for survival, reproduction and evolution. We could say that the reward circuit is the seat of natural *ethics*. It is also, for every living being, a kind of compass, which directs towards what is good, and away from what is bad.

The image of the compass makes it possible to simply describe behaviors that would appear complex using the sometimes-convoluted concepts of psychology. By generating a flow of dopamine, cocaine replaces the reward circuit, artificially providing a reward without cause. In my last encounter with Colleen, it had already been a shock to see her totally stoned on the beach, seeing nothing and no one, not even me; she might have been dreaming about me, but was unable to even see me; she was not *conscious*. But when she had come up from the beach with the filthy midget *Tom Byron*, talking to him *as if nothing had happened*, while I was two steps away from her and she had seen me, it was no longer unconsciousness, it was a staggering void of all consciousness, in which only two anchor points remained: the job and the money. Colleen was totally *disoriented*. She was, in fact, a kind of magnificent zombie, obeying two instructions: *do your job, make money*. What is like physical in this story is that this disorientation in her would cause the same thing in me. She had become, through our relationship, my North Star, my magnetic North, my whole internal compass pointed to her, and only her. But she herself was disoriented, she was no longer there, she was only a money-making machine, and her first reaction, in her relationship with me, was to make money together. And my compass went crazy, it started spinning in the void too. It's really like a physical phenomenon.

Eradicating our instinctive compass, which directs us, our lineage, our race, our species, to the behaviors that are *good* for us, is a top priority for the monsters following their Holy Book who want to enslave or exterminate us, and, to help them in this task, cocaine is a golden tool. That's why Colleen's journey is so closely tied to cocaine.

But we don't go against this *reward circuit*, which has made us what we are and has been driving everything that lives for billions of years, without very serious consequences.

Educational systems are grafted onto natural systems to modify them in a *social* sense; they use the same means as nature, rewards and punishments, in various forms of training; this overlay can change absolutely nothing to

the initial system, it can only degrade it by means of its only action, terror. When this degradation is too strong, which is the case globally in our systems of multicultural pseudo-democratic tyranny, the generated troubles are perfectly unbearable, and one can say, to make an image, that nature rebels against the artificial, or the lie, since it is the same thing.

There are countless examples of activation of the reward circuitry, which always pushes us to improve our life setting and our suitability for that life setting, but the most extreme is the love or sexual relationship.

The search for the best possible partner, and this includes a host of parameters, beauty, charm, sensuality, intelligence, and there are probably a multitude of them more or less visible, is a constant: this is where the *rewards* are maximized, for mating with the most evolutionarily promising partners. In the natural system, one is obviously not rewarded for doing nothing, or for doing anything, or for acting in an *inverted* way, even if a corrupt society makes ideals of it.

This is where cocaine comes in, as a kind of necessary complement to the new education and the *new society*.

When the living being has to fight to deserve his reward, to *put in his effort*, to devote energy, involvement, effort on himself, even relentlessness, when it is clear that not everyone can get the best partners, when all this is part of the *struggle for life*, as Darwin said, but also of the global struggle for evolution, he will behave *virtuously* from the point of view of nature and it is a good rule of thumb that he is rewarded by the pleasure he gets. This system is, of course, unequal in every respect. It is not a surprise, in nature, or in reality as you like, nothing is equal. Cocaine, on the other hand, *rewards anyone* equally, only the money needed to get it counts. A relative indifference to the qualities of beauty, charisma, love, and other values is established, to appreciate only the market value, money being the only value crushing all others. Cocaine is the drug of excellence in a world dominated by the financial mafia; the drug creates a world where everything can be bought and where the mafia is all-powerful. That's why Jake Ehrlich, *dealer to the stars*, could say of Colleen, "This girl is for me," and have her brought to him on a platter, seemingly totally enslaved. Unfortunately for him, others, far more powerful and wealthier, will do exactly the same.

As a commercial product providing undifferentiated pleasure and rewards for no reason, as a *criminal* product, cocaine is an essential weapon

in the project of a New World Order, of a universal dictatorship over beings devoid of identity, project, will, violence and future. This is why Colleen's journey, which will cross the promoters of this tyranny as we will see later, necessarily passed by cocaine.

Psychic : “She did take drugs, she did this because, hum, she got into it with the work which she was doing, which she hated herself for actually and she just wanted to be somebody, she wanted to feel loved by people, because she was a very beautiful girl, and in her own way very innocent and yet, the work that she did was not innocent at all, and she always felt guilty about that work, but it paid her good money, so she decided that she would just do it for a very short time, but she got snared in a trap, a trap with certain people who really, hum, sort of capturing her if you like, using her and persuading her to keep doing things that she really did not want to do.”

The two great utopias of the mid-20th century, Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's *1984*, unsurprisingly give a predominant role in the mechanisms of control to propaganda or notions of *political correctness*, a notion invented by Lenin in his genocidal enterprise against the Russian people and mainly its elites. They diverge in the mechanisms of practical action: the *Brave New World* uses primarily drugs, and the world of *1984* terror, threat and physical coercion, on the model elaborated by the *social engineer* Kurt Lewin, a German Jewish *anti-fascist* whom George Orwell certainly heard of. Our reality today is a hybrid of the two models. Both models use the same master weapon, the reshaping of brains by a set of manipulative techniques of which propaganda is only the most visible part.

Aside from the desire to lose weight quickly, the first incentive to use cocaine, Colleen's main motivation was that she needed it "for her job". It was pretty hard for me to imagine what this *work* was, on this island where everyone but the Greeks was half naked and on vacation. In a first approach, cocaine is the drug of work in joy and good mood; cocaine realized Walt Disney's dream: work in joy! Not to mention the diamonds promised to the worker.

"We pick tick, tick, tick,
In the mine, the whole day.
Picking tick, tick, tick,
Our favorite game.

Not smart to be rich at last
If we pick ticks
In the ground or in the rock
In the mine, in the mine.
In the mine, in the mine.
Where a diamond world shines!"

Song of the dwarfs in the mine, Walt Disney, *Snow White*

This playful notion of work may seem the reverse of the dreadful curse of Yahweh-Moloch, called Adonai at the time, against *disobedient* mankind: "Thou shalt work by the sweat of thy brow," the curse of submissive slaves. But it is not essentially different. To work in joy and good humor to *get rich* by harvesting *diamonds* is also slave labor, slave labor *on drugs* that make no sense. Nowhere do we see the work that made the excellence of civilizations, this demanding confrontation with matter and thought, this will that Nietzsche called the *will to power*, in a formulation that marks his revolt and that can shock in our world terrorized by a myriad of inhibitions. If Nietzsche opened the way to liberation, Heidegger's formulation, taken from Hölderlin and, beyond, from ancient Greece, is better: this work on ourselves and the world is *the horizon of our Being*, our Being in becoming, such as we have made ourselves and such as we want to be.

With its equalizing character, its undifferentiation, its lack of empathy, its short-circuiting of emotions, its happy psychopathy, cocaine is the perfect drug of what Nietzsche, again, called *nihilism*, the evil that is eating away at the Western world and which, despite warnings and revolts, is destroying us.

Colleen says, from the unencumbered space she is in now, that she was enticed to do things she didn't want to do at all, but that's not at all what it looked like when she was on cocaine, and could tell me without showing any apparent disgust that her *friends* were squirting their semen on her face; it was just an embarrassment and nothing more. She was the winning *golden girl* who went to the movie sets to collect diamonds. She loved to shine, to be adored, to earn up to \$1,700 a day on the set, said to be 4,250 today, and to be perpetually *high*.

But that's just the way she looked. The *golden girl* who goes to the *diamond mines* is the *role model*, the ideal image, the one conveyed by the media and propaganda: glamour, glitter, money, and emptiness. Colleen was

in fact motivated by something else, close to the *will to power* that animates most people, and perhaps Europeans more than others: the will she expresses to *make something of herself*. It is this will that has been captured by the cabal to make it fit into their artificial mold, in a form of *soul murder*. I have always felt this danger, and I have always stubbornly refused a thousand tempting offers. The potential we have is hijacked when we cooperate with the powers that want to use us.

It's not so much a coincidence that cocaine was originally the *drug of the stars*, and it's not just because of its cost: cocaine is the drug that makes Walt Disney's ideal world real. Mastery, beauty, glamour, the drug gives you everything. In a way, the Huxley of *Brave New World* had found his master, but Huxley and Orwell were English and European, almost from another world where the potential of Mickey Mouse has not been grasped.

Cocaine, addiction and homeostasis

Perhaps the best known effect of drugs is addiction, that is, the fact that *addicts* tend to increase their doses to get the same effect. I'm not sure about a natural or automatic tendency to increase doses; having taken the same moderate dose of cocaine regularly for quite a long time, I've never felt the need to increase it. But if, like Colleen on the island, one unsuspectingly takes a horse's shot, to get totally high, and I assume she was strongly urged to do so by the monsters to destroy all her natural reaction capabilities, one will thereafter always seek the same dose at least. The name of the salesman, the *pusher*, indicates that the salesman *pushes* the consumption of his product, and if it is not the salesman who plays this role, it is, as in Colleen's case, her *friends* who are interested in drugging her; I am not at all sure that there is a natural origin to the increase of the doses, which is generally called *addiction*. I could be wrong, I may have more *self-control* than others.

Addiction and dependence are self-sustaining phenomena, *hellish loops*, and they are very special because they derogate from what is one of the most fundamental laws of living beings, the law of *homeostasis* defined by Claude Bernard and taken up extensively by systems theory. The law of homeostasis states that a living system, after having passed through a state that mobilizes its resources, a state of imbalance, returns to a state of equilibrium or rest. These states can be, for what interests us, as well the states of love generating dopamine and energy as the states of struggle, war, work, etc., including the

struggles against diseases, I will not make the list which is very long. Cocaine, by its generation of dopamine, creates a state of imbalance, even if it is a state of pleasant imbalance. In its natural state, the activity that generates the most dopamine, sexual intercourse, ends abruptly with a final orgasm that dissipates all the accumulated tension, and the system returns to its state of equilibrium, with the added bonus of producing oxytocin, which creates a stable bond between the partners. This is perfectly consistent with the law of homeostasis. But there is nothing like that in cocaine. In fact, quite the opposite.

With my regular but limited cocaine use, I could make love for hours, but I was unable to achieve an orgasm. This didn't bother my partner at the time, a very young, red-headed, pretty, charming, intelligent, modern, *liberated* Jewish girl, who didn't have the slightest hint of an orgasm anyway, but it did bother me a lot. Cocaine is the drug of control, of course, but it also controls you, and you can't forget it, it never lets you go.

I usually operated with a *line* of coke that fit on a small pocket or purse mirror, which is probably less than a tenth of a gram; I imagine the damage to sexuality with a gram must be immense. Already, my small *line*, which I had become accustomed to when my wife left me, was enough to make me insensitive, and made me commit what I now consider to be some kind of unforgivable crimes against life, such as rejecting with indifference women I was actually in love with when I was not *under the influence*.

I don't know how coke-addicted male *pornstars* who get a soft hard-on and can ejaculate do it; they're probably pretty much impotent in their natural state, and that was probably the case with this coke-fueled Jake. Suze Randall, a pornographer who was careful about the aesthetic quality of her productions, and one of the first to work with Colleen, explains it bluntly in the seminal article on Colleen's death in the May '84 *Los Angeles Times*.

"Believe it or not, most people in porn are pretty normal and boring, but there are a certain type of men in the industry who can't have sex with beautiful girls without putting plates of cocaine in front of their noses... They monopolize these young girls and eventually enslave them."

Cocaine maintains a permanent *pressure* that can never be released. Therefore, it is an ideal weapon of blackmail and manipulation. It is essential in the post-modern transition from *hard* to *soft* terrors. This does not mean

that *hard* terrors have disappeared. When Shana Grant told me about her *friends* who, among other things, didn't want me, ejaculated on her face, threatened to kill her family, or us, and other niceties, she said it with a smile and the sovereign detachment of the addict. It's all there. This is *postmodern* terror, *soft* terror that it is not *cool* to denounce.

Cocaine generates increasing dissatisfaction: it is the usual circuit, or *vicious circle*, of addiction. It is perfectly in line with the monstrous mechanisms of speculation and financial predation, which can only be sustained by a constant growth of debts that are heavier and heavier and more and more unpayable, with no hope of returning to balance.

One of the characteristics of addictive criminal systems is that they require a very low initial investment compared to the continuously growing enslavement that can be expected. The addict or the indebted people run to exhaustion after an increasingly impossible return to equilibrium; the interest on the debt can only be paid by doing more and more, and relief from the imbalance caused by the drug can only be hoped for by taking more and more. It is the same type of *pusher* that is behind drugs and debt. The drug and debt systems are strictly identical. And it is the same beings, animated by the same predatory voracity, who use them. They are the same people who, in Poland, got the peasants drunk to take out usurious loans, which finally reduced them to slavery, in a horrible process described by Solzhenitsyn. It is exactly the same monstrosity, hidden now under a *liberal* veneer.

It had been a terrible mistake for Colleen to do cocaine with her *friends* before coming to see me on the second day; it was probably a way for her to feel stronger in the face of adversity, but it was really a way to escape it; despair, anger, and rage were the only correct responses to the situation, even if they weren't *cool*. But I was equally incapable, at the time, of responding properly myself; cocaine is the bad medicine of an organized, orchestrated, and pervasive disease of the soul.

I mentioned a *disease of the soul*; this kind of disease is not caught in the corner of a wood on a winter evening; it is the result of an *operation*. For the concept of *soul*, I do not refer at all to any religious context, even if it is exotic, the *soul* is what is deepest, most intimate, and, in the end, most *natural*, as when we speak of the soul of a wood, we can also say its *heart*, which is more or less the same thing. "Inanimate spaces, do you have a soul?"

As with any new infection, it is possible to trace its progression. And, of course, it was in the place where cocaine was taking its greatest toll, Hollywood, that the main focus of the infection was located in the 1980s, and probably still is today.

The art of entertainment

Tracking down the slightest clue that would allow me to understand Colleen, I found on a *bloopers* video, made of failed clips normally thrown away but that Sachs-Hollander was broadcasting for the *fans* always ready to put a piece of Colleen and others under the tooth, a quite enlightening scene. This scene is taken from the making of a porn video, in which there are apparently some minor problems with the actor, one named Eric Edwards; Colleen is lying alone on the bed and chatting with the crew; since it's video, and the cost of recording is very low, the camera is running even though there is no action to film. She says with amusement that the situation reminds her of *Barney Miller*, a mainstream American series that aired in '81, the year she turned 18, just before she escaped the family stifle to breathe in the adulterated flavors of Hollywood. The Applegates are Catholics who are very attached to their faith, so it's hard to imagine the whole family gathering around the TV set to watch licentious shows. This is where the immense perversity of the Hollywood studios comes in, and their imperceptible art of addiction.

The actress who plays the main role, Sarah Kennedy, is called for this role Alice Grant. She is a pretty, delicate blonde, who plays to perfection the role of a young woman who is candid, adorable and full of good intentions. A role that Shauna Grant will play almost identically in her films. Alice Grant does not show off her erotic talents, but she prostitutes herself *out of patriotism*: she needs money, being an underpaid soldier and patriot and not wanting to resign. Who wants the end wants the means, and what could be more virtuous and more amusing than to pay in person for the good of the Nation? Prostitution, as we all know, is as much fun as playing with Barbie dolls, and only the *wicked* or the *hypocritical* could find fault with it. Alice is a model of innocence and candor. Her dialogues with law enforcement officials or officers are punctuated at every turn by canned laughter: it's all laugh-out-loud funny, prostitution is one of the most innocent and civic-minded activities in the world, and the whole Christian family is invited to share in this moment of such good-natured fun.

Actress Sarah Kennedy has appeared in a few *light*, so-called *softcore* B-movies that *suggest* erotic activity; on the poster for the most famous, *The Working Girls*, we see some promising taglines: "*They'll do anything for money!*" "*Is there much night work?*", "*Is this work legal?*" "*What experience is necessary?*" Very much the same themes, suggesting prostitution, as *Barney Miller*. *Softcore* is an allusive, advertising, mainstream genre that prepares brains; porn is *explicit*, when the *liberalization* of the most repugnant sexual predation becomes the norm. One can only congratulate Hollywood for having prepared so well the mirific career of a Shauna Grant, easily persuaded that it was *without problem* and *modern* to earn money by practicing various sexual activities in front of a camera. It is not a direct incitement to prostitution, and to the entry into the criminal world that lives on this predation, it is just a conditioning, a normalization by habituation of the vile. It is not officially propaganda, it is *entertainment*.

This is the process of trivialization and habituation, a very perverse and very effective process, of which we can see how, over time, we have gradually increased the doses, to make an increasing number of horrors ordinary, normal, even *natural*. Protesting, at any stage of the gradual process, makes you easily rejected as a fanatical representative of the virtue leagues, if not as the last survivor of *fascism*. It is indeed quite true that the historical fascists eradicated the powers of the underworld and crime in their own country, so the label of *fascism* against those who oppose the degradation and commodification of people, which follows the degradation of morals, is quite justified. At the beginning of the operation, it was necessary to convince people that *fascism* was absolute evil, and that the *chosen* people, the owners of Hollywood, were the symbol of *persecuted innocence*, which was done very easily by those who had acquired almost all the means of information at the time, after having acquired almost all the financial means.

Cocaine, which neutralizes affects and feelings by providing a pleasure without any other cause than itself, is the completion of this trivialization and addiction; it is not surprisingly linked to the same milieu. The *patriotic* Alice Grant of the *Barney Miller* series, who prostituted herself to make ends meet, only missed to joyfully take coke, the party drug, to *do her job*.

One of the great successes of Hollywood is to have popularized the image of *the blonde*, without anyone seeing the scam and tackling this ignominy. *The blonde* is young, pretty, European, Nordic if possible, naive, and she

invariably displays only one skill, that of being a sexual object. Even if they are famous, adored, and loaded with money, they imperturbably convey an image of idiocy; *the blonde* is always stupid. The invention of *the blonde* by the cabalists of the Hollywood studios is in fact racist, and even genocidal. *The blonde* is the model, fantasized by the Jews, of the *shiksa*, the European whore. Of course, she is an easy girl, a sex slave, and of course, she has no children, and she has a *job* linked to her status of whore: she is a genocidal *role-model*. Marilyn played this role throughout her career, and she became the role model for millions of girls around the world; Colleen was destined to follow exactly the same path. Compare this remixed *blonde* in the cabalistic mill to the images of blonde German women, proud of themselves and their blonde children, seen in another now-banned *fascist* propaganda: the contrast is striking. It is propaganda, of course, but all propaganda has effects, and propaganda camouflaged in entertainment is the worst.

Marilyn Monroe, the iconic *blonde*, who like Colleen spoke to psychics, tells of being murdered after she was forced to have an abortion, and that in despair and disgust, she was about to *speak out*.

The example of the campaign of intoxication that I took from Colleen is only one of thousands and thousands that have invested, and are investing more than ever, the whole of the media, with the notable and precious exception of the Internet. This is all part of a very conscious and deliberate policy that can be traced.

Propaganda in the USA has absolutely nothing to envy to the outrageous posters of the Soviet era showing the happiness of the New Cosmopolitan Man, proletarian and slave of the State. But it is much less conspicuous, and all the more perverse and corrosive. Following the principles of Edward Bernays' *Propaganda*, Sigmund Freud's double nephew thanks to the incestuous tendencies of this family of professional swindlers, it avoids the frontal attack, easily thwarted by ordinary intelligence. It makes massive use of the *entertainment* industry, and attacks young children first for the most lasting effects.

Every few years, I had seen a total of three *entertaining* films around the age of eleven: *Snow White* and the Seven Dwarfs, *Ivanhoe* where the beautiful Rebekah, loved by the hero, and her father are rich Jews with a heart of gold as big as their chests filled with gold fallen from Heaven, persecuted by the *bad guys*, and finally *Night and Fog*, in which it is told in a sepulchral tone

that a horrible massacre of pure innocents, *scapegoats* of *racial hatred*, the Jews again, has taken place somewhere in a sinister place, the work of other *villains*, who are decidedly swarming on this planet as soon as Jews are present.

After these *flashings* of my mind to install indelible imprints, the laborious and repetitive maneuvers of reinforcement of blind belief and submission operated by the Church saw their credibility crumbling, because in the great game of the remodeling of the brains, Hollywood and the *psyops* are much better. Pornography is part of the *entertainment* industry, and it has an increasingly important role in it, if not the leading one, since its codes are spreading everywhere. The US Supreme Court has even recognized its right to *freedom of expression*.

There is no doubt that, when I met her, Colleen had been thoroughly indoctrinated or *brainwashed* about what pornography is; her satisfaction at being a great *pornstar* was not feigned. This, of course, required that she remain confined to her pornographic milieu, and not fall in love with a *normal*, the species abhorred by criminals. The operation of propaganda and indoctrination always begins with a relativization of values, the introduction of doubts, of ambiguities, to install then the state of mind *open* to all winds, having lost the capacity to *discriminate*, which is favorable to the criminals.

The *humanity* rescuing the crime

Love and crime haunt humans, or at least those I know, the Westerners. The greatest authors, like Shakespeare, draw continuously from this inexhaustible source. Crime, like love, arouses passions.

Of course, when I told Colleen, "That would be a crime," with a foreknowledge of her future, I *turned the tables*.

It was essential that Colleen, in order to *do her job*, had lost any clear notion of what a crime was. As well as any clear notion of the good, the beautiful, the pleasant and the detestable, thanks to cocaine. Where I saw a crime, she saw only a *job*, and a *star* job that paid her astronomical sums. Such a phenomenal gap in perceptions, between people who are physically very close, is not built in a few months. It is the result of a long work on perceptions. The perception of what is a crime is essential to the very survival of a society, crime being the most destructive and intolerable thing.

When it was a question of covering up the horrible crimes of the Soviets by accusing the Germans of even more horrible crimes, so that one horror chased the other, the heinous crime of this horrible slander should have shocked terribly people of the Church who are supposed to regulate their behavior by ethics. But nothing of the sort happened. It was not a conscious decision, it was the very perception of the crime that disappeared, as it did in Colleen's case. What has happened?

The question of *crime* is the nagging question of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* as well as Sophocles' *Oedipus*; yes, there is a crime, and this crime has terrible consequences, but this crime is *unthinkable*, does not exist. Only an *apocalypse*, a *revelation*, reveals it. When a crime is so horrible that no living person can imagine it, only the *specter* freed from our bonds, as in *Hamlet*, can reveal it; four centuries away, it is also Colleen who, from the other world, has revealed the even more horrible crime of which she was the victim.

The question of crime is central to a film by Fritz Lang, one of the most enigmatic and ambiguous films ever made, *M*. Fritz Lang almost continuously explores the world of crime, I would say, as if he knew no other. Like Stanley Kubrick, his co-religionist, Fritz Lang exposes to us, almost without detour, the cabalistic worldview. It is almost embarrassing, to the point that one sometimes wonders: but who are they talking about? To which one can only answer: one only speaks well of what one knows, namely what one has experienced oneself. And if I know anything about the Cabal's henchmen, it is because I have been in close contact with them.

I am not going to dissertate on *Doctor Mabuse* and his incredible exposition of modern collective hypnosis methods, namely those developed at the *Tavistock Institute of Human Relations* and legitimized by Edward Bernays under the nice name of *public relations*, all that belongs to the large-scale crime called *politics*, but just on the conception of crime in *M*, a work which, without question, has its place in the firmament of great works *about crime*.

Let's set the scene: this work dates from 1931, and it is conceived in what is called Weimar Germany. This Germany is subjected to the external predation of the cabalists of the *Federal Reserve Bank*, eager to recover from its exsanguinated body all the gold it could still hide, and to the internal predation of the Cabal's henchmen, who come from all over the world and take advantage of the collapse of a currency that has lost its gold collateral to

buy at low prices German goods, services and servile bodies, reduced to undergo everything just to be able to eat.

In Lang's work we see the emergence of a popular reaction, which historically would come to power two years later under the label of National Socialism, and which Lang calls *the mob*. Lang's notion that *populists are* somehow inherently *criminal* is still very often expressed in the harangues of certain powers in the West. Lang is obviously an anointed *Chosen One* by God Almighty, far above the plebs.

The central character of *M*, the title role, is played by Peter Lorre, who by a divine coincidence is also *Chosen*. It is probably not, this time, nature that *does things well*. This *M can't help himself*, poor victim of destiny, to murder blonde girls, we don't know if he rapes them, oh modesty, it will take a few more decades and a second world war won to be able to admire the pedophile sodomite rapist Roman Polanski, whose real name is Raymond Liebling, who, denounced by an unfortunate chance, will proclaim his eternal innocence in front of these little *shiksa* sluts who only want that, and will rightly escape any form of punishment and even opprobrium.

The innocent *M*, *victim* of his horrible compulsion to murder the blonde girls who make him suffer so much, fallen from the sky like the curse of Oedipus, will make a speech copied on the one of Shylock of the *Merchant of Venice* by Shakespeare, reminding his character of *human like the others*. *Humanity* to the rescue of crime. A concept with a future.

It is quite astonishing that Shakespeare, through the mouth of Shylock, should have stated a theme that Fritz Lang, and later the declaration of *Universal Human Rights* as an abstract generality, would take up: "Am I not a *human being* just like you, etc."

I doubt very much that Shakespeare invented this theme; there were no Jews in England in his time, they had been banished centuries earlier, so he was probably inspired by a similar plea in Venice or elsewhere. Venice had opened up fairly recently to the Jews, who had also been banished there, because its dominance in trade with the East was collapsing.

Shylock's argument is that he has entered into a usurer's contract, and therefore, if there is no discrimination against him - he does not use the word, but the meaning is the same - if he is a *human like the others*, his contract requiring a pound of human flesh must be honored. He forgets to mention

that only the Jews could, being tolerated as non-Christian but related aliens, practice usury, which is a crime for Christians, and which will have the worst consequences to this day. The *humanity* that he claims is a trap against the Christians who judge him. The judgment will not question the legitimacy of his contract, but will weigh the terms of the contract to add an unforeseen element, making it unenforceable.

The *humanity* that Shylock uses is a concept that is used in the great *fraternal* and *universal* religion that is Christianity, but which of course does not apply to himself, a *Chosen One* being from a group that, in his Bible, does not cease to destroy the *Gentiles* and the Nations, and in his Talmud, considers the rest of humanity as *animals with a human face*. The *humanity* that should unite the Christians becomes, used by Shylock, a weapon against them. Three centuries later, the same weapon will be used officially in what will be called the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

In Christianity, usury is a crime, and the making of counterfeit money is a crime of *lèse-majesté* with the worst punishments. Christianity ruthlessly eradicated all the traditional cults, traditions, and ways of thinking of the *pagans*, including those of the excellent Greek civilization, but did not eradicate Judaism, which was considered a misguided people, but not an enemy of the True Faith. As a result, Judaism was the only exotic religion to be allowed or tolerated, and this religion, if it forbids usury among Jews, allows and encourages it against non-Jews. This is already a permanent crime which is legitimized, and it is on this permanent crime that Jewish power will be established. For a Christian, the question of whether or not a Jew is generally a criminal is always indecisive - it is this indecision, or uneasiness, that is brought to bear in both Shakespeare and Lang. But in Lang's work, the degree of horror has gone up a notch, inheriting expressionism and a decaying social situation.

The indecision, the uneasiness, the *double bind*, the disorientation on a subject as serious as a horrible blood crime are phenomena far more serious than the crimes themselves. And without a doubt, it is all provoked.

Before *Mr. Cursed*, Lang was known, among other things, for his Doctor Mabuse series and for Metropolis, whose plot is tightly woven around the practice of various more or less successful kinds of collective hypnosis. In the practices of real hypnosis, disorientation paralyzes the ordinary defenses and opens the door to hypnotic suggestions. What Shylock's plea already does,

but which M uses to full effect, is to create a violent cleavage between two possible responses, totally antagonistic, to a situation which is itself very violent.

The simple and natural response to a particular proven crime is the elimination of the criminal, regardless of the means of that elimination. What is called *justice* in most of the peoples who have endowed themselves with particular institutions to fulfill this task only endorses this natural response.

But the Christian answer is an inversion, antagonistic to the natural answer: turn *the other cheek*, *love your enemies*, or do *not judge*, because *God alone has the power to judge*. I did not write Judeo-Christian on purpose, because if Christianity was created by Jews, the Jews themselves do not apply this rule to themselves at all, I would say quite the contrary.

The infinite distance between the natural response and the *Christian* response creates an enormous *fault line*, and such a fault line generates an enormous *bankruptcy* in the population concerned. I call this rift, to distinguish it, the *cabalist rift*; it is in this rift that the power of the cabalists is engulfed, yesterday as today.

This is why I am convinced that the infamous Sa'ul Paulus aka St. Paul was, if not a *cabalist* of which I do not know if they existed as such at the time, at least their precursor, or the continuator of an underground tradition born during the years of captivity in Babylon.

We can take the problem from both ends: does this *flaw* allow crimes to be lessened, absolved, or even legitimized, or does this flaw, by its very existence, allow these crimes to flourish?

Because criminals do not invent their arguments on the spot: they exist before their crime, providing the loophole they can exploit.

It is hard to imagine Shylock making a speech in front of a real civil court, using the Roman law principles of truth and evidence, in which he defends himself by emphasizing his *human* quality. This could only cause hilarity: how does being *human* change anything about a crime? It is because this quality of *human being* is not a quality that interests a civil court, but it interests a religious court.

The famous *controversy of Valladolid*, which was a religious trial, focused entirely on the thorny question of whether or not Indians were

human, endowed with a *soul*, and therefore could or could not be enslaved to work *like beasts*. The final convoluted answer decided that the Indians, having known how to build cities and having some arts, had a soul, but that the Africans did not, which forced the planters in need of labor to buy and import Africans, a very bad idea that would have the worst consequences; it was the importation of an unquenchable hatred. The only ones who gained were in fact the slave traders. They were not, in principle, sufficiently in the odor of sanctity to influence or bribe the controversy, but who knows, the ways of God are inscrutable.

I am not going to theorize about it, but intuitively I have the strong impression that everything that is at stake in the relations between Jews and Christians is, and has always been, of a religious nature, and that everything that is expressed, sometimes very violently, in the fields of politics, economics, or even philosophy, is only a distant consequence. In the mythical cases of Shylock or M, this seems quite obvious.

In the kind of Constitution of the Jewish people which is conferred upon them by the Almighty on the day after the first Passover which initiates the Exodus, Yahweh decrees first that all the Earth and everything that lives on it is His, then that it is promised to His People, then that His People are a people of *Sacrificers* and a Holy Nation. The Sacrificer is the one who takes a blood tax. I do not believe that the Holy Nation has questioned the Holy Word of its Almighty God.

Shylock and M do just that: collect a blood tax. In their own eyes, they are innocent of any crime. They do not confess any fault, let alone any crime; at most, M will concede that he is an unfortunate victim suffering from a strange affliction inflicted by *fate*, while Shylock maintains to the end that he is *in the right*. In any case, bound to *forgive offenses*, Christians are always wrong, and always *guilty*.

Can the *mob*, or simply the people, ignorant of theological subtleties and divine missions, legitimately punish what they see as crimes? Lang's answer is: no. While Shylock is punished, M is not, the so-called *rule of law* does not allow it. The *justice* of the manipulable and corruptible civil servants goes through. Lang reiterates the same point in the Hollywood film *Fury*, 1936, where a *hateful* and *stupid* mob wants to lynch an *innocent* man who is under the protection of the *law*; this is a transparent allusion to the lynching of Leo Frank, a Jew convinced of having raped and then murdered a young girl,

sentenced to death by a jury but pardoned by a corrupt governor, who was extracted from his prison by an angry mob. This lynching was the origin of the creation of the *Anti-Defamation League* or ADL, which fights against the *slanders* that are all accusations against Jews, slanders that are obviously due to the *hatred of humanity* of the *uncultured, racist* and *anti-Semitic* mob, and severely punished by the courts.

Slander, more than hate, is at the heart of the device, as a system of attack and defense. Real or supposed slander is the system for creating or avoiding guilt.

When we understand, by a kind of accident, how things really work, it is perfectly amazing. The scenario is incredible, yet, to paraphrase Galileo, *it exists*.

Any crime of which a Jew is accused by *Gentiles* is necessarily a *slander*, due to *anti-Semitism*, the original sin of the *Gentiles*, and the Jew, maintaining his exceptional position, must not feel any guilt; on the contrary, as in the feast of *Purim*, he must rejoice in the legitimate evil he has inflicted on the *Gentiles* and the Nations. The Jew is *pure in essence*, and any accusation against him is therefore *slanderous*.

Conversely, he can *slander* the *Gentiles* as much as he likes, and even persuade them that they are *guilty* of having committed crimes against the Jews. The *Gentile* is guilty *by essence*, and therefore the Jew, the sacrificing priest, only reminds him of his eternal guilt.

One may retort that it is extremely unlikely, if not impossible, that such a twisted system, so blithely violating all the principles of causality that govern just about everything we know, could exist. And yet.

The system is locked by a fierce repression of objective examination, of causality. Denouncing what is originally pure slander becomes a crime. The perpetrators of slander are forever victims, and the victims of slander are criminals.

Recently, in the dumbfounded and enslaved West, we had another stunning example of this. An experimental injection of unknown content, purporting to be a vaccine, was forced on huge masses to supposedly counter a so-called *epidemic* that killed no more people than an ordinary flu. This injection has already caused tens of thousands of deaths, and millions of side effects, some of them serious and disabling. Not only are the laboratories

producing this thing, globally owned by the high finance of the usurers, not legally *responsible*, cannot be judged *guilty* of the crimes they commit, but also, in the latest version of this infamy, they resort to *slander*, the usual fatal weapon, to accuse those who refuse their injection of being guilty of the crimes they themselves commit.

Seeing how lies and slander work in the pseudo-epidemic crisis will perhaps open our eyes to other slanders, produced by the same people in the past, and to the global system of slander protected by tyrannical laws.

A slander would be quickly thwarted, fought, and even punished as it deserves without an absolute control of the information media typical of totalitarian regimes. The greatest, or only terror of the manipulators, is *awareness*. *Awareness* leads to a complete revision of the roles of *good* and *bad*, criminal and innocent, and when crime reaches stratospheric heights, it is extremely dangerous for the criminals.

It is therefore imperative for the criminals to create a kind of mental cage from which the victims cannot escape, so that they can never have access to reality. This can be seen, in a caricatural way, in the instructions given to the twenty-year-old Janissaries from the deepest parts of the USA, who occupied Germany after having destroyed it, on the orders of the slanderers: they were not to be allowed to perceive reality. A short instructional film for the conscripted Janissaries still capable of normal human reactions, entitled *Your Job in Germany*, set out an exhaustive list of prohibitions:

*"Don't let it fool you. You are in enemy country.
Be alert. Suspicious of everyone. Take no chances.
They have had no free speech. Had no free press.
They were brought up on straight propaganda.
They have been trained to hate and destroy.
Don't argue with them.
Don't try to change their point of view.
You will not be friendly.
You will be aloof.
Watchful. Suspicious."*

This gives an idea of the paranoid propaganda to which a whole generation of young Americans was subjected, and this was only the beginning, they themselves would later be targets in the same aim, when they

were accused of *racial hatred* and *white supremacism*, among other things. An alternative rock band, *Cabaret Voltaire*, used parts of the text in a 1987 song called *Don't Argue*, including "*You are in enemy country*". I suppose *Cabaret Voltaire* took this text for its paranoia, or even, in reference to Voltaire, its fanaticism. Perhaps they did not know that the American young people were indeed *in enemy country* in their own country, and that it was planned to crush *the authoritarian fascist man* in their country.

I know that I will provoke shivers of horror in most of my contemporaries, but it is not possible to avoid perceiving that the great moral and political question of the time, the great question about the ways of seeing the world, is not the relationship between master and slave, or dominant and dominated, nor even the relationship between liars, manipulators and honest people, but the relationship, perfectly horrible, between slanderers and slandered.

Those who claim to be victims of *slander* are those who know its power better than anyone else, and these people are the slanderers. The real victims do not even know how to recognize a slander anymore, it is the result of incessant attacks for more than a century.

There is a reality or pseudo-reality of considerable financial power, but it is essentially made up of figures, which can be erased; this power could not be sustained without the whole apparatus of slander which aims at destroying those who oppose it, or simply decide to free themselves from it.

The *underworld* of Brave New World

Cocaine has known the expansion that we know because it was the ideal drug that could annihilate, in joy and good humor, all the natural reactions of defense against the horror of their genocide that could emerge in the Westerners. As we have seen in Colleen's case, any reaction of disgust, of defense, disappears in the *cool* world of *don't worry*. And those who protest are reactionaries, fascists, or even *sick*. I'm talking about the Colleen I knew, the one before she was separated from me by the criminals who showed doing that the face of a horror that no amount of cocaine could hide. Then, she will be perfectly aware, at least by moments, and even under cocaine, of *loneliness, hatred and disgust*. Unless she was totally dazed by it, the drug was no longer working in its main role.

Drugs have always been an essential weapon in *psychological warfare*. The agents of the psychological warfare against Germany reconverted in the CIA or close agencies, like Marcuse and Kissinger, will launch the experiments of the MK-Ultra project of the CIA which have, at the origin, the project to create *tabula rasa*, beings that could be totally reprogrammed, zombie-slaves that would execute the instructions of their masters. A number of more or less horrible brainwashing operations were inflicted on guinea pigs, sleep deprivation, constant repetition of messages, drugs, etc., but these experiments were only half successful. It was not possible to remake from scratch all the personality and perceptions of a guinea pig, but it was possible, on the other hand, to create *multiple personalities* by equivalent methods, torture, drugs, terror; there remained a central personality, the original one, perfectly functional, on which were grafted the *multiple personalities* of slaves manipulated to follow the orders of their masters. The CIA had tested the use of LSD to create a state of confusion favorable to the implantation of an additional robotic personality, no doubt hoping to spare themselves the long work of torture and various shocks necessary to create a *personality* from scratch, but it went badly wrong, and even led people like Timothy Leary and Ted Kaczynski on the path of rebellion. Or even the teenager that I was, although the spirit of rebellion was already well anchored in me, and only needed to grow.

Shock and torture create amnesia, something I know very well. The shock I suffered spontaneously created in me another personality, very different from the previous one, which could only exist because it completely forgot the first one in the amnesia. The victims of the CIA programs and others, MK-Ultra or equivalent, have in their normal state, if one can say so, no awareness of their condition. Except by accident. For my part, my awakening is due to a kind of accident; it happens that, following a violent accident, victims of these multiple personality programs come out of amnesia and suddenly remember everything that happened to them, and everything that they were made to do.

This is the case of the person who wrote the book *Thanks for the Memories*, Brice Taylor. One of her *controllers*, the ones who used him, was the damned soul of psychological warfare, having made his debut in occupied Germany under a regime of terror, Henry Kissinger. The world is small. The technological basis, if you can call it that, terror, is the same in all cases, and Kissinger was certainly one of the best specialists in it. I don't think I'm being

biased in saying that he is a true criminal against humanity. We recently learned that he was the mentor of another monstrous criminal, Klaus Schwab, leader of the World Economic Forum in Davos and its genocidal *Great Reset*.

Brice Taylor was a *presidential* model. Which means that her programming was such that one could be certain she would never remember anything she saw, heard, or did herself. She was a living *secret*, a safe that no one but those who had the keys could open; Colleen, on the other hand, would only be a *safe secret* once she died. But what they both said was eerily similar, even though they went from very different paths to the same very *reserved* places.

This invites a comparison. There is certainly something in common between *multiple personality* programming with amnesia and loss of consciousness with drugs, including, primarily, cocaine. Colleen also says that towards the end she was taken to a place she did not know to be injected, without telling her why or what the drug was. One of the notable effects of cocaine, crushing instinctive reactions, disgust, fear, inhibitions, sexual attraction, under a cover of artificial well-being, can be likened in some ways to the creation of a robotic being, equally attracted to whatever gratification is dangled in front of it, and also to the prospect of entering further into the system that provides the blessing of white powder, pleasure and control.

After she had given up hope of finding me, and stopped shooting porn, but not appearing at promotional events, festivals and the like, Colleen had gone to take refuge in a house that her *manager* Hollander shared with friends. As Kelly Nichols says, it was her *family*. Kelly Nichols is probably unaware that the word for slave in ancient Rome was *famulus*, a being *attached* to the family as a utilitarian infrahuman, in Yiddish a *shiksa*. It was at this time that she began dating Ehrlich, probably accompanying him on his tours of the *stars*, and probably getting her nose in at the cost of some sexual performance. What Ehrlich told twice in different ways about his meeting with Colleen was probably bogus, like almost everything else these people tell. From the beginning to the end, the connection with Ehrlich came down to one thing: cocaine.

Colleen left pornography and Shauna Grant to become Colleen *Applecoke*, the rather unflattering nickname given to her by the Hollywood world. But having a nickname in Hollywood, and a reputation, means being

known, which is by far the most important thing in Hollywood, no matter what you are known for. *Shauna Grant* was just a beautiful blonde girl, a very popular *model* who made a lot of money selling filmed sex with circumcised pigs with big cocks, while *Colleen Applecock* was a beautiful young high-flying adventuress that no *party* worth its salt would want to be without. And who soon began to hang out with the elite of the elite.

Cocaine has the effect of erasing differences, eliminating warning signals, equalizing good and bad; this is one of the essential effects of the drug called Soma that Aldous Huxley imagined to modify the perceptions of the inhabitants of his *Brave New World*.

There are many obvious analogies between this Brave New World regulated by a World State and the modern advances towards a New World Order; it is about the destruction of feelings, of any form of attachment, of the family condemned as *pornographic*, and about the promotion of an undifferentiated and recreational sexuality, of drugs allied to recreational sexuality as a means of *wellbeing*, what in the modern version is called *living together*, the obligatory socialist brotherhood. Huxley was wrong about the nature of the drug in his *Brave New World*; he knew psychedelic drugs well and had described the effects of his Soma according to their model: a feeling of fusion, of undifferentiated fraternity between humans, certainly artificial, but close enough to the ideal of Christianity; his Soma is an artificial religion.

Huxley was thinking more of a psilocybin-like drug, which is a hallucinogen, but hallucinogens increase empathy, whereas cocaine annihilates it, and, since hallucinogens increase perceptions, they can lead to bad experiences, whereas cocaine is an anesthetic with regular effects. Because of its characteristics, cocaine is the drug of choice for psychopaths: those who are under the influence of the drug have no more feelings and empathy than they do, and see themselves as ordinary people. Since much of the psychopath's activity is aimed at disguising his true personality and luring his prey, often enough by pretending to be a poor victim and activating a pity reflex, cocaine is a great ally for him.

Belonging to the world of cocaine was essential for Colleen's meteoric rise to the top; her immense beauty and charm were not enough in a world of psychopaths who abhor and despise *normal people* and their ridiculous sentimentality; one must understand that addiction, and the altered view of the world it brings, is one of the necessary components of the ticket to the

select world of fame, power and money; if one is not naturally psychopathic, cocaine is the artificial way to function without vomiting in this world, at least while one is *high*.

"I watched people being coerced at the highest levels at parties of the elite, where cocaine was flowing, drugs, alcohol, whatever anyone wanted - sex with children, whatever - anything they wanted - people were given. It was perversion at the highest level."

Brice Taylor, *Thanks for the memories*, 1999

When Colleen said she needed cocaine "not to get fat" and "to do her job," when she met me, she probably perceived cocaine as an *aid* in a career that is not all smooth sailing; she probably didn't realize that it was much more than an aid, it was a form of altered personality into which she had to melt and disappear, the *cool* and *liberated* personality of the *sex slave*, and this form of personality would also be necessary for her in the All-Hollywood, where she wasn't, officially, doing a *job*.

Her extreme sensitivity, and the fact that she was so naturally gifted for love, meant that she needed absolutely no cocaine to enjoy the most fulfilling life, but paradoxically, these gifts meant that if she was going to use cocaine for her *career*, she would have to use a lot to make up for what she had lost on a Greek island one bright September day.

As is often the case, these are downward spirals or feedback loops in which effects become causes; she had taken cocaine first to lose a few pounds and become a *model* conforming to all the canons; then she had entered porn, overcoming her reluctance, with the help of that cocaine and to get some, with the added bonus of a lot of money ; then, after meeting me, the motivation, or excuse, for doing porn and doing cocaine was that she was making a lot of money so she could get out; finally, when the exit door closed, there was only Hollywood, or a hard return to Minnesota, and you didn't go to Hollywood if you weren't either a psychopath or a *cool, liberated* person, i.e., drugged to the core.

Being a drug addict wasn't enough, of course; you also had to be Colleen, extremely beautiful, attractive, and seemingly *innocent* at the same time.

Psychic: "I think what she ended up in, whatever it was, was actually very good for her at first, and, mmm, I think she got noticed. And I

think if she had been able to continue in this work that she had started, it could have been quite excellent for her."

Psychic: "She had like an unlimited pass, because I think men always kind of wanted her, and she must have had a boyfriend at a very young age."

Cocaine does not cause opiate-like withdrawal effects, pain, discomfort, etc., but it does cause severe depressive effects when discontinued. To remain *compelling*, Colleen had to use cocaine, especially since she needed to permanently fill the gap of her forced separation, probably compounded by the fact that she thought it was *her fault*. To satisfy her needs that propelled her to the top of the addiction, a gram a day when cruising with Ehrlich, and probably more when competing, she had to feed from the best sources, and even Ehrlich was probably struggling to keep up. Her beauty, intelligence, charm, and even innocence made a hellish pair with cocaine; all her qualities, all her brilliant appearance could collapse, disappear, if she was confronted with withdrawal and depression, and that was not to happen, no matter what the cost.

Colleen's consumption, which she willingly shared, must have been close to half a kilo a year, probably not less than 360 grams; at retail prices it would have cost about \$500,000, for cocaine usually cut to 85-90%, but at wholesale prices, for pure cocaine, only about 20,000. That's a huge difference, and most of the profit comes from cutting. I don't think Colleen was using cut cocaine, or at least very cut; retail prices must have been much higher, and the bill must have soared to match the stars' income. All of these prices are to be taken with a *grain of salt*, if I may say so, but it is clear that even if Colleen was making tens of thousands of dollars with her talents, she must have been very close to the *big guys*, the wholesalers, and even the *very big guys*, the masters of international trafficking.

Psychic: "I feel like the life she wanted so badly is actually the life that killed her. And it's so sad. Because those people who fed off of her, who she had made money for, those people who said they loved her, that they were her friends, I feel like she was very disappointed in the people that were around her. Oh, she loved the good life, and I think she had a good life with some of the people she associated with, she went to some beautiful places, but the problem was they really got her into drugs and

she says that was the worst mistake of her life, because she ended up doing things that she would never, ever do."

The criminal State

As what I am writing is not science fiction, but describes a reality that is quite *hard to swallow*, very different from what is given to see by the media and various commentators, an alternative reality in a way, or the hidden face of what is given to see as reality, I will start by making the genesis of this hidden reality, which is quite easy because its origins have long been partially public, and it is only quite recently, when it became really monstrous, that it became hidden.

Specifically, I will focus on the genesis of the very close relationship between power and crime; with regard to Colleen, I will follow mostly a few leads directly related to her, slavery and drugs mainly.

First, a reminder of the background: in the Bible or Torah, the intangible foundation of the doctrine of certain populations, it is expressly stated that the whole planet belongs to its unique Creator, and that *his people*, also unique, have all the rights over the others, called impure Nations, which he can, according to his choice, destroy from top to bottom to appropriate their goods, or reduce to slavery. The Book establishes an impressive number of prescriptions, of which the first and main one is the unconditional obedience to the *Commandments* of the Creator and his deputies on this earth; it is a military regulation, completely in coherence with the fixed goals. Disobedience has led to the exclusion of humans from Earthly Paradise, and obedience will lead them back. A perfect totalitarian doctrine, and, in spite of some clumsy attempts, one could never do better in the genre, the model is unsurpassable. This is the general framework, let's move on to the particular applications.

The surprise of Agobard and the *hostile elite*

For the triumphant Christianity throughout the West, following its adoption by Emperor Constantine as a tool for the crushing and subjugation of peoples, inherited from Judaism, which had itself inherited it from the ferociously totalitarian Empires of the Middle East, the hunt for *pagans*, including the Greeks and their culture, was permanently open, but the Jews had a special status. One of the great achievements of Christianity is that the Jews, who were universally hated, became especially protected. It was considered that they should not be eradicated like pagans, but that they were

just wrong, something that could be corrected despite their stubbornness in not seeing the Christian *Truth*. The first Christian propagandists were Jews, among them Sa'ul Paulus aka St. Paul, "the most blatant charlatan and swindler who ever lived on earth" according to the emperor Julian the Philosopher. The main theologian, the Carthaginian Saint Augustine, was also of Semitic origin by his father. The prohibitions that applied to Christians among themselves, such as the prohibition of slavery and usury, were not applicable to Jews *in error*, but *cousins*, not *enemies* of the True Faith. This position could have generated all kinds of abuses, and of course, this did not fail to happen from the beginning.

At the beginning of the 21st century, or of the third millennium, it can be seen that what puts the Christianized Western world in a dangerous situation of collapse is usury, which has become a cosmopolitan financial system, and slavery, which has become a problem of equality and Human Rights; these are the two main Judaic exceptions, among many others, in the Christian world. It is well known that for any system, whatever its rules, an *exception* is enough to unbalance it and then destroy it.

Those who are called today the "*whistleblowers*", those who see the catastrophe coming, have existed for a very long time. Already at the Council of Nicea convened by the emperor Saint Constantine, which provided the basis for Christianity as a religion united around a single dogma and a single hierarchy, and the only religion tolerated in the empire, many voices were raised, in particular that of the bishop Marcion, to make Christianity an autonomous religion freed from Judaic tutelage. This obviously did not suit the paranoid emperor Saint Constantine, for whom *love of neighbor* was only the soothing label of what he wanted to recover for his own benefit, the totalitarian ferocity of the Bible, and the protesters were declared *heretics*, victims of an *anathema*, which corresponds to the biblical *herem*, the total destruction.

In 826, Bishop Agobard of Lyon wrote a letter to the Frankish emperor Louis the Pious complaining about the privileges of the Jews in these terms:

"A man came to us from the depths of Spain, that is, from Cordoba, who said that he had been stealthily abducted by a Jew in Lyon twenty years ago, when he was still a small child, and sold into slavery. He fled from Spain this very year with another Christian who had been similarly stolen in Arles by a Jew six years ago. On this we looked for people who

knew this former inhabitant of Lyon; we found some and it was affirmed to us that many other Christians were either stolen or bought by the same Jew to be sold. We were also told of another Jew who, this very year, kidnapped and sold a child. Finally, it has just been discovered that several Christians have been handed over by other Christians to Jews, and that the latter exercise on these slaves infamous actions that one would be ashamed to write."

The "infamous actions" were castration, which guaranteed the Moorish buyer that the slave would not pollute his race, and the sodomy of young boys. Agobard will have the shock of his life when the emperor responded by vindicating the Jews and condemning the bishop, as well as others who were associated with him; since Charlemagne, the imperial court had been invaded by Jews.

Since the Council of Nicea, which made the Jewish Torah a sacred book for Christians, and the establishment of a totalitarian Empire under the rule of two unique Lords, the Lord-God and the Lord-Emperor (both of whom were identically called *dominus*), the Jews had, in fact, through their Middle Eastern expertise in the imperial system, in the creation of the sacred through sacrifice and the manipulation of terror, a status superior to that of the bishops. The principal theologian of Christianity, Saint Augustine, who would hold the stage for a millennium until the arrival of Thomas Aquinas, was of Carthaginian, i.e. Semitic, origin, and his ancestors practiced the same cult of Baal-Moloch as the Jews. In order for a Frank, like Charlemagne, who came from a people that loved freedom and independence, to become a totalitarian Emperor, he probably had to use many *tips* authorized by thousands of years of terrorist practice.

In the traditional and popular cults of the Franks, or of the Germans in general, or even of all the *pagan* Europeans, there were certainly gods, pantheons, various representations, but for the essential, what was *sacred* was nature. The Greeks, besides their gods, often guarantors, representatives and protectors of the cities and the established order, continued to believe that the springs, the woods, the animals had *souls* of their own; the Romans moved away from these perceptions towards a more *civic* model, as we would say today, but the Celts, Germans and others, the pure *pagans* - this term means peasant, close to the earth - remained close to practices that today we call shamanic.

The distance between this constant relation to sacralized nature, typical of ancient systems, and the imperial systems that crush absolutely everything to bring everything back to the God-King-Emperor, alpha and omega, a sacred being dispensing terror and managing the world according to his good pleasure, is vertiginous; the only intermediaries that could make this disastrous transition possible were the Church and its mother house, the direct heir of Moloch and the Empires, Jewry.

What one can imagine to explain the strange behavior of Louis the Pious is that he was provided with a cocktail in which were mixed the mirific perspectives totally controlled by the Law inherited from the Jews, and well targeted slanders against the *traitor* Agobard and his accomplices. This is speculation, but plausible enough. A Louis the Pious needed a moral pretext to be corrupted.

Today's *globalization* is the continuation of the same process, the former advisors in totalitarianism having become the masters; a great period of *liberation* had however opened up during the Renaissance, when Thomas Aquinas rediscovered, through Aristotle, the ancient sacralization of Nature; the Cities rebuilt coherent and rich spaces, on the model of the Greek cities. The Age of Enlightenment was supposed to liberate the world, but instead of rebalancing the relationship with Nature, bands of former priests or seminarians, allied to corrupt and perverted nobles like the Marquis de Sade, imposed even more delusional universalist ideologies, leaving the field open to the worst of the perverts and manipulators, the direct heirs of Moloch, champions of the destruction of nature and promoters of enslavement, the usurers.

Radical environmentalist Derrick Jenson quotes California *Democratic* Senator Diane Feinstein, heir to the old traditions of Moloch and usury, when she says of the ecological disaster of the over-exploitation of water resources that she promotes: "It is a *God-given right* of Californians to water their lawns". To which Derrick Jenson remarks that one cannot argue with such a statement, except with explosives (to destroy a dam). There are no longer any *natural rights*, but the manipulators, to use an extremely measured word, have every *God-given right*. *Their* god, in this case, the avatar of Moloch.

The Frank Charlemagne was undoubtedly very disarmed, or *caught between two stools*, when he had to betray the ancestral customs and natural

behaviors of his people to fit into the garb of an imperial tyrant; he could not do without the help and expertise of the Church, which is known, and the Jews, which is less known. It was a question of converting and enslaving, specialized and sophisticated operations that were not easily mastered by a *Frankish* warrior.

In French, "franchise", a privilege of the Franks, has two meanings: the fact of saying things as they are without bias, the meaning of "*frankness*" in English, and the fact of having a particular freedom. This shows how deep the passion for freedom and *frankness* was in the Frankish people. As in any population which is not *corrupted*. Hence Nietzsche's rage, which can be summed up in one little sentence: "The priest lies".

In fact, the elite allied itself with the Jews most of the time, with a few exceptions, and only turned against them because of scandals and violent popular revolts, such as the revolt in the city of York in 1190, which caused the disappearance of all the Jews, even though they were protected by the royal power.

The Jews were indispensable to imperial, royal, or noble power, as the case may be, because they are by their beliefs *naturally* totalitarian. They are not subject to the ancient rules of *propriety*, good manners, which govern free peoples, and even less to the Christian rules which make greed and covetousness sins. In the feudal world, people were generally attached, in every sense of the word, or belonged, to one land, one profession, one rule or another. But not the Jews. The Jews were attached only to the dominant power, which considered them *slaves to the throne*; they could ransom and plunder the population as much as they wanted, by usury on the one hand, but also by the taxes which were often *leased* to them; in return the power taxed them on their usury, and from time to time ransomed them in its turn. The loser was obviously always the people.

Popular revolts and accusations of ritual murder led in 1290 to the banishment of the Jews from England for three and a half centuries by a king who initially defended them even by massacring his revolting subjects. It was the Puritan Cromwell, a Bible fanatic, who reintroduced them on the sly in 1655, despite general opposition.

One exception to the tragedy of the *hostile elite* is the Catholic kings who led the *Reconquista* against the Moors, who had good reason to resent the Jews for betraying them by rallying to the Moors en masse and being

enthusiastic auxiliaries in the despoiling of the Christians. The Catholic kings would force the Jews into exile or conversion, which was still a huge mistake, since most of the so-called *converted* Jews continued to act as the *chosen people*, robbing the Christian peoples as much as possible; these false converts would be called *Marranos*, and they will be specially dangerous.

Since the *conversion* of Constantine, and then the imposition by Theodosius of Christianity as the official religion in its Trinitarian version which includes the Jewish God as God the Father, the presence of the cabalists as masters of extortion, intimidation and terror, and allies of power in its basest works, never wavered, until power finally fell into their hands.

The Russian writer Solzhenitsyn, a survivor of the Soviet Gulag, experienced firsthand what it was like to be trapped in a world designed by Jews, from which he emerged alive only by a kind of miracle. Virtually all the organs of control and repression in the Soviet system were run by Jews. At least three quarters of the first *Politburo*, the all-powerful political offices, were Jewish. Once famous, nobelized, and unquestionable, Solzhenitsyn wrote a very large book, *Two Centuries Together*, which deals with the cohabitation of native Russians and immigrant Jews, and tries to explain the inexplicable, how the Russian that he is, on his own land, almost died in a Gulag organized and run by Jews. This book by a famous Nobel Prize winner has never, to my knowledge, been translated into English.

The book does not really provide answers, because Solzhenitsyn remained a Christian, and could not see that at the bottom of all this, it is also the tolerant, even complicit attitude of Christianity itself that is responsible for these horrors. For many, it is only a matter of condemning communism as responsible. But the historical descriptions of the methods and compromises of the powers that be are illuminating.

Poland was an important center of Jewish settlement, perhaps more so than its neighbor Russia. The Tsars had the bad habit of getting rid of some of their Jews by confining them to Poland, to protect the center of the Empire. This is why Solzhenitsyn studied it at length in his book; Poland is quite exemplary of the general pattern of the *hostile elite*, an alliance that can be said to be *unnatural* between the European aristocracy and exotic Judaism, against the native peoples.

Many, perhaps all, of the kingdoms and principalities in classical Europe used the system of tenancy: to feed their finances, they sold privileges, such

as that of producing alcohol; to avoid the trouble and disrepute of levying taxes, this function had also been sold to *farmers*. In Poland, most of the privileges and farms had been sold to Jewish usurers. The profitability of the usurers was ensured by the fact that, following their Bible and Talmud, they regarded the Christian people as a herd of animals and were ruthless, obviously arousing quite ordinary hostile reactions, which would nevertheless be given the special name of *anti-Semitism*, as if they had in themselves a specificity distinguishing them from all ordinary forms of animosity. This system in which the population was left in the hands of specialists in exaction by its elites has been called the system of the *hostile elite*; the term *hostile* is perhaps an exaggeration, in that it is probably more a matter of unconsciousness, blindness, contempt, corruption or crass stupidity on the part of the elite. At the bottom of the ladder, the populace was shackled by the duty of charity and the forgiveness of offenses repeated to them by the priests; when, in frustration, it rebelled, it was a *pogrom*, which one would still say was due to that strange curse fallen from heaven, *anti-Semitism*, but not to the exactions of the Jews. Year in, year out, the nobles cashed in their rents, the Jews got rich, everyone was happy, except for the people *at the bottom*, the people who *had to suffer* and rebelled from time to time.

Obviously, the Jews, who were getting considerably richer and monopolizing more and more the press and industry, were only waiting for the first opportunity to get rid of the nobles and to directly squeeze the people with a totalitarian iron fist, and this was the case in the *Communist revolution*, of which Solzhenitsyn was one of the tens of millions of victims. This was probably also the case, but less clearly, in the Cromwellian revolution, financed by the Jews, and the French Revolution, supported by the Lodges, which established *freedom of trade and industry* and prohibited *associations*. It is not by chance that Solzhenitsyn was interested in this question for a long time, because the phenomenon of the *hostile elite*, the predatory alliance of the unconscious and corrupt European nobility and the Jews, is essential for understanding the sequence of events in European history.

To enable them to carry out even more exactions, the Jews had privileges, such as that of manufacturing the main drug of the time, alcohol, privileges which they bought. In today's France, the "*bouilleur de cru*", the peasant who makes his own alcohol, is still hounded; the production of alcohol is reserved

for those who have a license to produce it, I don't know under what arrangements.

The game was to get the *muzhik* drunk, make him sign a loan-sharking agreement so that he could drink more, and then, when the *muzhik* could not repay his debt, sell him into *legal* slavery to *pay off*. Eastern European populations were an important source of slaves and enrichment for the cabal, no matter how they were obtained; Slavs were sold to Muslims, and especially to Turks. The traffic was so important that the modern word "slave" comes from "Slavic". Even today there is a filthy trade in forced prostitution, using promises of employment and kidnapping, that operates between Eastern European countries and Israel.

In earlier times, in the high Middle Ages of Agobard, dominated by the Christian Church, the cabal did not bother with complex maneuvers, such as encouraging people to take drugs, in order to supply themselves with slaves; enslavement is always the goal, drugs being only a means. Drugs must be understood as a tool in the war for the enslavement of people.

An important step in the progress towards world domination will be taken in the episode of the *Opium War*. This episode is important because it sheds light on today's situation.

Opium War

In the 19th century, there was no difference between the cabalist financial network and the criminal networks of drug traffickers: it is one and the same network, and we can add the active complicity of the States. It is at this time that the network of world totalitarian power is being set up. This is what we see very clearly in the *opium war*.

The *English* Jew Baron Rothschild and the Jewish cosmopolitan trafficker Sassoon, established in Bombay, who would later become an *Englishman* and a baron, had obtained the support of Queen Victoria and of England, and then that of a multitude of adventurers attracted by the taste of blood and the glitter of gold, to devastate China and to impose their immoral opium traffic there *in all legality*. The collusion of power, in the person of Queen Victoria, and predatory and criminal financiers is obvious, whatever the declared or hidden motives. It certainly reinforces the existence of a *hostile elite*, allied against the people.

The *opium war* against China was launched under the pretext of defending the precious *freedom of trade*, a pretext that is still used today in forms legalized by the so-called *international community*. China had taken wise measures against the opium trade, rightly believing that it was dangerous to its physical and moral health; it was nothing less than to hand her over to the predation of the traffickers, and a horrible war with merciless looting and savage destruction ensued, leaving indelible scars that will certainly have consequences in the future, because the Chinese, at the time self-centered, autarkic and very little expansionist or bellicose, will never forget what they rightly consider a crime against humanity and civilization

Here is what the Chinese official Lin Zexu wrote to Queen Victoria of England in 1839:

"As this trade (between China and England) has been going on for a long time, there are bound to be unscrupulous traders as well as honest ones. Among the unscrupulous are those who import opium into China to cause harm to the Chinese; they are so successful that this poison has penetrated deep into all the provinces. You will certainly recognize that people who seek material gain at the great expense of the welfare of others can in no way be tolerated by Heaven or supported by men, at least I hope so...

Perhaps they do not seek to intentionally harm others, but the fact is that they are so obsessed with material gain that they have no regard for the harm they do to others. Do they have no conscience? I have heard that you strictly prohibit opium in your country, which no doubt indicates that you know how destructive opium is. You don't want opium to cause damage in your country, but you choose to bring that damage to other countries like China. Why do you do this?

I have heard that you are a good and compassionate monarch. I am certain that you will not do to others what you do not desire for yourself."

This letter is interesting, because Lin Zexu expresses his incomprehension, certainly sincere, in front of this act of characterized banditry which is the traffic of opium; in a way, he says spontaneously as I do: "It would be a crime", and this crime is *unthinkable* as the one I was facing. He does not refer to a body of written law, but to what is called *natural law*. There is an ethic widely shared in humanity, probably very old. Who can

believe that the respected sovereign of a great European nation is the accomplice of criminals, and therefore a criminal herself? No one in China could imagine that Queen Victoria was only a puppet, and that the power had been confiscated by the criminal cabal of financiers. In 1830, almost two centuries ago, the system of totalitarian predation was already well established in England, and was about to be extended to the whole world; China would be the choice ground on which alliances could be forged between old experienced Judaic predators and new predators, often linked to Masonic sects, the whole forming the embryo of the modern totalitarian system of world predation.

If this alliance between financial spoliation and power had become natural in Great Britain, and was displayed in broad daylight, pressuring the people, both English and Chinese, and already, potentially, the whole world, it was not at all the same in the United States. On the contrary, it was well remembered that Jewish financiers, the first to be harmed by the American revolt against taxes, and fearing to lose a juicy market, had largely financed the armies of Great Britain against the colonists. Resentment was enormous. Andrew Jackson, 7th American President, whom the financial criminals would attempt to assassinate, said:

"You are a nest of vipers. I intend to throw you out and by the Eternal God I will throw you out. If people understood the injustice of our monetary and banking system, there would be a revolution before morning."

The people who will form the *Deep State* have done so from the beginning in a hidden and clandestine way, against the general feeling, but also against the State.

What is even more *unthinkable* is that a century and a half later, in the USA, the totalitarian network of predation that has constituted a *Deep State* would no longer be attacking distant China, but the very population of the USA itself, and of the entire West, as the *Dark Alliance* will show.

The *Opium War* is only a distant event, almost anecdotal in the Western consciousness, but this event will probably have the worst consequences in the future, because the whole West will be held responsible for it, while the main responsibility lies with the predatory *elite* and the criminal gangs that participated in its plunder. The criminals who have built up colossal fortunes

in the looting of China will constitute a new *predatory totalitarian elite* in a West increasingly enslaved to the money powers.

The *Skull and Bones* occult society, based at the prestigious Yale University, was founded by William Huntington Russell, a criminal businessman enriched in the foul Opium War. The plundering and slaughtering of China was a prime means of creating a new Western criminal *elite*, which was in fact linked to the enterprises of the Rothschild Cabal Cartel and other financiers. The *Skull and Bones* will provide a number of American presidents, especially since the resistance was eradicated by the Kennedy assassination, but the influence of the network of criminals enriched by the sacking of China is not limited to the *Skull and Bones*; one of the grandparents of the Roosevelt who will organize the war against National Socialist Germany, a *bête noire* of the Rothschilds for having freed itself from their grip, was also a criminal of the Opium War.

When one knows the importance of the very closed *Skull and Bones* Lodge, or that of Roosevelt in the organization of the war against Germany and Japan with the help of his advisors, mostly cosmopolitan predatory financiers like Morgenthau, one may wonder if the official separation between the networks of political power and the criminal networks is only a fiction or a children's tale. It seems that this *Dark Alliance* between politicians, businessmen, secret services and mafias has been going on for a very long time.

One of the amazing features of the *Opium War* is that it was accompanied by a slanderous propaganda campaign against the Chinese that was absolutely delirious in order to secure public support. The Chinese were portrayed, as it were, as a people of fanatical Moloch worshippers, whereas there has never been even a remote equivalent of Moloch in China. The more innocent the future victim is, the more horrors must be heaped upon him to make his murder *legitimate*. It is always a question, according to the propaganda, of defending the *true values* of humanity against the monsters who flout them. It was a first; the Germans during the two world wars will benefit, if one can say, from the same kind of treatment by the same media at the orders of the same criminals. Slander is one of the bases of the global system of totalitarian predation. It should be noted that for China, the intellectuals, from Marco Polo to Voltaire, then the scholars knowing Chinese and translating their books had a very good opinion of it, but the propaganda

uses mercenaries without faith or law to bombard with clichés at its convenience people who do not have the means to inform themselves.

An anecdotal but significant detail: the American War of Independence and the Chinese Opium War began in the same way, but with very different results. The signal for the revolt in the American colony was the *Tea Party*, when rebels dumped shipments of tea, whose geographical origin was not far removed from that of opium. The outraged London-based cosmopolitan finance had put all its means in the balance to destroy the rebels and keep its privileges, but failed; the rebels had received the support of Western powers, including France. The *Opium War* began in the same way, when Lin Zexu had shipments of opium trafficked by the same cosmopolitans thrown into the sea, but this time the Chinese were crushed, with the help or complicity of all the Western powers and even Japan. In the meantime, the cosmopolitan totalitarian power, the big winner of the affair, had made enormous progress, in less than a century. But it was easier to ally the countries of the West against an *enemy* invented in the antipodes, whom one did not know and whom one could safely vilify and slander, than against other Westerners. However, the plundering of China will allow the establishment of networks of elitist and honorable appearance, although based on a crime committed in the antipodes in general indifference. These networks will be very useful when it comes to mobilizing them against other Westerners, the Germans, and then, when it comes to enslaving the planet in a New World Order.

The Federal Reserve Bank, the heist of the century

This is what Marx would call an *ineluctable* development in the mechanics of dialectical materialism. This was obviously only a beginning; the immense China was only an hors d'oeuvre. The real prey, the beating heart of evolution, the center of production and wealth, was the West. About fifty years after the end of the Opium War and the plundering of China, the cabal succeeded in taking over the central finances of the United States by creating the *Federal Reserve Bank*, an operation steered by the same criminals as in the Opium War. This operation, which enslaved the American people to a private bank, most of whose shareholders were themselves financed by Rothschilds, was organized by a full-scale conspiracy, complete with covert conspirators and all the rest of it, assembled on Jekyll Island. To succeed in imposing their private bank on Congress, which did not want it,

since the issue of central bank money by a private bank was unconstitutional anyway, the conspirators organized a vote on December 23, while all the Christian members of Congress were away celebrating Christmas with their families in states more or less far away. And then President Wilson, probably corrupted or blackmailed, gave his approval. However, the U.S. Constitution, probably inspired on this issue by Franklin, who was well aware of the Judeo-British Bank's system of plunder, reserved the issuance of money to Congress, the national representation. This was a crime of the first magnitude, a conspiracy to deprive Americans of their constitutional rights; in a genuine democracy, such as Athens, one would be sentenced to death for infinitely less. But like the Rothschild bank's massive scam on the London Stock Exchange, this criminal power grab was presented as a perfectly legal operation, and protests were quickly quelled. "It would be a crime," but it appeared normal, anecdotal; the word *conspiratorist* was not yet invented by the CIA to cover up its conspirations, but the defenders of the Constitution and democracy were severely attacked. It was, as always, a means to an end; the end is always power and enslavement. And that was about to happen, there was no doubt some impatience.

The following year, a magnificent opportunity to *advance* the project of world domination opened up: the terrible war of 14-18.

It is very difficult to understand, a priori, the reasons or the delusions that pushed the Europeans to massacre each other during this war. The only objective reason is that these countries respected alliance treaties dividing Europe into two blocks. As Russia had been extremely kind enough to liberate some Slavic European countries from the Ottoman yoke, which could hardly be blamed on her, England and her damned soul, the Jewish Prime Minister Disraeli, had a congress of European nations held in Berlin in 1878, on the pretext that this would *unbalance* the balance of power between the blocs. In order to *rebalance* the *balance of power*, it was necessary to give Serbia to the Austro-Hungarian Empire by authority, without taking into account the aspirations and interests of the Serbian people. Serbia was Orthodox, just like Russia, while Austria-Hungary was Catholic. This was to trample underfoot an excellent principle of natural law on which all states had more or less agreed, that of the people to dispose of their lives and property as they wished. The Serbian population was ulcerated when, just out of the Ottoman yoke, it could not enjoy its independence, and, 25 years

later, the assassination of an Austrian prince by a Serbian triggered the first world war.

The denial of rights to Serbia corresponds perfectly, on a small scale, to the biblical commands to destroy nations. How Disraeli managed to commit what will in time turn out to be a crime is unknown to me, but what is certain is that after the First World War the same scenario will be repeated, only worse, with the amputation of Germany from its part given to Poland, which will provoke a new war.

What is astonishing at first sight is that the destruction of the national ambitions of a small country, Serbia, by Disraeli, perfectly in his role, was able to affect, like a kind of poison, the whole of the European nations. The feeling of injustice is one of the deepest, it exists even in animals. It is as if the tolerance of evil, even in a small and seemingly unimportant area, allowed it to spread to the whole. The rest, of course, would be worse.

The weakening of the nations due to the war created an opportunity for another criminal conspiracy, the communist conspiracy. This conspiracy, which theoretically was to free the *proletariat* from its chains, first attacked Russia, a country where the *proletariat* was very small, but where the Jewish population was, together with that of nearby Poland, the largest in Europe. It is easy to see on what forces this *revolution* could effectively count, and what interests it served.

The Russia of the Tsars was reluctant to give free rein to Jewish appetites, out of an understandable concern for the protection of the Russian people, and this is why it was for a long time the main target of Jewish vindictiveness as expressed in the newspapers that the Jews controlled. It will be finally destroyed by a *Marxist* revolutionary attack, financed by the *Kohen Jacob Schiff* of the brand new American *Federal Reserve Bank*, and directed in fact by Lev Davidovitch Bronstein, known as Leon Trotsky, with the half-Russian Lenin as a screen. According to the Marxist theory, the class struggle was to bring about a revolution in the most advanced countries, England, France, Germany, but not in the still relatively unindustrialized country of Russia, proof if it were needed that Marxism was only the ideological screen, disguised in a fake *science*, for a conquest that had no relation to the progress of humanity, quite the contrary. This has not changed to this day.

If anyone still believes that it was the *class struggle* that *inevitably* brought about the revolution and the *dictatorship of the proletariat* in

Russia, he can really believe anything. Obviously, it was a struggle, a more than fierce struggle, of some people, applying to the letter the anti-national dogmas of a certain religion, which had nothing to do with the so-called *proletariat* and *Marxism*.

Even today, the attacks against freedom, against the natural order, and even against humanity in general, are made in the name of a so-called science. False global warming, false vaccinations, and the like, always claim, like Marxism, to be based on science, i.e. objective knowledge. Science is the universal cover for the worst exactions against humanity. The real scientists protest, of course, but the propaganda machine crushes them and locks them up in a kind of information gulag.

The brutal fall of the Russian Empire under the fierce rule of the *dictatorship of the proletariat* was supposed to be, in the mind of the *Kohen* financier-sacrificer, Jacob Schiff, his henchman Lev Bronstein, known as Leon Trotsky, and a small crowd of satellites, most of whom were animated by the hatred of their God against the Nations, although they claimed to be *atheists*, only an hors d'oeuvre in their mind. The target was, and still is, the whole of the West.

The war offered usurious cosmopolitan finance, and in particular that which managed the flourishing finances of the *Federal Reserve Bank* extorted from the Americans, an infinite number of possibilities. With the Eastern Front gone as a result of the Bolshevik *revolution*, the Germans and Austrians had an easy victory within their reach. They had helped Lenin, who was living in Switzerland, to cross Germany discreetly in a leaded wagon on his way to Russia, and had perhaps even financed him, without imagining that later the Soviets would not show the slightest gratitude, or even the slightest mercy. It is always the story of Faust, though written by a German: it is better to avoid making a pact with the devil. But the Germans were sure of their move.

Turkey, hoping to reclaim a few pieces of European territory, had allied itself with the Germans against Russia, and it also held Palestine in its empire. The Zionists thought that a defeat of Turkey, and therefore of Germany, would put them in a good position to recover Jerusalem. Hence the famous Balfour letter: this member of the British government accepted the deal proposed to him by Rothschild, who still holds the letter: the Jewish power in the United States would bring the country into the war, under some

pretext and by appropriate means, and when the Turks, allied with the Germans, were defeated, the British would promote the establishment of a Jewish home in Palestine.

In the United States, a neutral and rather strongly isolationist country, slanderous and hateful press campaigns were unleashed against the Germans, who were portrayed, as well as the Chinese during the Opium War, as pure monsters, bloodthirsty, barbaric, infanticidal and genocidal. The first weapon of these criminals is usury, the second is slander. But slander, which has always been considered an abominable crime, has almost disappeared from the vocabulary; today it is named *propaganda*, a perfectly legitimate activity. When a recipe works, why not use it *ad libitum*?

The future expropriators of Palestine had the finances and had easily bought the media, having the resources of all Americans at their disposal; to make hateful and slanderous propaganda against the Germans was to make publicity, *public relations*, *business as usual*. When money goes, everything goes. No one in the United States would check to see if there was any truth in this, and anyway, a contrary speech would not find any major media to publish it.

The American people, oblivious slaves to their press, threw themselves into the war against the Germans, and won it.

For those who conspired against the Nations, it was a time for a rush to carve up a central nation, Germany, while awaiting the turn of the others. A premature attack, led by Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, following the model of the Bolshevik revolution and its terror, failed, as did Bela Kun's (Cohen's) seizure of power, followed by a debauch of *liquidations*, in Hungary. But the dismemberment by the ignominious Treaty of Versailles, contrary to the natural rights of the peoples and to all European traditions, would, like the denial of the same rights to Serbia, prepare the future chaos destined to destroy the Nations even more profoundly. As there is only one God, there is only one logic of destruction, and it is implacable.

At the signing of this eminently toxic treaty, the French President of the Council, Georges Clemenceau, was accompanied by General Henri Mordacq and Louis Rothschild, alias Georges Mandel. It was the French and English delegations, under their influence, who passed the most spoliating measures, against the advice of the American president Wilson, who had committed

himself to ensuring respect for the right of peoples to self-determination, the only way to restore a lasting peace.

It is more difficult to pinpoint exactly how the conspiracy was able to advance through World War I, although it certainly did. The presence of a Rothschild at the treaty signing table is not accidental, there was an alliance at the highest level between predatory finance and the French state, in this case through the stripping of a third, Germany. This will be, depending on the period, concealed and sometimes manifest during the following hundred years. When the German people were totally enslaved, it was the French people themselves who became the central target. For England, it had already been obvious for a long time. To dine with the devil, etc.

Psychological warfare

Germany, having reacted violently to the attempted Bolshevik *coup*, would also react violently to the curse, plunder and torture regime, akin to a *herem* or anathema, that was imposed upon it. Within a few years, the National Socialist regime was destroying the system that had made Germans hopeless slaves, and building a thriving system to the astonishment of all - probably even to the astonishment of those who had promoted the system for the initial purpose of simple emergency rescue.

This system of national socialism, consciously organized against the destruction and enslaving of nations, required an urgent violent response, in view of the so-called *nauseating*, liberating ideas that it could inspire in any people.

It is on this occasion that a new form of criminal conspiracy, much more powerful, even more evil, more general, and in the longer term, that of psychological operations or *psyops*, will be formed. We can only understand it well if we know the previous stages, like the *opium war* among others, and, as everything we do, think, love, is bathed in the general atmosphere of these psychological operations, everywhere visible in this book, it deserves some developments.

The era of the hyper-power of the *psyops* began with the creation of the Psychological Warfare Units integrated into the US army, with the contribution of elements of British intelligence; the British had a relative advantage in these methods of warfare through the *Tavistock Institute of*

Social Relations, which had been developing them since the First World War; the Americans had the contribution of Edward Bernays' Public Relations, which were very effective, but originally adapted to market.

The creation of the Psychological Warfare Units will have enormous consequences, until today; a military structure has means, and a command; it can define strategies and have them executed. The CIA, Homeland Security, the National Security Agency will be avatars of the Psychological Warfare Units. The CIA, for example, has admitted that it has set up and succeeded in an operation, called *Mockingbird*, of intervention in all the main media of the USA, and even of its European vassals. It will not appear as propaganda, but as information or entertainment.

Actually, the Psychological Warfare Units, the ones that were going to practice massive brainwashing on the Germans, then were going to be perfected in the MK-Ultra, Artichoke programs of the future CIA, and undoubtedly in a host of other hidden ones, would have had a more appropriate name for their function if they had been called Psychological Torture Units. Their model is not that of war, that of Clausewitz or Sun Tzu, their model is the Inquisition, extended not to individuals, but to entire peoples.

It is known that during the Second World War, when the Anglo-Americans were allied with the Soviets, who had an identical inquisitorial model, probably with the same roots, the Psychological Warfare Unit, a small, unimportant auxiliary unit, gradually became the leader of operations, just as in the Soviet space, the *political commissars*, the damned souls of the regime with all the powers, controlled *political correctness*, an invention of Lenin, and shot the real or supposed deviants. Soviets and *Democrats* had the same model, negotiated together and stood side by side in the same courts to apply the same policy. This was certainly not a *casual* alliance.

Just as the Opium War created a powerful network of enriched criminals, including the founder of the all-powerful *Skull and Bones* Masonic Lodge and an ancestor of the Roosevelts, the torturers of the Psychological Warfare were to constitute an extremely powerful network in the USA; Henry Kissinger was one of them, as was C.D. Jackson, the officer who directed the film on the Buchenwald camp presented as *evidence* at the Nuremberg trial. Kissinger's activity in a considerable number of *twisted coups* establishing bloody dictatorships in the name of *democracy* is well known, I will not make

a long catalog of them. C.D. Jackson is less well known, but he was linked to Henry Luce, who founded the *Project for American Century*, and has always remained linked to the new CIA, the heart of the *Deep State*; he participated in *Operation Mockingbird*, which had as its objective, largely fulfilled, the control of all American media by CIA agents; as editor of *Times Magazine*, Jackson bought at a very high price the Abraham Zapruder film of the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, which clearly showed that the bullet came from the front and the right, in order to hide it from public view and perhaps from the investigators, who did not make any particular request for the film. Clearly, the conspiracy against the German people, to profoundly modify their psyche against their will, had become, with related methods, a conspiracy against the American people, organized by the same *specialists*. All this while professing *Republican values* and *our democracy*.

All of this is necessary to understand that what happened to Colleen and me, in an extreme way, and what happens to all of us in an ordinary way, is not the product of chance. All of this has been concocted over time and is only now coming to light.

The darkness in the USA is unimaginable

"There is more darkness in the United States than anyone would ever, ever imagine."

Colleen Applegate, psychic interview.

I've already exposed a number of horrors, but the biggest is yet to come. Colleen's life is a *crescendo* in the world of nuisance and horror, and I'm just following along.

Colleen and the *Dark Alliance*

"She started talking about her boyfriend in jail. She said that she was trying to get rid of him. She said that she had landed in the middle of a bunch of cocaine heavies and that she was trying to get out. She told me, and I quote her verbatim here, "If some people knew that I know what I know, I'd be in a lot of trouble." "

Howie Gordon (Richard Pacheco), *Hindsight*, 2013

She said this to Richard Pacheco just a week before she was murdered, on the occasion of the 1984 *Erotic Film Awards* where she was appearing with director Francis Ford Coppola, who became famous for a masterful film about the mafia. Her words are very allusive, especially about *certain people* she does not name. She distinguishes these people from the *cocaine bosses*; if it were them she would not have made the distinction. And these *certain people* are, obviously, of another level than that of the *heavies* of whom it is only a question of *getting out* of the milieu, as it was a question of *getting rid of* her ex-lover stupidly imprisoned, and obviously not very influential at this level, Ehrlich. There are people you can get *rid of*, and people you absolutely cannot *get rid of*, and that's the difference. You could try to get *rid of* Ehrlich, who didn't seem very willing to be *thrown out*, and it's not clear what his blackmail methods were to maintain his hold; the *heavies*, you could at least try to get *out*. But for *some people*, that didn't even seem possible. There was no way out. And obviously, she was confused. They were the ones who *would get rid of* her, if they even suspected that it was in their interest to do so.

Since 1984, some truths about the darker side of Colleen's world, California, Hollywood, drugs, mafias, have leaked out. There were a few high-profile revelations, but there was never any real scandal, it was all quietly hushed up. Certainly, if one could have seen, at the time, a connection between the *affairs* and the murder of Colleen, a beautiful 20 year old girl just out of Minnesota, the conjunction of the two would have caused a scandal. No one made the connection, and the illusion that these different worlds don't mix has persisted. The conjunction of the worlds completely changes the dimension of the crime; it is no longer a *crime*, but a *hyper-crime*, or, according to the terminology invented against dissidents, an authentic *crime against humanity*.

As if to answer one of the questions I was bound to ask myself, who are the *cocaine heavies* she doesn't name, Colleen begins a session by saying, "Blandon, Blandon". It's kind of like she's commenting on what she said to Howie Gordon aka Richard Pacheco shortly before he died.

Psychic: "I keep hearing the name 'Blandon', it sounds like the name 'Blandon', is that associated with something that Lena used, associated with something that Lena knew, or something that she heard, but, for her, Lena is still restless in the other dimension where she resides, because she was very, very unhappy with her death."

Colleen opens her session by emphasizing the main question we have about her: who killed her? Blandon could be the hand that struck the blow. Blandon is not directly a *government agent*. But we'll see that Blandon's network extended far beyond the *cocaine heavies*. And he may have acted on orders from members of the government to whom he was linked. For sensitive operations the criminal cabal always uses mafia sponsors to cover their tracks in case of information leakage; this is how J.F. Kennedy was probably killed by independent mafia killers with false accreditations provided by the official services, and his brother Robert by a Palestinian under CIA *mind control*.

In fact, Blandon and the U.S. Secret Service were linked in all their joint operations. Since Ehrlich was necessarily supplied by South Americans linked to the CIA, they had easier access to Colleen than official members of the US Secret Service.

Colleen knows that I have the information to know who Blandon is. I simply read journalist Gary Webb's well-documented book, *Dark Alliance*,

published in 1998, well after the events. Webb exposed much of the involvement of the CIA and the NSC, *National Security Council*, in cocaine trafficking in the early 1980s under the direction of Oliver North, then a very influential member of the NSC and others. Blandon was the main piece, on the South American Hispanic side, of this traffic. Gary Webb will end up totally marginalized and finally *committed suicide* with *two* bullets in the head.

The NSC is an extremely powerful body, which controls the *security* of the country and can directly command and coordinate both the CIA and the army and any other administration. All the bloody and liberticidal coups d'état carried out in particular against Latin American countries, except perhaps some that I do not know, were decided by *classified* resolutions of the NSC, under the pretext that the countries that had adopted democratic or socialist regimes were threats to American *security*. The *denazifier* Kissinger was the main manipulator behind most of these crimes, which were supposed to fight against *communism* and for *democracy*, in order to install military dictatorships; after all, the Germany he denazified was under a dictatorship of American military occupation, in order to forcefully install a *pseudo-democracy* under his thumb; many fates are, like his, eternal repetitions of the same.

I insist once again to make it clear: it is the same criminals, and it is the same crime against Nations and *Gentiles*, who are at work in the sex slavery of Colleen and her murder, the destruction of Germany and others and their brainwashing, as well as in the global dumbing down of cocaine and the destruction of democratic principles. None of these events are random, nor are they the result of *cultural trends* out of nowhere.

Blandon is a citizen of Nicaragua who was involved in the juicy business of the dictator Somoza until the Sandinista revolution of 1979. Having fled to the United States, he was available to set up other businesses, if possible juicy ones. And if possible, to help reconquer Nicaragua and his local businesses, which, in the mind of President Ronald Reagan, was a war for *freedom*. As Madame Roland, a woman who today would seem to be *liberated*, said according to legend on the scaffold during the Terror, "Freedom, freedom, what crimes are committed in your name!" But I would not want to be unfair to the concept of *liberty*; in fact, any great idea, equality, fraternity, or other more modern one, can be the pretext for abuse, like the famous "no liberty

for the enemies of liberty" of the exalted Saint-Just; the greater the idea, the greater the abuse.

At the time, cocaine trafficking to the United States, with profits estimated at one billion dollars at the time, or 2.5 billion today, was mainly run by the Colombian Medellin cartel, headed by the famous Pablo Escobar. A very inventive American trafficker, George Jung, *el americano*, made a *deal* with the cartel and transported tons of cocaine by small private planes to the sanctuary of the *Cabal's* henchmen, California, where cocaine, the drug of the *stars*, the luxury drug, used to arrive in tens or hundreds of kilos.

California is the world center of propaganda and *entertainment*, and the center of the CIA's ultra-secret totalitarian consciousness manipulation operations such as *MK-Ultra*. This situation of dependence on the South American cartels was unbearable for the official and occult powers in the USA, the only legitimate owners and manipulators of Americans' states of mind and their addictions.

It's always the same question of *control*.

In fact, the *Latinos'* control over the distribution of their product, and even over their own organizations, was far from total. In order to obtain the essential commodities for trafficking, such as weapons, means of communication, and relays in the consumer countries, they had to form alliances with the great world mafia, the Cabal. The Cabal provided weapons, training, information and outlets; the Cartels became so powerful that they were able, with their private armies, to stand up to or threaten governments and regular armies; they were also able to deal with revolutionary groups, or fight them, depending on the circumstances, waging private wars where governments were powerless. To give an idea of the level of collaboration, in 1995, in a raid against the Cali Cartel, a computer was found that was able to monitor all conversations in Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, including those of the embassies and the Ministry of Defense; this computer came from Israel, probably through Mossad, which is most difficult to distinguish from the secret Cartel of the Cabal in general.

In other words, the South American cartels were *held* and *controlled* by allies who would never hesitate, when the time came, to stab them in the back to recover the business for their own benefit. This is the most common practice of this gang, as can be seen, for example, in the practice of *loans* that

are impossible to repay, thanks to which they pay themselves *on the beast*; this has taken on an almost global dimension today.

At the beginning of the 80's, the American secret services, under the direction of Colonel Oliver North, a Jew who had passed through the elite *Marine* Corps, decided on a plan of attack to regain control of the cocaine traffic for their own benefit, as well as to carry out a few other operations. But it was not possible to have *gringos* who were too easy to spot take over the traffic directly, which would have led to an ongoing war with the *Latinos*. So it was necessary to use groups of *Latinos* who were totally dependent on the US Secret Service and the Cabal Cartel, who could supplant the Cali and Medellin Cartels and serve US interests. This is where Bandon and the *Contras* come in. Nicaragua has a long history of armed interventions by the US, which wants to preserve its interests there, or more precisely its control over the country, where US companies produce for the US market with a local workforce that is almost servile. Dynasties of local dictators, supported and armed by the *gringos*, have existed for a long time, and Bandon is part of this caste; he is somehow *ready to use*.

To prime the pump, it was necessary to attack the traffic managed directly by the Colombian cartels on the one hand, and on the other to facilitate trade using the Nicaraguan channel. Nicaragua was well located, about halfway between Colombia and the United States, but the Colombians had no particular interest in using intermediaries other than those they already had.

Officially, Reagan launched a spectacular *war on drugs*. In reality, whether Reagan knew it or not, this war was manipulated to destroy the Colombian cartels and the American intermediary George Jung, and to replace them with a network based on an alliance, the *Dark Alliance* according to Gary Webb, between US *government agents* and Nicaraguan exiles reconverted into traffickers. Reagan was not necessarily aware of the secret aspect of his war on drugs, as the secret services run by Oliver North and George H. W. Bush were completely out of his control and carried out their own policy, that of what we call the *Deep State* today. This is where Bandon comes in, following a path already traced by another Nicaraguan, Norwin Nemeses.

California and Hollywood had long been the impregnable bastions of the Cabal's henchmen, and also the place where the current president, Ronald

Reagan, had begun his career in an actors' syndicate more or less at the command of the cabalist henchmen of the studios. In the popular imagery, largely constructed by Hollywood, Chicago is the Mecca of gangsterism, mythically linked to the Italian mafia. But California can claim the rank of capital of crime in its modern version.

Suicide journalist Gary Webb began his investigation when, to his astonishment, he saw California's, and perhaps the USA's, leading cocaine trafficker being released from the courtroom without any form of trial after a CIA agent slipped a few muted words into the judge's ear. The lucky trafficker's name was Oscar Danilo Blandon. Webb had been *tipped off* to witness the mind-bending spectacle of this aborted trial before it had even begun, which was not supposed to become public. From there, he had investigated and developed the idea of a *Dark Alliance*, a dark or sinister alliance between government agencies at the highest levels and organized crime. But this idea of an *alliance* is based on a worldview that is largely outdated. In this view, it is an unnatural, unnatural alliance between entities that are normally separate. In reality, all of this is one and the same, at least since the *Opium War*, when, to the astonishment of the Chinese, the Western states joined forces to impose the criminal traffic of the Sassoon and Rothschilds on them. States and *services*, traffickers, financiers, propagandists, brainwashers, and criminals of all kinds work in collusion; this configuration has been given a name, the *Deep State*.

"From what I witnessed, the illicit drug and arms trade was the foundation of much of the American economy... A group of American officials were selling munitions to a nation with which we were at war.... What appeared to be the defense of our nation or the training of our troops was really drug shipping...the Presidents were generally well aware of this business...Everyone in a position of power in the government was well aware of these drug deals and their importance to the economy of our country. "

Brice Taylor, *Thanks for the Memories*, 1999

We will see that Colleen tells exactly the same story. The difference is that Colleen is known, that her murder made the headlines, that she is not in need of fame, whereas the one who writes under the pseudonym Brice Taylor, a complete stranger, can easily be disqualified as a fabulist who wants to make herself interesting.

The *Iran-Contra* scandal, only a few years after Colleen's assassination, will reveal some of the criminal manipulations of the Deep State, which, again through Israel, sold arms to Iran, supposedly an enemy of the US, to allegedly finance armed support for the Nicaraguan *Contras*. I do not know the history of the discovery of this traffic, but I know that no traces were found among the Israelis, the supposed intermediaries.

What will remain carefully hidden is that the planes loaded with arms headed for the *Contras* returned loaded with cocaine, that it is not at all certain that the arms shipments were all going to the *Contras*, and that, for equal weight, arms and cocaine do not trade at all at the same price. Moreover, the Sandinista government, the same one the *Contras* were fighting, was actively involved in the lucrative trade; it is better to go to the good Lord than to his saints, and to play both sides to maximize profits. The trafficker Barry Seal, a clandestine airplane pilot for the CIA, provided his protectors with a compromising photo of a Sandinista regime dignitary present at the drug shipment, a photo that was published, used to discredit the Sandinistas, and earned Barry Seal a bullet in the head. As they say in the expeditious language of the people, *all rotten*. Arms trafficking was a pretext, if not a cover, as probably were the *Contras*, who were a puppet army.

The relations between the various US agents and the South Americans are tangled up in an inextricable maze, the only thing that is more or less certain is that, on both sides, it was the politicians and various more or less official agencies that wrested the traffic from the hands of the street bandits who had established it, through alliances, treachery, liquidation. The clandestine arms traffic with Iran could serve as a cover, *just in case*, for the arms traffic with the *Contras* *for the good cause*, which hid a huge cocaine traffic flooding the US. Colonel Oliver North, a member of the *National Security Council*, will be questioned for the Iran-Contra affair, but the cocaine traffic will never be mentioned.

Oliver North, the main defendant, was charged with sixteen counts, including the complete destruction of all documents in his possession, but got off scot-free by playing up procedural flaws, which were largely bogus. A little less than thirty years later, Hillary Clinton, guilty of the same crime, has still not been worried, which shows that history is *moving forward*. Others will be indicted or convicted, including other Jews such as Secretary of

Defense Weinberger, but all will be pardoned by George H.W. Bush, now President.

For the record, Robert Kennedy, a sworn enemy of the Cabal conspiracy just like his brother John, was assassinated by a drugged Palestinian, most likely driven by a CIA *mind control* program, in California, Los Angeles, at the Ambassador Hotel, the same hotel where Colleen would appear sixteen years later with Coppola for the *8th Erotic Film Awards*, one week before she herself was assassinated. Kennedy and Colleen were Catholic and of Irish descent. They say that history is an eternal beginning.

Colleen was murdered by this all-powerful conspiracy of international cocaine traffickers, secret services and the so-called *Deep State*. The question is why, precisely. What could she possibly *know*?

The heart of the Shadow

"There is something rotten in the State of Denmark"

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*

The period when Colleen made, in *the* world of Hollywood, the encounters that would lead to her murder is completely hidden, under the seal of a secret that no one has transgressed. As much as comments abound on the period when she was a public person, a porn superstar, who could be surprised that I did not know who she was, as much her activities in the All-Hollywood are struck by a secrecy that is akin to the *secret defense*. The only information she let slip was that she was connected to big cocaine people, people far more important than her imprisoned Jake, and that she knew dangerous things. This short piece of information was not published until 2013 in *Hindsight*. Journalists were strangely quiet; no one apparently asked Francis Ford Coppola about what he might have known about Colleen, when of course he didn't make an appearance at her table at the *Erotic Film Awards* a week before she was murdered with a bang. The official story was that she was preoccupied with her affair with Jake, and no one mentions Coppola, as if he were an unimportant detail; this is obviously giving this Jake an importance he was far from having. And also, you don't meet Coppola by chance; you meet him somewhere, in a certain milieu, where you also know many other people of the same importance, and not necessarily in the cinema milieu, where people of Coppola's importance were not legion.

The immense invisible power of the media is overwhelming. Coppola's presence at Colleen's table was a remarkable and noticed *event*, it was photographed, filmed, and commented on by a highly impressed *Awards* presenter, director Henri Pachard. But in none of the writings about Colleen, whether in the mainstream press like the *Los Angeles Times*, or in erotic-pornographic magazines, is this presence mentioned; they will only talk about her relationship to pornography, drugs, or ultimately to her lover-guardian Ehrlich. No one seems to have explored the relationship between Coppola, her producer Frederickson, and Colleen, or at least no one talked about it, and it is as if this public appearance at the same table had never happened. No one apparently even looked into it; it's best not to upset people who have the level of power and influence to quietly murder a girl who just publicly flaunted herself with Coppola; did everyone understand that it was best to *keep quiet*? And although I was alerted, I too more or less erased this incident from my conscience; I treated it for a long time like everyone else, because I am no less naturally sheepish than anyone else, and when nothing points me to a lead, it's as if it didn't exist.

There's an amusing cognitive psychology experiment where you show people in a video doing an activity that requires attention, and a guy dressed as a gorilla walks by and does antics in the background, very visible to an *objective* eye, but not if the attention is fixed on a *scenario* where he has no place, and no viewer sees him. Maybe it's not so *funny* after all. We interpret before we *see*. This is why it is always important to remember that what propaganda changes is perception; it creates and makes people see a false reality that is superimposed on the real one and hides it. Directing attention to unimportant events hides the others; those who are decried as *conspiracists* are very often people who look away from what the media and propaganda show, and see in the film the gorilla that most do not see. The worlds of those who see and those who do not see do not meet; this is the basis of the fiction of the *Matrix* movie. Most of what is shown and said today, especially publicly, is false; the list is long and staggering. And, like the gorilla, everything is in front of our noses, visible, but not seen.

I was probably, without realizing it, heavily influenced by the media barrage, which emphasized the relationship with Jake, pornography, and suicide, so strongly that at first I doubted myself, Colleen, and what I had experienced with her. What if it was all a figment of my imagination? What if everything the media unanimously said was true? The power of the media,

which politicians like to call *consensus*, the political form of truth established by propaganda, is phenomenal, and few minds can resist it, even and especially if they imagine themselves free. The illusion of freedom is the best cover for enslavement. One can only think of recovering a bit of true freedom through the awareness of this enslavement. Obviously, this awareness is a disillusionment, very disturbing and very painful, which most people prefer to avoid.

But there's even more surprising. Apart from the death of a delightful twenty-year-old *Porn Queen*, the only fact by which Colleen Applegate could have had a small place in history was the presence of Coppola at her table in a so-called *erotic* film festival, but more exactly pornographic. But that fact has all but disappeared from the radar. And even when Colleen saw her friend Richard Pacheco in the aftermath, she talked to him first about the powerful people she had *a problem* with, not about Coppola and his career prospects, which was second on her list of concerns.

It is this totally secret part of her life, ignored by all but the *elite*, and perhaps Hollander, Ehrlich and some others, that Colleen will mainly talk about in her mediumistic interviews. It must be said that the surprise was total, nothing, absolutely nothing, suggested it; I had however informed myself as much as possible on Colleen's life and the circumstances of her death.

Psychic: "She had an unlimited ticket pass, because I think boys always sort of always wanted her, and you know, she must have had a boyfriend from being quite a young girl, but that as, it just feels to me as if men always wanted her to control her to be honest, because they thought that she could actually make them money, she could be popular, and because she got this wonderful personality, I think that she, that they just sort of around her. It's a very strange thing."

And indeed, she probably had unlimited access wherever she went, thanks to her beauty and ravaging charm, but that was probably not enough: she also had this access to all the places of Hollywood because she was *Colleen Applecoke*, a girl who was completely stoned all the time and from whom, *a priori*, one had nothing to fear, one could imagine that she was not aware of anything. This unlimited access, a rare phenomenon in highly exclusive places, is one of the keys to understanding Colleen's adventure into secret worlds.

Gifted people, like Colleen, attract the attention of the so-called elite and are very often *used*, especially if they are of relatively modest background, *come from nowhere*, and have no network to support, prevent, or defend them. This is also typically the case with Marilyn Monroe, and this is part of what I have in common with Colleen, with one difference, I have pretty much always turned down offers to *collaborate*. Many of the offers I've been made would be the stuff of dreams for the most ambitious of upstarts, and for some I don't even know how I've been able to turn them down, other than out of some kind of instinct, or a panic fear of being somehow trapped in an area to which I wouldn't have the keys, given my youth, inexperience with just about everything, and lack of family, clan, or other connections. It's pretty much impossible, in Colleen's case, to sort out what is due to her own ambition, her desire to *be somebody*, and what is due to the manipulations that used her natural gifts for their own ends.

I don't count anymore the attempts to use me, when I was young and available. They ranged from politicians to the arch-predatory high finance, and, somewhat more normally, to cultural circles. But unlike Colleen, I had read Nietzsche, and I had developed a kind of distrust, not totally instinctive, but which had been resurrected by this reading.

After starring in what was still, at the time, the small world of pornography that sold tapes by the millions based solely on the exhibition of a fairly small number of actors, Colleen was going to move into *the world*, or even the *better world* of Hollywood where she obviously had the right *ticket*, as a witness to Coppola's presence at her table during the *Erotic Film Awards* would note.

It is a phenomenon that would have deserved a minimum of investigation, but it was not. Move along, there's nothing to see.

What is the *best world of Hollywood*? The way it looks to the media and the *general public* is Hollywood fiction, and the reality is totally different. It is this reality that Colleen will experience, and her description of it is much the same as that of Brice Taylor, the *controlled slave* under the MK-Ultra enhanced hypnosis program, which was commissioned for much the same people and in much the same places, in California and Hollywood.

When we talk about celebrity *parties* in Hollywood, we always imagine the *worldly people* as they still existed in Europe in the 19th century, and in the beginning of the 20th. But the reality is closer to the one presented by

Stanley Kubrick in his *Eyes Wide Shut*; *Eyes Wide Shut* could be the name of a *mind control* program. For the record, this is Kubrick's last work, which will be presented truncated by a quarter of an hour on the screens even though he had a contract forbidding any cuts by the producers, but he had opportunely met his death just before the film's release.

Frederick Raphaels, co-writer with Kubrick of *Eyes Wide Shut*, reports in the book of the same name that he wrote about the film that Kubrick instructed him to see that any even indirect reference to Judaism was banned, or censored if you will, from the film. There was to be no apparent connection between the criminal cabal at the center of the plot and Judaism. Raphaels points out that Kubrick would have qualified this requirement with a comment: "Hitler was right about almost everything." This remark obviously did not go unnoticed. Commentators who want to avoid trouble say either that Kubrick was joking, which is rather curious in the context of someone being asked to erase all traces of Judaism, or that Raphaels invented it to denigrate Kubrick, which is also curious to say the least. Especially since Kubrick has never been inclined to the *politically correct* Jewish joke style of Allan Stewart Konigsberg, also known as Woody Allen, most of his films are no laughing matter, and it hasn't gotten any better over time. "Hitler was right about just about everything" is a line worthy of someone who feels the *tragic sense of life*, not a line from a joker with very bad jokes.

Most probably, given the location of the film cut, it was a scene of human sacrifice to the Almighty Lord, whatever his face, Moloch, Yahweh, Satan, Baphomet, Lucifer, or any other Almighty power originating from Middle Eastern totalitarianism to the taste of the cabalists.

In reality, corruption was already rampant among the *worldly people* in the 18th century, just read *Les liaisons dangereuses* by Choderlos de Laclos or *Justine, ou les infortunes de la vertu* by the Marquis de Sade. This phenomenon has only grown. But, in the mind of the general public, the illusion has remained, constantly fed by the *celebrity* media whose sole task it is. There is a *reverse side to the story*, and it is this *reverse side* that Colleen was able to see and experience.

The *parties* of the Hollywood elite are obviously not open, and even if Colleen had this kind of magic passport, you still have to be, at least in the early stages of adaptation, *introduced*.

At first, when I began to discover that Colleen, while living at Ehrlich's house and theoretically *with* him, had become a *party girl* who was at all the Hollywood parties, I had foolishly believed, following my own natural inclination, that she was thus freeing herself from Ehrlich's heavy tutelage and having a good time. It was probably partly true, she loved *parties*, especially those bathed in clouds of cocaine, but she was not escaping the control of Ehrlich, Hollander, the mafia in general; on the contrary, to this control were added others, even more powerful and more dangerous. It is a situation somewhat analogous to that of Marilyn Monroe, first launched and used by the Jewish mobster Mickey Cohen, then controlled by a whole sophisticated apparatus of surveillance installed at her home by the FBI, and God knows who was behind this apparatus to control her. This was in addition to the control by her two Jewish doctors, one of whom was a psychiatrist; Colleen refused this last type of control, which Ehrlich tried to impose on her.

In fact, Colleen wasn't just having a good time and advancing her career by being a *party girl* in Hollywood's *finest*. The mob had assigned her an intelligence assignment.

Psychic: "Someone else wanted information from the center of power and, since she was having an affair with someone, it seems like it could be very useful for certain corporations and certain people."

Colleen had a ticket everywhere because "men still wanted her," but that wasn't enough. She also had to be "available", "on the market", or, to put it another way, "for sale", and for that, her *training* by the Cabal's long-standing prostitution and pornography branch was essential.

Psychic: "This all happened because she was very well known, and she was on the market, if you will, she was available"

The situation is very tangled: the beautiful Colleen, put on *the market*, seduces important men of power who use her as a sex slave, the Jewish mafia who manipulated her and turned her into a willing slave wants her to be used to inform them, and Colleen thinks she can use what she knows to get away with it. The whole thing is an extremely dangerous game. Once again, it is a repetition, in a more sordid and criminal mode, of what happened to Marilyn Monroe, stuck between the mafia, Hollywood and political power.

Psychic: "She was killed because she spoke up or tried to speak up, or said she was going to speak up. I really feel that she said she was going to talk, that she was going to try to use what she knew, because she wanted to get out of their grip. And she knew a lot of things, she saw a lot of things. And she thought, I've got to play this carefully, because they're going to want to get rid of me. And so she was very careful, she was taking notes, she was very organized in her own way, and I really think she was having an affair with a very prominent politician. And she learned a lot of things from this person."

The Colleen I knew was a very young girl, bright, open, passionate, and seemingly infinitely candid. Just about everyone saw her as the embodiment of Innocence, the Eve before the apple. She was probably wrong about a lot of things, but she didn't try to deceive. When I had mentioned "a crime", she had not tried to deceive; she had cried and run away. That is why it is almost inconceivable to imagine her as a spy or double agent, and probably the innocence she radiated, which was not feigned, made her unsuspected.

Perhaps the *Chosen Ones* are really convinced, in their ethnic-religious paranoia, that the image of the *shiksas*, the European whore, blonde and stupid, beautiful idiot destined to satisfy the Jewish masters, is absolutely realistic. This was most likely what Henry Miller thought of his wife Marilyn Monroe, who was far from being an idiot and will complain about his sadism. Perhaps, too, many *shiksas* caught in the net resign themselves to playing the role they've been assigned to avoid trouble, like the one Colleen had with her Jake. But Colleen had a little untouchable zone, in another space-time, and that zone was the one she shared with me.

A good playwright could certainly draw from this kind of situation a whole scenario, exposing the play of the various actors, the conflicts, the advances, the retreats, the attempts, the revelations, the dissimulations, etc., imagine it yourself, all in a *glamorous* and *dark* atmosphere. A scenario of an excellent Hollywood movie, in a way.

George H. W. Bush: Deadly Party in Hollywood

Hollywood *parties* were the ideal place where all the ingredients of successful high-level communication were mixed: money, *glamour*, drugs, alcohol and sex. It was at these parties that informal meetings, which would have been difficult to arrange, especially between mafias and government agencies, could take place, in a *cool* atmosphere, and that business of extreme importance could be dealt with, without the need to arrange secret meetings.

In Hollywood, place of glamour, *party* and *stars*, *cool* place par excellence, place where the fantasy gods of the screens frolic, everything happens in the *parties*. In a good-natured *party*, alcohol and drugs, including the essential drug of coolness, cocaine, are omnipresent, as well as all sorts of accessories useful for the satisfaction of those who rise above ordinary humanity, such as very young girls or boys, or even children, which the most twisted souls are fond of. Apparent innocence, like Colleen's, is highly prized by demigods who, like Moloch or Yahweh, only like innocent, pure, unblemished victims.

These *parties* are the rallying point of a small crowd of powerful people, linked as much by their power of influence and decision as by their perversions, the two elements being intrinsically linked in this particular world.

The practice of *parties* as a meeting place for the so-called *elite* is so common, so habitual, so routine, that when the unofficial head of the *National Security Council*, Colonel Oliver North, told the commission investigating the scandalous *Iran-Contra* affair that he had arranged the traffic with an Iranian intermediary *in the bathroom*, it came as only a mild shock; the *toilets* at a private party were obviously an ideal place for all sorts of transactions while avoiding embarrassing witnesses, and North's statement was perfectly unverifiable; we know today that in the so-called *Iran-Contras* affair, the revealed arms trafficking was a cover for cocaine trafficking, which was considerably more important in terms of revenue and implications. It will be seen that in Colleen's story, curiously, the *bathroom* mentioned by Oliver North in his public hearing will be of great importance.

Perhaps even, who knows, North was impressed enough with Colleen's *bathroom* story to unload it on the Congressional Inquiry Committee.

Many people know about the fabulous *Bohemian Grove parties* that bring together members of the world's *elite* at the beginning of the summer in a sort of huge closed summer camp in the middle of a redwood forest in California. This *party* is originally homosexual, and women are still excluded, except to satisfy the needs of heterosexuals, but only during the day and in a restricted space. Having a homosexual fraternity running the affairs of the world, I'm not sure that's very good for the future of this planet, as homosexuals have somehow cut themselves off from reproduction and evolution. Most American presidents since Johnson, who took over for the assassinated Kennedy, have gone through the *Bohemian Grove*, especially *Skull and Bones* members like the Bush. It seems that the terrible decision to create the atomic bomb was made at the *Bohemian Grove*; one suspects that other horrors followed. The central ritual of the great *party* is the sacrifice in fire of a child, officially in effigy, to a Molochian deity vaguely shaped like an owl, but more reminiscent of the winged Ishtar with Semitic raptor feet than the owl of the wise Athena. It is a question, by this sacrifice, of getting rid of *Care*. *I don't care*, that is to say *I don't give a damn*. Everyone can say one day or another: "I don't give a damn", but here, it is a secret ceremony where powerful people congratulate each other and applaud the idea of not giving a damn about humanity. The same ones who will have, in public, the *Human Rights* that spill out of their mouths continuously.

The Hollywood parties replicate the *Bohemian Grove* mega-party, continuously, all year round. With more cocaine, more very young and pretty girls and more young boys, more *stars* of all kinds, but the background sauce, the ideology that brings all these people together, is the same. It is called, globally, the *hatred of humanity*. The same hatred, unchanged, that Tacitus described in the 1st century, which, instead of being eradicated, has reached the summit of power.

Colleen had become a *party girl*. In fact, after I *failed* her around the end of March-beginning of April, Easter time, she will act in at least one more film, after getting a haircut which she used to wear quite long; according to the outdoor scenes it is between spring and summer. Then she will hang around Hollander's house for a while, hanging out with the drug dealer Ehrlich, and then she will move in with him, probably spending the summer

there. Three months later, at Christmas and New Year's, she would be entertained at the most lavish *parties*; in the meantime, there had probably been a considerable number of lesser parties, and she must have been speeding up all the ranks, even becoming along the way the chief liaison to the master of the *National Security Council*, Oliver North, meeting with Coppola, etc. All of this undoubtedly makes for a busy schedule, where *Colleen Applegate's last love* Jack seems to act more as a butler, responsible for maintaining and feeding the *star* with cocaine, than as a lead actor.

Among the incessant Hollywood parties, there were exceptional parties, immensely sumptuous, where the cream of the crop would get laid. And among these parties, those given by Reuben Sturman every year-end were very popular. Sturman was the Jewish mafia pornography mogul who controlled virtually the entire pornography network and had amassed a considerable fortune and connections, and these parties, where influential people from various walks of life rubbed shoulders, were an opportunity to create contacts, alliances, and strategies in a world where no eavesdroppers were allowed. No one could better describe Sturman than the FBI investigator who was assigned to follow his case:

"Reuben Sturman learned to be the nicest guy in the world. (But) he was probably the most diabolically evil person I think I've ever investigated. Up front, he's one way, but behind the scenes, he was absolutely ruthless."

I don't know if the parties Colleen went to in late '83 were those, but it seems pretty likely. After all, the mob openly controls the most popular nightclubs, as well as *entertainment*, prostitution and pornography in the same blurred *environment*, and it's not very surprising that they can also organize lavish parties for the so-called *enlightened* elite.

The parties form the setting for a kind of tragedy, a tragedy in which there are several scenes. This is perhaps the most extraordinary aspect of Colleen's story: one could believe that it was *written*, because it follows almost all the rules of the tragic genre.

To make a tragedy, you have to organize the meeting of two components: a situation, rotten if possible, and most of the time invisible, and an event that will *precipitate* things. My meeting with Colleen was already, from this point of view, *tragic*, except that it was a tragedy whose end was not seen, which remained discontinued. And in a way, my meeting with Colleen was

predictable, it was an inevitability. A good tragedy, on the other hand, often uses a *deus ex machina*, a being, an event that will trigger the tragic machine. In Shakespeare's Hamlet, it is the ghost of the murdered king, in Sophocles' Oedipus, it is the seer Tiresias. In Colleen's story, it is an unexpected event, an event that had little chance of happening, that should not have happened. An event like we usually only see in Hollywood dramas. I may be exaggerating, but it was a *Hollywood* event in every way. We know that Hollywood itself is the model for most of its creations, including the most sordid and appalling, but can it also create its own form of reality? Can it set its own scene, install its own actors? This question is strange, too strange, in a world where space-time don't knows local particularities, but, in fact, what is really certain in this immense complexity?

Colleen's story unfolds like a well-plotted script. You already know the ending, her murder, an ending that is no longer entirely a surprise. What is hidden is how the story unfolds, and, of course, who is responsible. Among the best Hollywood productions are ambiguous films, where there is an uncomfortable doubt about who is doing what, or even who is who. The reality, often shocking, is revealed at the very end. We have such a scenario.

A party before Christmas

Colleen participated in two major parties, one before Christmas, and the other between Christmas and New Year's Eve 1984.

Before these summit parties, she had been to many others, where more or less the same characters gravitated. And she had seen and heard many things, more or less vague and scattered, before being able to make the link between all.

Psychic: "During that sort of *party*, for what of a better word, before Christmas if she was part of she had seen quite high-ranking people being with call-girls, taking drugs, exchanging money, having sex, sometimes with each other, a lot of them were also homosexuals, and I think that at that time, it was not good for public image if you like. And a lot of things going on here, a lot of things that could be very interesting, and she also saw some people who were from the film world who were again, you know, revered as heterosexual people but certainly did not behave that way at this party"

Indeed, Brice Taylor also points out that the elite are highly pedophilic or homosexual, or both. We see in their encounters "perversion in the highest degree". Most secret societies are homosexual, or at least have homosexual rituals. Perversion, in the highest degree, is consubstantial with this *elite*, it has nothing to do with chance.

Psychic : "I think that she... just went up to somebody, and it feels that she almost teasingly set, there was, somebody using to have, to be Italian, Italian background, and somebody who she seemed to quite like, got up on very well, I can see her talking to this person, quite a handsome person with nice hair and nicely dressed but he was fingering down her chest, sort of between her breasts, and she was, well, being a little mink slut like she could be she was playing it for all she could and she did go off, I mean you may not like me saying this because they go off and they had sex and as they were lying there he was telling her quite a lot and this is there also they had a lot of drink after their session and he suddenly realized that perhaps he had said too much so he just cut everything off abruptly, he said he had to go, he had to leave the party but he was involved with a type of mafia and that's how he had risen to his position, his fame and I think that she really started to put two and two together."

The crux of the matter is the link between the criminal world and the world of power and finance. We speak of a *link* by convention, because in fact it is one and the same world, which has one origin, a particular group or nation, enemy of all others.

Psychic: "She went back to the party and unbeknown to her, somebody actually talked about, he, this man did not actually say anything to anybody because he would be in trouble if he done that but somebody else noticed her go off with him and they knew that this man might be a little bit indiscreet to put it politely. (sigh) So she was being watched a little bit."

There is not much choice in finding the handsome mobster who seduced Colleen, or whom Colleen seduced, and who *tipped* her *off*. Most of the *Italian-style* mobsters according to the psychic, but more likely South American, are extremely ugly. Only one stands out, the Mexican Juan Matta-Ballesteros. It turns out that in 1983-84, he lived in Van Nuys, a Los Angeles neighborhood near Hollywood, where Colleen also had her personal

apartment, kept although she lived most of the time in Palm Springs at the home of the *stars' dealer* Ehrlich. Quoting Wikipedia:

"In the early 1980s, Matta was involved in major drug trafficking operations. In 1984, he was indicted for his role in a ring located in Van Nuys. The discovery of the ring in 1981 led to the seizure of 114 pounds (53 kilos) of cocaine and \$1.9 million in cash, and, based on records found with the drugs, prosecutors estimated that the ring had generated \$73 million in just nine months."

I don't know exactly how much cocaine that 73 million is, or 180 million today. But it's wholesale, big wholesale. The Hollywood market was flourishing. Colleen used about a gram a day when she was at full capacity, and if you take into account the festive periods, she must have been approaching the almost astronomical quantity of half a kilo a year. If this figure is exaggerated, 250 grams seem a definite minimum.

Matta had managed to network the famous Colombian cartel of Medellin, at the heart of coca production, and the Mexican cartel of Guadalajara, well connected to the USA, which was probably an achievement. In any case, he was a very high level mafioso, intelligent and dangerous, far from the Ehrlich or Sachs-Hollander. And, another interesting point, this was not a question of the *Contras*, of pseudo-freedom, of politics and arms trafficking, as in the famous *Iran-Contra* scandal; this was trafficking, pure and simple, criminal without *excuse* or *pretext*, which was invited to the best parties in Hollywood - and in the USA, indeed in all of America.

It must be understood, however, that *to a criminal, a criminal and a half*. Matta, like Colleen, was of Catholic origin, he as *Latino*, she as Irish *shiksa*. In the world of Hollywood, they were *useful objects*, he because of his prominent position in the cocaine network, she because of her youth, her beauty and charm, and her interest as a prized sex object. They were not, by birthright, part of the club, or the gang, or the Kabbalah. Their relationship was not *under control*, while they were individually controlled, Colleen to the highest degree, and probably, Matta too. That they both opened up, that they both *talked*, is easily understood: in somewhat different circles, they shared the same experience, and this allowed Colleen to *begin to understand* what I had had a simple impression or intuition of, a little over a year before.

Colleen would be liquidated some time later, and Matta would end up in a US *maximum security* prison the same year. Much more powerful criminals had used them, then discarded them when they became troublesome. Quite possibly, Matta had made himself invaluable through the cocaine flows he managed, but the Dark Alliance of Blandon and the U.S. Secret Service would eventually eliminate him. And Colleen says it was Blandon who eliminated her as well, on orders from the Secret Service.

"There is more darkness in the United States than anyone would ever, ever imagine."

A *party* before the New Year

Then there was a second year-end *party*, a New Year's *party*, after Christmas.

Psychic: "Then there was another party breeding sort of, just after Christmas, a New Year thing. And she was not going to go, but she was persuaded to go."

She could have been *persuaded* by Ehrlich and Hollander, looking for useful information, or by some *elite* looking for a juvenile *superstar* to fuck to celebrate the New Year with dignity, or by all of them at once. In the wake of Matta-Ballesteros' revelations, she must have thought that *it stank*, that it was better to keep a low profile, and that it was dangerous to insist. A hunch that turned out to be true.

Psychic: "And she went on, it was, it was quite good, she thought it would be useful for her, because she did like parties, she liked being with people and she liked the fact that people might notice her. And she was a very stunning girl with a very sort of innocence about her and some ways that people found irresistible. Women found her irresistible too."

In this sumptuous property, place of an orgy of the elite of the elite, *Colleen Applecoke* was perfectly in her place, and one can even think that the party would have been spoiled without her; she was there to, among other things, serve as a luxury sexual object for the most powerful. And it was during one of these sexual encounters with a character named George, and another person, that she happened to overhear some very confidential things.

Psychic: "It went all that way because she was quite well-known and, again I am sorry to have to say this, but she was on the market, if you like, was available, as she thought it would be the right thing for her, she thought she was clever but she did not realize the people who she was dealing with, the power that they had, because, whoever this person was, he was getting what he wanted, was sort of young girls."

And that's where the drama began.

Psychic: "It was at that party I think where she overheard something, because she was in the bathroom and, they had thought that she gone, but she had been taking drugs.

And that feels that she overheard, I think that is really interesting, something about Cabal, control, corporation."

Who is George?

Psychic: "It's interesting, because the more of thinking of this man George, the more of thinking he has to do with... people who are very close to the White House and somebody there in the House very much into... control, using people, sex, and I don't know, he is high ranking, very high ranking person, much older than Lena, and she really thought that she could go places because of this person but she did know that he had cockiness in his eyes, she did know that he was certainly not the type of person she thought she could trust, he had glasses, there is something homely about him, yes he looks like a statesman, but there is something homely, but I said his wife is like a Stepford wife, and I know he had two sons, don't know if he has daughters but I know he talked about his sons. But he was somebody wielded a lot of power."

Psychic: "This man was a stalwart of the community that nobody would ever know exactly what he was involved in; he was very rich, he had a family, a wife who was a little bit like a Stepford wife, if you like, who enjoyed the high office, but this official, he enjoyed call girls and things like that, and he just really did not think anything of them, he just used them for himself, and that's exactly what's been happening, and I know you might not like me saying this, but that's exactly what had been happening when she overheard what was actually going on, because they thought that she actually left when she actually gone into the

bathroom and had been taking a bit more cocaine and actually passed up, and when she came out she heard these plans being discussed.”

The high dose of cocaine was probably what was needed to *forget* or erase what she had just been through, which made her *high* abnormally long. It was the same situation, or worse, that she told me she absolutely needed cocaine to do her *job*. And she woke up in the middle of a conversation in the next room where she had been *used* in her new *job*.

The descriptions converge on a single character, George H.W. Bush, who had directed the CIA for a time and was President of the United States in 1989. It is this character who will make the declaration of the *New World Order* project, on September 11, 1990, exactly 11 years before the *terrorist* operation to destroy the World Trade Center towers and to establish a state of emergency.

Cabalists often use numbers that have occult significance to them; the conjunction of 9 and 11 is one of them. 911 is the police number in the USA. More surprisingly, the number of the house where the drama of Bunuel's *The Exterminating Angel*, inspired by the Bible and the Apocalypse, is played out is 1109 Providence Street.

According to Brice Taylor, the *kind of young girls* that Bush asked for, for lack of a more precise name, extended to 3 or 4 year old girls. Brice Taylor is an ex-sex slave of the highest level under *mind control* of the MK-Ultra program of the CIA, one of whose controllers was the German Jew Henry Kissinger, one of the heroes of the *denazification* exercising his talents as a criminal slaver in *free* America.

George H. W. Bush is the heir to a wealthy family, and an initiate of the Masonic fraternity *Skull and Bones*, just like his father and sons. Future boss of the CIA and future president of the United States, he was in Dallas on November 22, 1963, the day of Kennedy's assassination; also in Dallas were two criminals, terrorists that he had freed, and who would also be used as secret agents of the CIA in the so-called "Iran-Contra" operation. Bush never answered questions about his presence in Dallas that day, in such good company; probably suffering from early Alzheimer's, he does not remember anything.

In a very famous speech, J.F. Kennedy attacked "secret societies" and "secret oaths" that are incompatible with a "free and open" society. His

assassination would seal in blood the triumph of the alliance between the Cabal Cartel crime empire, the secret services born out of the Cabal's victory in World War II, and the United States government; not the first assassination of a President, but the first that would be followed by the direct ascension to power of a Cabal accomplice, L.B. Johnson. A little over twenty years later, after the presidency of Hollywood puppet Ronald Reagan, who was in office when Colleen was assassinated, it would be one of the criminals involved in the Kennedy assassination, George H. W. Bush, who would become president.

In the meantime, other actors have appeared, true *geniuses of evil* comparable to the *Jew of Malta* put in the spotlight by Christopher Marlowe, Shakespeare's contemporary, who was murdered a few years after his play was published.

Psychic: "Of course he was rewarded tremendously, and he was given anything he wanted in exchange for it besides money, and I'm sure you understand the kind of things he could ask for. So it was a very interesting time, I think there were people from that corporation that she could see the involvement with them, and I feel like there was also something else, because I hear a voice, it was someone else, there was someone there whose name was Joey or Cal who somehow was connected to that corporation and... it's hard, there's all these names floating around, but the men were manipulating her terribly, and it was hard for her, she didn't trust any of them to tell you the truth, but she was trying to use them as they were using her, and I feel like she thought she was smart enough to deal with them, but she didn't really know what she was dealing with. And I feel like there were some interesting things that were going on with her that were going on, she thought she was in control, but she wasn't."

You can see that Bush was paid, handsomely, by the *corporation*. He was simply used. Like the president of the time, Ronald Reagan, like almost all presidents since the cabal took over the finances of the USA, Bush is only a puppet, a *free* slave, who obeys instructions and is paid for it. His perversions are, in the perspective of a possible blackmail, useful elements for his controllers, a *plus in* a way. Of all the people who participated in the parties Colleen was at, very few, if any, really knew the *plan*: all or almost all of them were following instructions. At this level, *corruption* is a mild

understatement. Corruption is only the beginning of the process; the result is nothing less than golden slavery.

The popular image of slavery is that of poor defenseless people in chains, and this is how the Jews have passed themselves off as the innocent victims of terrible powers since Egypt, but the reality is quite different: the first target of corruption and slavery is the elite, whereas the people on the contrary tend to resist. It was the sell-out Cromwell who imposed against the people the return of the Jews to England, then the Bank, then a whole series of horrors culminating in the invasion by Third World hostile criminals, and it's happening the same way everywhere. It is the elite that is corrupted and enslaved, against the people, who resist slavery. The resistance movements against the Cabal have understood this perfectly.

Unfortunately, the part where Colleen mentions the *corporation* is rather confusing, and I have not been able to find the exact names yet. What is certain is that there are people. There are certainly researchers who are more knowledgeable than I am who might have some information about who exactly these people are. They are certainly on the side of the Cabal, of high finance, and former followers of Moloch.

Mafia "democracy"

Psychic: "That is something that she overheard because I feel that this person can be in government, it could be... somehow how certain things could be managed so the drugs could move around the country, and move maybe from South America up to... I take it, California or, you know, the America anyway, cause I am not sure where, it seems that it is California. And, it is something to do with, maybe a governor or somebody who is connected with the government."

Psychic: "I look at this George now, I see, I see a man with glasses, an ordinary looking man, kind of a statesman, but ordinary, but really he was involved in a lot of things. There were people there from this corporation, whatever it was, and it was a means by which they could distribute things that could be subliminal messages in this product whatever it was, and they were connected with this man, this George, who would allow these things to cross countries and borders without any problem."

It was, long before Gary Webb discovered it, the network of what he called the *Dark Alliance*. The difference is that Webb describes what he

knows, what is apparent and exists for all to see: the CIA, the National Security Council, the drug cartels, cocaine. What is pervasive in what Colleen describes is something else entirely, what she calls "the Corporation" or "the Cartel," which is a specific organization with specific plans, not a dark alliance of circumstance, whose motives would be unclear, except for money.

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Psychic: "She had heard something very, mmm, something of national importance to say the least, and also she had seen, mmm, I'm going to say something, but it could have been the president of the United States at the time (*note: no, actually it was the vice president*), I don't remember who it was at the time, but it seems to be someone of extremely high office, he was partying at another celebrity's house, and Colleen had seen an awful lot of stuff that she knew was dynamite. And she had stayed in the bathroom, but when she finally came out, it struck people that she had been there, and that she might have heard some of the things that were being discussed. It had nothing to do with her, but something of national importance. And I think that, how can I put it, she tried to *play*, because in many ways I think she was a good actress, I don't know if that was what she was doing, but she was a good actress, the kind that takes everything lightly, but there was a hint."

To arouse the suspicions of these characters, just after her conversation with Juan Matta-Ballesteros, was the worst that could happen to her. And it can be said that this time she had little to do with it; it is really as if fate had manipulated her to hear, and then to testify.

As soon as she was suspected, the surveillance machine was set in motion.

Psychic: "Because of her youth, she couldn't have handled it a little better. There was a meeting about her, and that meeting discussed the things she had seen, the things she knew. They decided then that

someone was going to try to stop her, try to find out exactly what she knew."

Psychic: "So later a group of men, with a woman, get together to find out if this girl had heard anything. And they decided to keep an eye on her. It became obvious to Colleen that she had, and I think she wanted to keep pretending that she didn't know anything, but eventually someone grabbed her by the wrist, I should say, right after she had some kind of session with them, I mean a sex session, someone scared her, and she had to admit that she had heard something.

So there were threats against her, and they warned her that if she talked to anyone, it would really be the end of her. She promised, promised she wouldn't talk. But for a while, there was, how can I say, a whole surveillance on her."

Psychic: "She actually talked to several people, and unfortunately, she talked to the friend I mentioned, the one she calls her best friend. And I think they were made aware of it. You had tried to warn her, and you would have really helped her. But you know, she really believed that she could handle it all."

Psychic: "But when they found out that she had talked, they caught her, and actually they didn't charge her directly with that, but they charged her with something else, so that she would know that she was in danger. But she decided that maybe she knew too much, rather than tell them anything. She says she put something on a tape, it's hidden somewhere, a box, a safety deposit box, but she names them all and they've never been able to get it from her where it is, it's somewhere and it will be found someday, but not for about twenty years."

Psychic: "There was a lot going on with drugs, sex, secrets, and matters of national importance. At the end, she says she would talk, because she says she had contacts, maybe in other countries, people who would want to know what was going on, and I think that's when they made the decision to kill her."

Psychic: "At first she thought she could have it all, she thought she could have what she wanted, and she thought they would pay her back. And in fact, maybe that was one of the things that was planned for her in the beginning, but unfortunately, those promises would never come true. They asked her to be patient, and she was, and she was given a lot of money, and she thought she was really successful.

But there were a lot of hidden facts, a lot of things she didn't know. And these are things that you suspected, but didn't really know. She told me that looking back, it should have been very clear that she was not a big fish in a small pond, but a small fish in a very big pond. And she began to be afraid."

The accidental bathroom episode abruptly crystallized two events that had previously been in a floating state, or as it were undecided: on the one hand Colleen was suddenly able to connect a bunch of things she had seen or heard in the ordinary encounters of this *elite*, but without really giving them any meaning or attention, on the other hand it became clear to the outsider that the scatterbrained, drugged-up blonde who could be *used* sexually might be capable of understanding what was going on in the universe where she was shining.

In reality, the South American drug deal was only the most conspicuous, or crude, aspect of a much larger plot, and Colleen may have understood something about it. Indeed, she was the regular mistress of the master organizer of this plot, Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North.

Oliver North, the Moloch principle

Oliver North

Colleen had a regular relationship with *one person*, and episodic relationships with others, because she was in high *demand*. This person was not connected to the movie business, but to the drug business, and to the secret service. He was the mastermind of the *Dark Alliance* between South American cocaine traffickers and the US *services*, including the CIA and the military, the damned soul of the all-powerful *National Security Council*, Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North. A guy whose plans could make or break many ambitions, and even many lives.

Psychic: "There was someone of even higher rank that she was having an affair with, it wasn't this George guy, she was sleeping with him, but that doesn't make it an affair, and I'm hearing that it was someone else who I think was strongly connected to the security of the country, it wasn't the president of course, it wasn't the vice president, but it could have been someone who was working there in a high level position."

According to the psychic's perceptions, Oliver North has more power than George Bush; in fact, George Bush used to run the CIA, but the NSC, *National Security Council*, is a body that can command the army, the CIA, Homeland Security, basically all the more or less official and secret security administrations. The National Security Council can, in the name of national *security*, take coercive *emergency measures*, suspending all the constitutional guarantees that protect citizens; it is not difficult to understand how, eventually, criminals can use this pretext under a state of emergency that they have fabricated.

It is also not difficult to see that a pandemic, real or imaginary, is an excellent pretext for installing such a *state of emergency*.

Colleen's affair with Oliver North duplicated in many ways her affair with Ehrlich, except that Ehrlich was a cocaine addict and North was an alcoholic; both were Jewish, and both beat the pretty, blond, poorly subdued *shiksa*, because the hatred accumulated in the sacrificial Chosen One's Moloch syndrome has to find outlets. The *chosen* slavers have a *divine right* over their victims.

In fact, going from the world of human flesh and sex traffickers, cocaine and the like, to the world of the great criminals preparing for the New World Order ruling over a world of slaves, was very easy; as I said Colleen had been *prepared* or *trained*, and the basic codes of these two worlds, which are supposed to be opposite, are the same. All of these criminals have a common culture that is easily recognizable.

Oliver North was certainly not excluded when Colleen said in a psychic interview:

"There is more darkness in the United States than we could ever, ever imagine"

Let's dive into the world of Darkness. This world that the secret agent Christopher Marlowe evokes in his *The Famous Tragedy of The Rich Jew of Malta*, where Machiavelli appears to recite the prologue:

"I come not, I,
To read a lecture here in Britain,
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are cramm'd;
Which money was not got without my means."

The *means* whose effectiveness Machiavelli praises, lies, duplicity, intimidation, slander, and all kinds of crimes, are known. He who wants the end wants the *means*. When Marlowe had his play performed, the English public was scandalized - rightly or wrongly, the people of *Merry England*, the happy England of the time, where the Jews were banished, thought they were protected from this hell.

The real Machiavelli, who was himself a cleric, a religious man, exposes with great composure, in his work, what characterizes power:

"I want to go to Hell, not to Heaven. In the former I will enjoy the company of popes, kings and princes, in the latter there are only beggars, monks and apostles."

In today's terms, it sounds like he's a *conspiracy theorist*.

In a very famous speech, J.F. Kennedy attacked "secret societies", "secret oaths", which are incompatible with a "free and open" society. Kennedy was very fond of Marlowe, which is a rare taste. We know how he ended up.

Marlowe was also murdered in an unexpected *accident* during an alleged drunken quarrel, and his killers were not worried.

I do not know Oliver North's background, which led him to participate in the *National Security Council* when he was officially only a lieutenant colonel in the Marines, a subordinate position. One can only guess that the combination of a Judaic origin, giving him a status of Chosen One above the mass of other humans, and the training of the Marines, which creates elite soldiers and "killing machines", undoubtedly produces a form of being particularly ruthless, bordering on monstrosity. This is perhaps the profile sought for this National Security Council, whose decisions are secret.

North adds to his abilities as a ruthless and extremely dangerous schemer the ability to play the role of the scorned and persecuted innocent. When he had to explain himself during the Congressional investigation of the Iran-Contra scandal, in which the real trafficking, that of cocaine, was never mentioned, he claimed, with his hand on his heart as a great patriot, that he had acted for the sake of *freedom*, to help the unfortunate Nicaraguans to free themselves from the socialist yoke, which was so dangerous for *democracy*; the press will portray him as a victim of his humanitarian ideals, a hero harassed by the enemies of Freedom; his picture will illustrate the cover of major magazines.

Although all these people are Jews, the mobsters who do business as usual, drugs, prostitution, and various kinds of trafficking, such as Sachs-Hollander and Ehrlich, are not in the secret of the big ones. Although everyone, religious or not, knows the final fulfillment of Yahweh's promise to give all the earth "which is his" to his chosen people, Judaism has retained a very strict hierarchy within it between the noble or pure-blooded races, the cutthroat priests or *kohens* at the top, then the tribe of Levites from which they are descended, and a whole hierarchy of classes below.

In his quarrel *Against Apion*, Apion being an Egyptian who was very critical of Jewish exactions in his country, the kohen Yossef ben Matityahu Ha Cohen alias Flavius Josephus, in the 1st century, in response to accusations describing the Jews as a race of criminal plunderers, said that he was of a "pure race", i.e., not mixed with lower castes. This caste system is one of the best possible for the complete lock-in of a totalitarian system, as is the Judaic system and its pale imitation, the Christian system; it is also, of course, one of the worst possible for a system based on flexibility and free

choice, such as democracy. The worst dictatorships deify their leaders and their lineage, as is the case in North Korea, for example; it is an application of the Moloch principle. Some so-called *conspiracy* analysts speak of *bloodlines*. And, as Colleen makes clear, the very powerful people she was in contact with, public figures, did *not know everything* themselves, those who did *know everything* about the plan that was being put in place were hidden.

The rule is the same as in a secret army: the executors only obey orders, and no strategy is explained to them, which they could foolishly disclose to the enemy, i.e. humanity in general. The same rule is applied in Freemasonry, or in criminal terrorist groups. That's why, in the *parties*, people of relatively low rank didn't know what exactly the plans were, and that's also why Colleen had been given a spying mission by the Hollander and Ehrlich's subordinate mafia. This was certainly not a good idea, because Colleen, poorly controlled, could perfectly well *drool* outside in her native milieu. Which she did, among other things, with her friend Brenda, who betrayed her.

The knowledge of these plans is of extreme importance for humanity, the New World Order being an absolute totalitarian plan. This plan is absolutely, decisively criminal, and Colleen will be one of its first and most obvious victims in the heart of Western, I should say Judeo-Western, power, with the original Westerners being only its servants or victims.

Before coming to Oliver North's contributions, which are decisive, and which make him a kind of evil genius, an incarnation of Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, intelligence agent and playwright, it is necessary to describe the already established framework of the play in which he will excel.

The Deep State

The Deep State is the semi-secret structure, controlled by the Cabal, which will be progressively set up in the West, destroying little by little the fundamental rights of the people in order to concentrate power in the hands of a criminal totalitarian *elite*.

In the early days, the main weapon of this elite was usury, finance and trade; this situation began at least at the beginning of our era, and was strongly favored by Christianity and then Islam, which prohibited usury

among believers and did not systematically expel the Jews; the powers that be made many arrangements with them to the detriment of the people.

The main steps were the creation of private Central Banks, including the one in London, and then the American *Federal Reserve Bank* in 1913.

It is from the creation of the *Fed*, and especially after the Anglo-Soviet victory of 1945 against the European nationalists, that the Deep State in its modern form will be structured. Oliver North was to play an important role in this new structuring: it was to move from the dictatorship of money, which was insufficient to achieve all its objectives, to the real original system, the system of terror and absolute obedience to the principle of Moloch. All the actions of the Deep State will be directed in this direction. These Machiavellian *plans* are in no way modern, except in their means; their model, which has always been patiently maintained in cabalist circles, is arch-archaic. This makes them totally incomprehensible to people who are used to a totally different universe.

The Deep State is not the Cabal, or what Colleen has often heard of as a *corporation*, or what she calls a *conspiracy*, it is an interface; it is part of what can be called the chain of command, without being the head of it.

This Corporation, whatever its real name, existed long before it was able to install its official and occult tools of power, thanks to the end of the Second World War. Some tools are specifically American, like the CIA, the FBI, the NSC, etc., others are worldwide, like the IMF, the United Nations, UNESCO, the WHO, the European Union, etc.; the steering of the whole affair is in the USA, and more precisely in that great laboratory of brain manipulation that is Hollywood.

The tone was set just after the war, with two joint events, the *Macy Conferences*, which had as their goal the eradication, at least psychically, of Western *authoritarian man*, and the Declarations of so-called Universal Human Rights, in reality Rights privileging Jews and Nature's *underprivileged* races against the immemorial natural rights of Westerners to their lands, their property, and even their cultures. These *wicked laws* privileging Jews and *disadvantaged races* against all natural rights, and against all natural evolution and selection of species and races since life has existed, are the necessary basis of the *conspiracy*, from which the criminals are conveniently protected - without any real protest movement having arisen in the Western populations stunned by the war and its propaganda.

It is on this fertile ground that the institutions of the conspiracy will flourish, all of which will work relentlessly, according to their means, to establish a world tyranny, destroying all the principles that made humanity.

The CIA will illustrate itself by its capacities of disinformation, its expertise of *false flag* attacks, the systematic use of the most rotten means, and especially, for what interests me the most, the experimentation of *mind control* systems, mental control by violent hypnosis systems, in the so-called *MK-Ultra*, *Artichoke* projects, for those that have been denounced, probably followed by others of which we have no trace. When these projects were revealed, the monsters who were responsible for them claimed with great unanimity to be directed by a *Nazi*, the untraceable *Dr. Green*, brought to the USA by the *Paperclip* operation which had stolen from Germany its best talents, together with its patents; the information about the monstrous *Dr. Green* appears in all the writings about *MK-Ultra*, because, of course, only a *Nazi* can be a monster. How this *Nazi* monster was able to lead almost exclusively Jewish teams remains a mystery; one has to imagine poor innocent Jews being fooled, hypnotized or whatever by an all-powerful monster, and the only one responsible for the whole thing, of course.

The activities of the CIA will soon raise concerns among the people's representatives. In 1975, the *Church Committee* investigated the CIA's secret and illegal activities, a euphemism for its criminal activities. In 76-77, in the middle of the investigation, its director was George H.W. Bush; the investigation was not followed by much effect. This is what Senator Church said:

"If this government were to become a tyrant, if a dictator were to take over this country, the technology that the intelligence agencies have provided to the government could enable it to impose a global tyranny, and there would be no way to counterattack, because the most careful attempts to create an alliance to resist the government, no matter how private, can be known by this government. Such is the capacity of this technology.

I never want to see this country cross a bridge over that abyss. I know that there is the capacity there to make tyranny total in America, and we have to make sure that this agency and all agencies that have this technology stay within the legal framework, and under proper

oversight, so that we never cross that abyss. It is an abyss from which there is no coming back."

The media, owned at that time largely by the same people who had created the CIA, accused Church and his committee of being "traitors" and "un-American". According to them, traitors endangered *security*, and *security* would become the argument that would be put forward at every challenge, without wanting to notice, of course, the close connection between this *security* and all the *security* policies of totalitarian states.

Oliver North was a prominent member of the *National Security Council*, and therefore very well placed to elaborate the implementation of *security* measures, *for the good* of the people, necessary for the establishment of a totalitarian order. And it can be said that in this field he showed an ingenuity worthy of the sinister Machiavelli.

At the National Security Council, Oliver North was in charge of liaison with FEMA, the *Federal Emergency Management Agency*, which is responsible for *states of emergency*, mainly those resulting from an attack, whether conventional or terrorist. FEMA is the agency that would have built internment camps in remote areas of the United States that could house tens of thousands of people. North was the grand master of states of emergency. Responding to states of emergency, such as natural disasters, or very rare acts of terrorism on American soil, is a priori, in a normal situation, a logistical task: it is a matter of organizing relief, making repairs, ensuring security. But if one is able to create serious problems through a *black op*, a secret operation, and to impose emergency security solutions as a result of the problem one has created, this becomes an extremely dangerous weapon.

North is the author, in 1984, the year of Colleen's assassination, of the *REX 84* plan, *Readiness Exercise 1984*, a plan which foresees, in case of *emergency*, the suspension of the Constitution and its guarantees for the citizens, the putting out of action by various means, confinement or other, of the real opponents or those suspected of becoming them, in short, an absolute reign of State terror. I doubt that Oliver North, beyond his criminal obsessions, had much culture, and that he chose 1984 by reference to Orwell, but who knows, maybe it is a *private joke*, a joke for insiders, quite sinister. On the other hand, the sum of the numbers in 1984 is 22, which in the Cabal means fulfillment, which perhaps Orwell and North knew, but it happens in each decade since 1939.

Just a few days after Colleen's liquidation, Oliver North cancelled a *homeland security* operation, an *exercise* that had been scheduled for April 5-13, 1984, and that he had prepared for a long time. This was no ordinary exercise, because it was a joint exercise with foreign services, probably more likely to obey any order without blinking than the natives, for a *simulated* operation on American territory; it was not the kind of operation that one cancels on a whim. What *foreign services* were involved? I didn't get the information, but knowing North, I suspect that the Israeli Mossad was involved, just as it would be involved in 9/11 almost thirty years later, but exonerated from any further investigation.

What happened? Is it possible that the cold-blooded criminal that was Oliver North *broke down* when Colleen died, suddenly realizing the horror of his construction? Had he become unhappily attached to the too beautiful blonde *shiksa*? Had he let himself be seduced by the enemy? In any case, Colleen's death will have an impact on the unfolding of the plans they wanted to realize.

Psychic: "She says her death was not in vain in a sense, because it made them slow down their program, it made them rethink some things, and...it made them spread the image, in the world, that everything was warm and friendly, and everything was fine."

Unfortunately, this era of "warm and friendly" stopped at the beginning of the 21st century, and the attack clearly resumed on a certain September 11, and culminates today, after the awful artificially induced crisis of the migratory invasion, with a small-scale bioterrorist attack, accompanied by a very large-scale psychological warfare attack, the COVID pseudo-pandemic.

We know today, from famous examples, such as the September 11, 2001 operation, or the London subway attack, that it is always during *security exercises* that, by the most incredible chance, terrorist operations are unleashed, which will be the pretext for severe restrictions on citizens' rights and freedoms, as recommended by *REX 84*. It was FEMA that was entrusted with the investigation of the September 11 terrorist attacks; by the greatest of coincidences, it was conducting a *security exercise* in New York just at the time of the *attacks*; at the same time, the army was also conducting a security exercise for which the military air traffic surveillance system, NORAD, had been put into simulation mode.

Security operations are primarily linked to the risk of a terrorist attack; they are so linked to these risks that in many cases, or perhaps all, terrorist operations take place *under the guise* of security operations; one can therefore always imagine that a terrorist operation is a security operation that has generated more insecurity, and therefore makes further *security measures* necessary; in reality, these security measures *are the goal* of terrorism, if not terrorism itself. This method was certainly used for the September 11 attack, and for the subway attacks in London and Madrid. The attacks allow, among other things, to impose security laws that tend to enslave more and more people; epidemics play the same role, only worse. One had to have a particularly twisted mind to invent such operations; they certainly come from *security* circles, the great architects of *black ops* and *psyops*, and most probably from Oliver North himself.

And that's not all: During the *Iran-Contra* affair of 1985-87, which involved the CIA, the National Security Council and in particular Oliver North, in a clandestine arms deal - but without ever mentioning the worst, the cocaine deal that was linked to it - a certain Arthur Liman sent a secret memo to the chairman of the parliamentary inquiry committee on the affair, saying that behind the arms trafficking scandal was "a whole secret government-within-a-government, operated from the Old Executive Office Building by a lieutenant colonel, with its own army, air force, diplomatic agents, intelligence operatives, and appropriations capacity." This *Old Executive Office Building* is located right next to the White House, ready to take over in case of a power vacuum, an attack or a coup, in short when the *security* of the country is compromised.

It is not very surprising that the psychic ranks Oliver North, the man in the shadows, above the Vice President, George H. W. Bush, in terms of real power. He had an arsenal of powerful weapons, the purpose of which could be to plunge the United States into chaos and establish the equivalent of martial law, in short, to carry out a Bolshevik-style coup. The fact that he always claimed to be a champion of *freedom* and *American values* does not change anything; his practical actions were all directed towards the means of establishing a *temporary* dictatorship in case of catastrophe or terror; to believe in the good intentions of this kind of individual is to commit suicide.

The idea of a coup d'état to establish the dictatorship of the Cabal may seem far-fetched, but it was put into practice in the Communist Empire. All

the important leaders of the October Revolution of 1917 were Jews or, more rarely, half-Jews, and they were largely financed by their American brethren, Schiff and Warburg, who had just taken over the finances of the United States through the *Federal Reserve*, an operation engineered by Rothschild. Why did the Jewish *capitalist* financiers of Wall Street finance the Jewish *communist* revolutionaries who were about to take over Russia? Because, beyond ideological appearances, their objectives are the same, those of totalitarian predation: to enslave the Europeans, to take revenge on them under the leadership of the Avenging God, to possess all the riches of the earth and the herds of slaves. The Gulag survivor Solzhenitsyn claims that more than sixty million Russians perished at the hands of the Communist branch of the Cabal, and accuses it directly in his *Two Centuries Together*, a large and well-documented book which, curiously enough, has never been translated into English. Sixty million sounds like a lot; official reports are satisfied with twenty million.

Communist totalitarian predation and the totalitarian predation of financial capitalism are one and the same thing, only the means, adapted to the circumstances, change. Usury or interest lending is a slow looting of *Gentiles*, and one of its names in the Talmud is *biting*, which says what it is, an act of vampiric aggression; the goal is also to enslave, but the communist experiment came close to the goal: through the criminal destruction of tens of millions of Russians, and especially the best of them, who might overshadow the Chosen People, through their gradual transformation into slaves in factories, kolkhozes or gulags, the promise of Yahweh could begin to be rapidly realized, to spread over the entire planet. It was, as specified in the First Commandment of the Covenant inscribed on the eternal Tables of the Law, to destroy the peoples and their cultures.

The Soviet scenario could not be repeated in the United States because of the famous *amendments to the* U.S. Constitution, especially the one guaranteeing the freedom of citizens through their imprescriptible right to bear arms. But the provision that made Congress the only institution authorized to create money had already been violated for the benefit of Judaic usurers, and there was every hope that the final dispossession of the Americans would not stop there.

The reason why the American case requires special treatment is that the Americans, having conquered their territory with a gun in one hand and a

Bible in the other, according to the classic image, consider themselves a new *Chosen People*; the Cabal can therefore, on occasion, use this second-rate Chosen People as an ally, without forgetting its final project of enslaving them. But the repetition of the raw terror of the classic revolutions, carried out by a few tens of thousands of fanatics at the most, with large means provided by the usurers, is not possible because of the armament of the people, it is necessary to find other ways to install it.

Colleen had no particular interest in politics or geopolitics; her interests were her acting career, hence her fuzzy friendship with Coppola, and her lavish cocaine needs, no doubt no stranger to her seduction of the drug dealer Matta-Ballesteros, as well as that of the *star* retailer Ehrlich. Drug trafficking has long been a monopoly of criminals, as seen in the opium trade organized by Sassoon and Rothschild, but to this very general consideration will be added a more particular one: the central involvement of the secret or *security* services in trafficking and consumption. This no doubt explains Colleen's affair with Oliver North.

The national security organs generally escape legal controls, and have privileges, under the pretext of security; some of these secret services have acquired a certain celebrity, such as the *Geheime Staatspolizei* or Gestapo, the *Stasi*, the Romanian *Securidad* and above all, the initiators of the genre, the Soviet *Cheka* and then the *NKVD*. The Cheka was composed of at least two-thirds Jews in its management positions. The Cheka set up gigantic programs of assassination, torture and looting. It was the armed wing of a power originally founded on a plot that continued to plot relentlessly against the Russian people, whom it wanted to reduce entirely to a kind of communist industrial slavery; the internal notes of the power, which are known, mean this without ambiguity. This is a perfect example of foreign terror, and probably the most horrible one, until further notice, since we can perhaps do worse.

As cocaine played a significant role in Colleen's journey, and also in our separation, it is not irrelevant that a hundred years earlier, cocaine already played an important role among the Soviet Cheka terrorists. Cheka men routinely used it, either to ease the tension of their mass murders or to dope themselves to commit their atrocities. Many Cheka members went mad from drugs and sadism, and some ended up in mental hospitals. A 1919 internal report on the Cheka in Yaroslavl states:

"The Cheka looted and arrested everyone indiscriminately... They turned the Cheka headquarters into a huge brothel where they took all the bourgeois women. Drunkenness is rampant. Cocaine is quite widely consumed by the supervisors."

And again, in an internal report: "Orgies and drunkenness are a daily occurrence. Almost all Cheka personnel are heavy cocaine users. They say it helps them to bear the sight of so much blood on a daily basis." Although they are "drunk on blood and violence, (...) they nevertheless do their duty." Maks Deich, a Jew, was head of the Odessa Cheka in 1920-1922. There, "he acquired a reputation for extreme cruelty, and suffered from neurosis and cocaine addiction." One wonders, with a sense of horror, what *extreme cruelty* can be in this general atmosphere.

All of this originally came from a *conspiracy*.

The *darkness* that has befallen America, according to Colleen, is not just a figment of the imagination; it has very deep roots, and continuity. The historical or anthropological perspective brings them to light.

It is undoubtedly scandalous to put in parallel the horrors of the Cheka and the *elitist* parties of Hollywood, which seem to belong to totally opposite universes. However, the actors are almost the same and the goals are the same; only the means and the scenario are different.

The picture is indeed very *dark*, but I am only illustrating the *darkness that cannot be imagined* that is about to engulf the Western world, because this darkness has already been embodied once; Alexander Zinoviev, author of *the Radiant Future* and a fine connoisseur of the Soviet system, warned us as early as the 1970s that this *system* was in the process of attacking the West, which has always been its main target.

None of these criminals was ever questioned for their crimes; some were liquidated in internal settling of scores, but that's all; we still find today, in the West, Trotskyists or other *revolutionaries* advocating the ideology that was the pretext for these exactions; it might be time to ask ourselves some questions about the hidden supporters of this ideology and these exactions, supporters who are still and always quick to denounce the *Nazism* or *fascism* of those who resist them.

The system of Moloch, in its *Chosen* version as it is exposed in the Bible, in the example of the massacre of the Midianites, strongly evokes the

massacres of Russians in the Soviet era. I did not fail to notice this, and to quote Lenin who was delirious that he "sacrificed Russians to Moloch". The forms are undoubtedly different, the bullet in the back of the neck is no longer fashionable, more secret and more perverse methods are used, but it seems that the extension of the same project to the whole of the West is today a reality. This is what we can conclude from what Colleen has heard, which goes far beyond a simple trafficking of arms and drugs.

Moloch, hidden master of the USA

Here's what Colleen may have heard in the Hollywood parties:

Psychic: "She thought she could outsmart all those people in power. You know what surprised her most was that the people in power were hooking up with what she called *scum*. But it was about money, it was about power, it was about a *conspiracy*, it was about, the things she heard, controlling the population and making sure that an agenda was in motion, that certain things would happen because there were plans for the future that were being put in place and they didn't know everything themselves.

There were some things that were being talked about that she knew were way beyond drug smuggling and that's when the name of the corporation comes up, I remember a cartel. They were talking about, you know, controlling the world's finances, mm, more than that, controlling the population and controlling the environment to say the least. And she knew that what she was hearing was very, very dangerous for the future. She didn't really understand it all, but she was well aware of that."

The psychic does not have very specific information about the name of this "corporation". She says of Colleen's murder, "I see two C's, the initial C, tied together." On the other hand, she says that the name of the "Caballero Control Corporation," the quasi-monopolistic pornographic film distribution company apparently run by Ira Allen Sachs aka Bobby Hollander, but possibly controlled by Reuben Sturman, the criminal pornography mogul, awakens a reaction in her; it's not the exact name, but it's close. "Caballero", knight in Spanish, makes no sense in the context of a pornographic distribution company, but Cabal, Control, Corporation do. The word *cabal*, *Kabbalah*, refers to an esoteric Judaic tradition. However, I doubt that this

is the name of the *corporation* or *cartel* in question, because this name is well known and could not have escaped the psychic. It is probably a close name, and for the moment it is more or less a mystery.

"Cabal" has become synonymous in European languages with "conspiracy". It would not be very surprising if this general designation of "cabal" for conspiracies were the product of a very common experience.

Whatever its name, it is very disturbing to learn that there is a secret cartel whose aim is to control world finances, the population and the environment. This validates the so-called *conspiracy* analyses, which the various spokespersons for the conspirators constantly denounce as delusions; it is however quite clear to everyone that there is no need to denounce a delusion, it will die out by itself. It is quite obvious that, in our world, the possession of cosmopolitan usurious finance leads to the possession of the means of production, then to the possession of the media, and that all this potentially allows the control of populations and their environment, one would have to be an idiot not to realize this. As Tolstoy very simply and rightly said:

"Money is a new form of slavery, easily distinguished from the old form by the fact that it is impersonal - that there is no human relationship between master and slave."

Behind the *anti-authoritarian* rhetoric of Adorno, Marcuse and others, as it spread from the *Macy Conferences* on cybernetics, i.e. the art of control, there was, never mentioned but always present, the great cosmopolitan finance, seeking the means to enslave humanity. Its particular hatred of National Socialism and Fascism can easily be explained by the fact that they had committed the only crime of capital importance to it, to free themselves from the grip of debt and cosmopolitan finance. Those who think this is too monstrous, too inhuman, to be true, can consult some chapters of the Bible on the fate of *non-elected* humanity, globally defined as sub-humanity.

Of course, that these proclaimed *anti-authoritarians* are in fact working towards the establishment of global slavery is a very interesting phenomenon.

Psychic: "She's seen an awful lot, she's showing me the presidential plane that they were talking about, actually, some of the things that are stored there, because it's a safe place, because nobody would ever think

of going to look there. This was actually going up as high as the president, because the black hole goes down very, very deep."

Psychic: "She says they brain damaged the president, the previous president. That was one of the things that was discussed because they wanted to put the other guy in power. So he must have looked stupid, they had tried to assassinate him but it didn't work. So they played with his brain and they tried to make him look senile so that the other guy could take over because there had to be a progression."

In 1984, the president in office was Ronald Reagan. Indeed, there was an assassination attempt against him. If this attempt had succeeded, Vice President George H. W. Bush, who was totally subservient to the Corporation, would have been automatically elected President, like Johnson after Kennedy's assassination. Reagan, who had made a career in Hollywood as an actor and head of the major actors' union, was dependent on the Mafia and the Corporation, but not really involved. Bush, on the other hand, was fully committed to *the cause* whose imminent triumph he would publicly declare as the *New World Order*.

The sponsors of the Reagan assassination attempt have obviously not been found. It is strange that Bush, as an agent of the CIA and its future director, was linked to the assassination of Kennedy, which was undoubtedly necessary from the point of view of the Corporation, and then to the attempt against Reagan, which could at most gain a few years in the *plans*. Perhaps it was a kind of insurance that Bush would come to power, since the outcome of elections was never totally certain, unlike, in principle, an assassination. Today, various means of outrageous cheating during elections have been created.

I don't have much to add to what Colleen says. *The darkness in the US is beyond imagination*. This is a firsthand account from an *insider*, who paid for it with her life, at age twenty. This life was degraded, ruined, and eliminated, as millions more have been and will be, if these scumbags can continue to carry out their plans.

Psychic: "She says that if it wasn't for these people, very important people, she would be alive today, but she would be in a state of drug-induced insanity, she wouldn't realize the state she was in. She was too dangerous, she had heard too much, and even when she was completely

drugged, she knew exactly what was going on. And she says there's more darkness in the United States than anyone could ever imagine, and she tells me you're going to write a book about it, I don't know if you've ever done it, but you want to write a book about her death and her life, especially her death and her reasons for it and everything around it. And that book is going to ask questions, there are people who are going to come forward and can add the missing pieces so that you can complete and understand exactly why all of this happened to her."

Indeed, there may be a few pieces missing. One is always deluded, or is deluded, and it takes a lot of effort to know the source of the delusions. Certainly missing is the list of the masters of the cabal, those who organize in various ways the destruction of the world because they are convinced that they can *rebuild better*.

Let us be clear: this is not a political matter, it is a war, and a matter of life and death; in this ruthless war against humans and the civilizations they have built, the natural order of human evolution can only be restored by the complete elimination, to the last, of the criminals.

We come to the strangest part, which I could have censored for fear of losing sacrosanct *credibility*, but I owe it to Colleen not to take away anything essential.

Psychic: She's seen a lot of things, and like I told you, she's been with people when they seem to change or speak a language she's never heard, she's seen eyes shine, she's seen sexual tastes (*note: I guess that's what we usually call perversions, except they're out of the catalog*) that are way beyond anything people can know or even imagine, and she really started to put the pieces together, she thought it was strange that the language was different, but she was getting paid a lot of money not to think, and I think it was actually what she heard, about how they were going to manipulate the masses through drugs, putting drugs in the water and also in other foods, that made it all very dangerous for her. "

The different language may possibly be Hebrew, a language more or less known to those who attended synagogues as children, or more likely Yiddish, the Hebrew-mixed German practiced by German Jews, the predominant force within the Cabal. It is quite unlikely that this is an *alien* language. Had she really seen people *shifting*, changing shape? But the project of physical

manipulation of the masses, beyond the methods of psychic manipulation by the most villainous propaganda, certainly exists, and we see its latest invention in the horrible forced injection of RNA and other unknown substances.

Psychic: "At the same time, when she was hearing these things, there were conversations - it sounds crazy - about *aliens*? - visitors from other stars - a bunch of weird stuff - and she saw something glowing that passed between three people but she thought it might have just been the alcohol, or the drug she'd taken."

Have *aliens* made alliances with the worst perverted monsters on this planet to enslave the entire human population in herds? Or did they *educate* them? This sounds like a science fiction scenario. Is it totally impossible? No, not really - we can't totally rule it out. But as far as I know, an endogenous process generated by a liberticidal and genocidal religion, having produced the monsters necessary for its project, is a sufficient explanation.

Psychic: "The next war is really a geophysical war and will alter the mind of humanity. She can see things very clearly now because she can go anywhere she wants, and that makes sense of everything she heard before she died. The last three months of her life she had to live in fear, or more exactly more than two months, but she was afraid, a part of her thought that everything would be okay, but she went through all that and her consciousness is still here."

It is quite possible that the next *geophysical* war to alter the mind of humanity is the forced vaccination of the planet, which could potentially have devastating effects on the mind if substances in vaccines, such as graphene oxide, can be activated by specific waves.

Not surprisingly, the pseudo-vaccination operation against the benign COVID-19 pandemic was piloted by the Pentagon, and most likely, beyond the Pentagon, by the organ where master conspirator Oliver North was rampant, the National Security Council. The whole scheme of emergency measures, deprivation and destruction of freedom, global control, etc., was created by Oliver North, one of Colleen's assassins. And the realization of such plans is far beyond the competence of pharmaceutical labs, it is a military competence.

The paranoid cocaine addict put fraudulently on the throne of France, Emmanuel Macron, was repeatedly saying in his speeches: "We are at war". This was a rather stupid statement, because this "we" did not apply to the mass of victims, but only to those who are at war with the civilized humanity they hate.

The planet will emerge from the worst nightmare of its existence if, one day, the corporation, or cult, or cartel, is found, dismantled and eradicated, without being able to rise from its ashes. Let it suffer in its turn the anathema, the *herem*, the total destruction that it boasts of inflicting on the peoples that disturb it. Otherwise, the *darkness* will spread everywhere, perhaps forever. We are directed, controlled, manipulated, murdered, peoples are drugged and slaughtered, by criminals. This is not *a crime*, it is a gigantic crime that continues and expands.

A final word on Colleen and the afterlife:

Psychic: "It's hard, it keeps downloading into me and I feel very connected to her. She's willing to wrap up what she's done wrong, because she thinks she's done a lot of things wrong in her life."

Certainly, she has *done* a lot of things *wrong* in her life. It's the same for me, it's the same for everybody. But, when so many people *do* things *wrong* in a system, there is something wrong with that system. It's that the system is inducing them, or even forcing them, to *do wrong*. Colleen is fortunate to have been able to connect, and thus reveal what she had known in her lifetime. That's a priceless opportunity. I even thought that in a way it was all intentional, that a Colleen had to experience what she experienced, for it to be revealed. It is a kind of mystery that I will not solve in my lifetime. What is certain is that in our future existence, we are very much involved in what we did in this one.

The name of the Cartel

Psychic: "I see two Cs linked together

Two linked C's, this is the logo of Chanel, Coco Chanel, a famous fashion designer who worked hard for female emancipation, who was stripped of most of her rights on her original creations by a Jewish family, the Wertheimers, recovered them thanks to the National Socialists, and lost them again when the National Socialists lost the war. Beyond the supposedly idealistic considerations waved to motivate the suckers, the Allied attack on Germany was concretely organized by the Jewish power to recover the power that Germany had taken away. Today, the logo appears among a host of other logos of organizations with known conspiratorial activities, linked in a not-so-clear manner with powers with totalitarian aims; in fact, the Wertheimer family, owner of the brand, is today the third largest fortune in France. I know almost nothing about the traffic that has ensured its immense fortune. That this prestigious and *chic* logo is used as an ideal cover for trafficking in beautiful women reduced to de facto sexual slavery would not be very surprising, and one cannot exclude that the logo shown by Colleen is indeed that of Chanel. But I haven't explored this question, because in any case, this kind of highly visible institution is a front for other institutions that take care of their invisibility.

I'm going to get into a speculative part here, which is not my habit, so I may be wrong, but I will have warned.

I said that *Cabal* is probably not the right word for a genuine conspiracy; the reason is that it is very vague, can apply to any conspiracy large or small, from the playground to the highest levels of government; a *cartel-like* conspiracy of the kind Colleen refers to requires rigorous organization, a precise command system, precise assignments, and total invisibility; all of which are not realized in the organizations that mobilize the attention of *conspiracists*, such as the Bilderberg Group, the Davos Summit, the Bohemian Grove, the Illuminati, etc. And, on the other hand, such an organization is not created in a period of a few decades: it operates over a much longer period, with long-term objectives. The organizations I mentioned above are only relays.

Kabbalah itself is too well known, and even quoted *at every turn*, to be considered a secret organization. One might even wonder whether it is not

used as a decoy, with its sometimes ridiculous esoteric bazaar, to hide something else.

However, there is a secret organization, about which almost no one speaks, whose name is very close to Kabbalah, and whose members may also be close to those of Kabbalah: the *Kahal*.

A rather strange thing happened recently. As I was rereading the text of what Colleen says about the *Cartel*, the word *Kahal* popped into my consciousness, and frankly, I'm not sure why. It's a term that you almost never hear in the stream of so-called *conspiracy* or *conspiracy* theorists, which I consult regularly because they're the only ones where you can sometimes find some information that isn't very shiny for the *system*. And while pulling insistently on the small *Kahal* thread, apparently of second or third order, I fell on what was, for me, a very big fish.

To tell the truth, the effect of what I read was such that, that night, I had an intense nightmare: being on a trip somewhere, and having to hide more or less, being wanted, perhaps because I *know* something, I am in a kind of waiting room, waiting for a girl who has gone to get a car for me. There is also a very ordinary-looking guy there, rather shabby even, to whom I want to do a favor, maybe take him away. This guy comes close to me, and suddenly the scene darkens, the guy changes completely his attitude, becomes violent, grimacing and threatening, and throws me: "Come with me!", on which I have a big adrenaline rush, I am probably going to fight to the death, I wake up with a start.

Never, when I mentioned the standard options, Mossad, *Skull and Bones*, whatever, had I had such a dream. It's as if the dream was telling me: this is it, you've got it, let's get down to business. You may not believe that dreams can warn you about something, but I do, and I'm far from being the only one.

What I had found was a *key*, like the ones that decode an encrypted text and restore the hidden message.

For a very long time, I had tried to attribute a *cause* to the events, because one is needed; the vagueness is unbearable, and when there is no really visible cause, one invents it. Like others, having been confronted with certain Mafia criminals, I had evoked a *Judeo-Mafia*; in other cases, I had thought of secret Israeli organizations like *Mossad*. For example, when I was

threatened with death by two little Jews, very ugly and dressed all in black, for my relations with a very pretty Israeli singer, blond and, according to them, very famous, I catalogued them as being from Mossad, not knowing to which other very well informed institution I could have linked them; it was a bit strange, because Mossad had, to my knowledge, no particular interest in my person. I wasn't in any organization, political, military, or intelligence; my institutional weight was just zero.

It was all a blur, and of course, when it's blurred, it's off the *mark*. The only certainty was that it was a powerful criminal organization.

I never have the impression of being able to completely apprehend the phenomena of the living if I cannot trace, at least in the broad outlines, their history. I include in these living phenomena what humans have built, their gods, their ideologies, their organizations, their techniques. When we lose track of something, when the link with the past is broken, when we start believing in the existence of *unique* events or in the sudden appearance of forces and ideas that have no history, we have lost the thread of reality. And, in order to understand the really important events, which are anthropological rather than historical, one must be able to make the links over hundreds and thousands of years. Now, all the phenomena that overwhelm us today, which can be linked in a vague way to the unlimited extension of the power of cosmopolitan finance and to the corruption that it generates, date back only about a hundred years. These immense upheavals, which are the cause of Colleen's murder and of millions of crimes of varying degrees of magnitude and visibility, cannot have come about in just a few generations. There must have been a maturation, and an organized, conscious maturation, of all this. That would be the *key*.

It must be said that the shape of this key is so special, so convoluted, and also so implausible, that, resembling no known model, it is simply invisible. It's like some South American savage who literally couldn't *see* the big sailboat on which Darwin was traveling, the *Beagle* if I remember correctly, which Darwin explains by saying that we can only perceive what our mental structures have learned to interpret as something known, or close to what is known. This Mr. Darwin had a rather sharp sense of observation. Signals to which we have not learned to give a meaning, or a reality, show nothing; this reality does not exist for us.

The fact that this key is invisible, because it is out of the ordinary, and therefore unreal, has meant that the reality and power of the Kahal have remained almost totally unnoticed.

This key was contained in a book. It's entirely possible that I read this book before I was finally contacted by Colleen, and didn't actually *see* what was in it. I've *skimmed* a lot of books; I dismiss most of them after a few pages as uninteresting. Perhaps it took nothing less than my complete trust in the otherworldly Colleen to open my eyes.

What is it about? A rather short book, more than half of which is filled with copies of authentic signed documents, by a certain Jacob Brafman, published in 1869 in Russia. Brafman himself is a rarity, a renegade Jew who took refuge in Christianity, like Baruch Spinoza long before him. Today, he would be called a *whistleblower*. The book is called in English *The Book of the Kahal*, subtitled *Materials for the Study of Judaism in Russia and its Influence on the Populations Among Whom it Exists*. The original Russian edition includes on the title page a quotation from Schiller in German: "*Die Juden bilden einen Staat im Staate*" (The Jews form a State within a State). Schiller's remark, which summarizes the book, immediately evokes in those who suffer incessant attacks against their freedoms, in the 21st century, the *Deep State* hidden within the State.

What is the *Kahal*? It is the organization that manages the political, economic and religious life of Ashkenazi Jews, the Jews of the East. It is not known for sure whether there is an equivalent among the Sephardim, but it is of relatively little importance, because their influence is much less. It is the organization of a State within a State, a State with its own laws, courts, economy, etc., etc.; when the National Socialists negotiated with *the Jews* of Warsaw, they negotiated with the *Kahal* of Warsaw; similarly, when they negotiated the departure of German Jews, in exchange for compensation, to Palestine, they negotiated with this official body, the Kahal; these were State-to-State negotiations, and the National Socialists understood it perfectly well as such; This was a state-to-state negotiation, and the National Socialists understood it perfectly as such; it fitted in with their plans to separate States according to the old ethnic cleavages, according to the principle recognized in Europe until the World Wars of the sovereignty of the peoples, the only reasonable and just way to limit conflicts, and thus to ensure peace and prosperity.

The National Socialists knew better than Napoleon, who was no fool. He had drawn up a *project for the reorganization of the Jews* in an attempt to solve the problem they posed at the very beginning of the 19th century. Certain of the excellence of republican principles, Napoleon wanted to help, or force, the Jews to *assimilate* into the great French fraternal melting pot. This is exactly the opposite of the German attitude, which is still that of the Republic, and was imposed by force on the Germans and other recalcitrant by the Second World War. In the *commentary* article IV Napoleon writes:

"Our main purpose is to assist rural landowners (against the Jews) in general and to free several departments from a dishonorable dependence, because if this were allowed to happen, most of the rural property of the departments would pass (by means of mortgages) to the Jews, to a people who by their laws and institutions form a separate nation among the French - which would be to want to depend on them. In recent times the Jews would have appropriated almost all the land and it was only the fear of this extremity that pushed the government to prevent their success: and as this domination by their system of usury and mortgages increased hourly, it was necessary to put up barriers. The second project had as its goal, if not to suppress, at least to diminish the inclinations of the Jews for certain industries by which, in all countries of the world, they harm civilization and the good order of public existence."

Allgemeine Zeitung des Judentums 1841 s. 323

The *certain industries* in question, to which only a modest reference is made, are para-criminal activities such as prostitution, gambling, perhaps also drugs; as for usury, it had already been mentioned.

Napoleon thought he was *integrating* them into the French nation and brotherhood, and saw only a problem of religion, although he correctly saw that they were a *separate nation*; he therefore convened a Sanhedrin, an assembly of rabbis, the religious dignitaries, to deal with them. Fatal mistake: the power is not there, and the religious is only the support or, as it were, the culture broth.

However, it is true that the origin of the special situation of the Jews, of their power and their fortune, is religious. According to the Christian religion, the Jews are related people, distant indeed, but who can keep their religious autonomy. The first Christian emperors ruthlessly hunted down

pagans, whom they called, as the Jews do, *Gentiles*; they massacred, persecuted, destroyed temples and even libraries, but they did not attack the Jews, who had a special status, not being *Gentiles*. Judaism was the only different religion allowed within Christianity. The only one, and by far the worst.

Christianity distinguishes between spiritual and temporal powers; the two are united in the Empire and the symbol of the Roman eagle was transformed into a two-headed eagle; power in the Christian Empire was originally two-headed, with a principle of equality between the temporal and the spiritual. This division was preserved in the Orthodox system, but was gradually challenged in the Catholic world; the Protestant world rejected it to adopt a kind of theocratic-democratic model, a variant of the theocratic model of the Judaic caste; Calvin in Geneva is the purest expression of this model of popular theocracy. The Catholic world, on the other hand, moved towards a unique centralization; cardinals, Richelieu, Mazarin, elaborated little by little a State in which the totalitarian Sovereign alone had most of the powers. It is quite amusing to see that the direct heir of this policy, the Sun King Louis XIV, literally covered his Palace of Versailles with paintings, sculptures, etc. glorifying gods and heroes of the Greek and Roman eras, as if to signify that he too had acceded to ancient divinity. Napoleon had completed the affair, reducing Christianity to an instrument in the pay of the Empire, in every sense of the word. Napoleon's symbol, taken from pre-Christian Rome, was a one-headed eagle, as opposed to the two-headed eagle of the Christian Empires, Catholic and Orthodox, which has two heads symbolizing two powers, one spiritual, the other material. Napoleon was a genius of *assimilation*. For him, the Jewish question had to be resolved in the same way as the Christian question: by assimilation.

This was a misunderstanding of the issue: Judaism is a theocratic system, in which spiritual and material powers are combined in the hands of the high priests *Kohen* by birthright, and this system is entirely locked in by the fact that the highest positions, both religious and political, are hereditary and not open to challenge. Unlike the Christian, the Jew considers the power of the State to be secondary, and that what really has all power over him is the Judaic organization called the *Kahal*. It is this Kahal which has the power to pronounce the ultimate curse, the *herem*, the anathema, which is worth death, destruction, total erasure from the planet. This theocratic system is taken up almost identically by Islam, where the imam is at the same time

religious leader, political leader and warlord. One can be a French Catholic, Protestant, agnostic, Buddhist or Taoist, but one is not a French Jew or Muslim, one is a Jew incidentally French or a Muslim incidentally French. Western politicians are determined not to understand this, even though the Islamist claim is causing more and more havoc, and they are doing as Napoleon did with the Jews, lulling themselves into the illusion of a Western-style Islam. The Jews, who are smarter, have assimilated in facade, but in reality, they are not more assimilable than the Muslims, and they lead their own policy, which is, alas, the one assigned to them by the Bible: to sacrifice and enslave the Nations.

The Christian world was divided between very different attitudes in its relations with this Kahal. In general in the Eastern world, and in the Russian Empire in particular, the Kahal was an administrative entity in its own right; it could levy specific taxes on the Jews, manage through its courts conflicts between Jews, and even sometimes between Jews and *gentiles*; it was the intermediary in all relations between the Jews and the Christian state. Most of the time, Jews had a special, but relatively ill-defined status; neither relatives, nor strangers, nor friends, nor enemies; the few clumsy attempts to settle the *problem*, to assimilate or normalize them, by giving them specific lands and territories, always failed miserably. Their status remained that of a different community with its own religion and administration, in fact confused, and its own private laws or privileges in relation to the general law. This enormous concession in favor of the Jews, which one might think was animated by a spirit of equity and kindness, had two disastrous consequences: one was the *pogroms* of a Christian population fed up with the exactions and Jewish impunity, the other was the Bolshevik Revolution, favored by the fact that the Kahal was an organized structure, based on birth, opaque and closed to *gentiles*, and even perfectly legal: a dream for conspirators.

Conversely, in *assimilating* France, it is as if the Kahal did not exist. It is unlikely that it did not exist; it probably went underground, to the point of being ignored even by Napoleon. In the so-called *anti-Semitic* French texts, one speaks of *the Synagogue*, the visible aspect, never of the *Kahal*, as far as I know, my knowledge on the subject being limited. The mode of access by right of birth alone guaranteed secrecy in any case, the entryism dear to the Trotskyists is not possible. There are not many organizations that have been able to maintain such a level of racial purity, today called *racism*, over

millennia; the most piquant being that the same organization promotes *anti-racism* to destroy the homogeneity and the capacities of the *gentiles* that it wants to destroy or subjugate. Freemasonry will be invested as a relay, its secret organization with a public front being a perfect relay of influence and manipulation. Apparently, nothing prevented, in the Masonic statutes advocating equality and fraternity, the existence of exclusive Lodges which were entirely Judaic, and therefore based on the privilege of birth, such as the all-powerful American *B'nai B'rith, Sons of the Covenant*. Judaism could make an exception within Freemasonry as it could make an exception within Christianity.

Let's see what the whistleblower Jacob Brafman says about the Kahal, of which Napoleon, who we imagine to be well informed, was apparently unaware.

First of all, the reason for Brafman's betrayal, his flight from Judaism and his entry into Christianity, is quite practical: it was not the criminal activities of the Kahal that caused his defection, but the fact that he was kept in a very subordinate position which, as an intelligent man, he could no longer bear; this position was due to the *eternal* organizational rules of the Kahal itself. The original translation from Russian is quite bad, full of syntax and spelling mistakes, so I have smoothed it out. The Alia is a reading of the sacred text in the synagogue, for which there is an established system of precedence.

"The first Alia belongs to the Kohen (descendants of Aaron), the second to the Levite, the rest goes to the people. In the absence of the Kohen the Levite takes the first Alia, in the absence of the Levi the Kohen takes the first two: his and that of the Levi. In the absence of the Kohen and the Levi their Aliote becomes the prerogative of the people who attend the prayer.

To distinguish the Alia belonging to the people the following order is followed: Nassi (princes), Talmud-Hahan (literate Talmudist), Parnesse (the representative of the municipal administration). The rest of the Alia are distributed to the others."

Jacob Brafman, *The Book of the Kahal*, 1869

The Kahal system is a system of castes related to birth, the highest being that of the *Kohen* priests, descendants of Aaron, Moses' brother. It is an extremely rigid system and is ideally suited, by its rigidity, to a totalitarian

system, or to a sustained conspiracy to establish a global totalitarian system. It is also the rigidity of the system, itself based on the inflexibility of the biblical laws, which can lead personalities like Spinoza or Brafman to betray, but they remain exceptional.

Brafman then describes the structure of the Kahal, a state within a state according to him. It will be recalled that Oliver North was accused of running a *state within a state*, which was later called by a specific name, the *Deep State*, in which the CIA was one of the main organs.

"The quotation with which Schiller concludes the picture of the state of the Jews in Egypt 3600 years ago can be applied to the Jews of our time: "The Jews form a state within a state".

But since a state without territory is an anomaly, this quotation has until now been regarded as poetic license rather than historical truth. The present work reveals to us for the first time what territory the Kahal considers until today to be its prerogative, which it has actually subjected to its power - and thus the above quotation becomes an indisputable truth.

What the Kahal considers to be the territory of his kingdom is explained in the *Heskat-lchoub*, which regulates the rights over the territory and over the inhabitants of its jurisdiction.

By the rules of *Heskat-lchub* the rights of the Kahal far exceed the limited rights of a private corporation. The other inhabitants (non-Jews) of the Kahal's area and their property appear here as free territory (*), over which the Kahal arrogates to itself the rights of state high property which it sells in detail to Jewish individuals or rather, according to the comparison of Rabbi Joseph Koulon, one of the most competent Talmudic authorities, it is a lake in which it is only permitted to spread nets to those who have been authorized to.

* The property of non-Jews is like an open desert (*Talmud*, tractate Brba-Batra page 55)."

Jacob Brafman, *The Book of the Kahal*, 1869

What must be understood here, and requires a little insistence because it is *hard to swallow*, is that the Kahal applies to the letter the word of Yahweh according to which the whole earth, which he created, belongs to him, and that he has given it entirely, earth and all that moves on it, including humans, to the Chosen People.

A Cartesian mind will say that this is a big delusion, and that, after all, these enlightened people can believe what they want. But the trouble is that they will put it into practice, with amazing and effective methods.

"Considering the inhabitants (who do not belong to the Jewish nationality and religion) as we have already said above as a *lake*, the Kahal arrogates to itself the right to sell this new kind of property to the Jews on the basis of strange principles."

Jacob Brafman, *The Book of the Kahal*, 1869

What is equally strange, for a Westerner, usually Christian, is this image of a *lake* in which he would be a *fish*. In Western cultures, we usually speak of a *hunting ground* to signify an area to be exploited. And every Christian knows that in the Gospel, the first apostles are *fishermen*, and that they are assigned to cast their nets to catch the *fish* that will make good Christians. Jesus said to Simon (Peter): "From now on, you will be a fisher of men". The astrological sign of the Christian era, roughly the first two millennia, is that of Pisces, and it is said that this sign was adopted by the first Christians in the catacombs. Hence one may wonder if the first *evangelists* were not in fact cabalists, *going fishing* in pagan territory on behalf of their God and his Chosen Ones just as their distant cousins and descendants of the Kahal go fishing in Christian territory. And if this is not complemented by the teachings of Sa'ul Paulus aka St. Paul, on the obedience to the Almighty Lord of his new willing *slaves*, and their obligation to *sacrifice themselves*. Which would make this the oldest conspiracy in the world. A conspiracy that the emperor St. Constantine, supported by his military power, thought he could use to enslave the people, without imagining that it could destroy, seventeen centuries later, the entire West.

The *Kahal* is an occult administrative organization, the organization of a shadow state with its own rules, its own leaders, its own values, its own courts. The Kahal claims to have absolute power over all the territory it controls; everything must be in its hands for the word of God to be fulfilled. One of the first functions of the Kahal is to organize the control of the authorities, administrative, judicial, military; what Brafman calls *factors* will be placed everywhere, as close as possible to the decision-makers in order to corrupt them, compromise them or blackmail them in favor of the Jews and the Kahal. This function is relatively classic, but it must be understood that the network of Kahals covers most of the planet, which makes it possible to

weigh in on almost any case. When I was *hooked* at the Closerie des Lilas by two ugly little Jews in black, about a beautiful Israeli singer who was famous according to them, and they threatened to kill me, I was surprised of course, and I imagined that I was the target of the Mossad, for want of anything else, even though I had nothing to do with a political or military target; in fact these two horrors must have been emissaries of the local Kahal.

It turns out that I was quite possibly put in the presence of a prominent member of the Kahal, which is why *they* "know who I am." When I was about thirty years old, a Jewish friend of mine, an *anarchist* like me, but obsessed with a desire to destroy the entire world that is *evil*, which was not at all my tendency, invited me to his beautiful apartment on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, to meet *someone*. This someone, dressed in the most banal way possible, almost invisible, asked me a series of questions about *orgasm*, because it was common knowledge, following the ordinary experience of life in the community at the time, that I *had* orgasm, as if I had had the Grail of *sexual liberation*. Indeed I reached, with my partners, a state of, let's say, absolute grace, of ecstasy, where both physical and mental barriers disappeared; this operation is a very noisy energetic explosion, and therefore remarkable. This energy is different from all those we usually know; no one can imagine, before having experienced it, to have in oneself this resource of an incredible power. The questioner wanted details - a little more, I think he would have asked me for a demonstration. Later, a small group of Jews approached me, again at the Closerie des Lilas, to propose an extravagant *deal*: they would provide me with the enjoyment of a property of my choice, large enough, anywhere in France, and at any cost, with the only condition that *guests* whom I would not know could live there at the same time as me, and, I suppose, learn about the show; there may have been other hidden agendas, which I find hard to imagine. I found this idea extravagant, and their mission failed. But what interested the interrogator most was whether I thought circumcised people could achieve the famous orgasm. Wanting to remain polite and honest at the same time, I answered that, not being circumcised, I had no idea, but that, a priori, my respect for nature *which does things well* incited me to think that the less one touched it, the better it was. I can't stand anything, not the smallest piece of jewelry, earrings, nothing at all. He left disappointed, and my friends told me that I shouldn't have upset him, that he was very important in something secret; they mentioned something that didn't mean anything to me, and afterwards I

think it was Kahal. It was probably important because if God gave them the whole earth, how could he not have given them the famous *orgasm*?

Let's see how this organization works in practice, to whom the possession of the whole world is devolved according to the Divine Law of the Lord Yahweh, heir or cousin of Moloch.

The Kahal is charged with distributing to the Chosen People, according to the rank of its members, what it possesses only theoretically, the possessions of the *Gentiles* and the *Gentiles* themselves; it sells secret titles to everything that can be found in the *lake* whose administration it has been granted by God.

You may think these people are delusional, but in reality it is a methodical and coordinated organization of looting and enslavement.

Since most human beings, except for a minority of pathological criminals, learn to distinguish and respect what is one's own and what is the other's, one of the essential bases of sociability, it is extremely difficult to *put oneself in the shoes* of beings who are absolutely convinced that the whole world and all its creatures, *everything* belongs to them by the decree of a God who, through infamous manipulations of which I do not perhaps have all the secrets, has also become that of the Christians and the Muslims.

This is how it works in practice: the Kahal *sells* a Christian's property to a Jew who covets it. Obviously, the Jew cannot directly take possession of the property. The title deed issued by the Kahal means that the Kahal will use *all means*, all *its* means, to make the Christian lose his property to the Jew. This can range from defamation to slander, the creation of various traps, financial, sexual, or otherwise, the creation of accidents, camouflaged murders, illnesses and poisonings, in short all the horrors described by Christopher Marlowe in his *Jew of Malta*, which are generally believed to be immensely exaggerated. According to Brafman, these horrors are indeed, as a last resort, part of the set of possible methods; the Kahal can mobilize a whole troop of conspirators who will cooperate, or *conspire*, in the shadows so that the Christian's property finally falls into the hands of the Jew. It is quite interesting to read that the first means mentioned, the simplest, and quite probably the most useful, is collective calumny aimed at the Christian.

"After the deed has been issued by the Kahal the Jew N. is deemed to have received *Hasaka* (power) over the property of the Christian M., by

virtue of which he is exclusively given the right without the slightest opposition or competition on the part of the other Jews to seek to make himself master of the house as he is authorized to do by the deed of acquisition: *by all possible means*."

Jacob Brafman, *The Book of the Kahal*, 1869

Brafman provides a large number of documents in support of his claim, Kahal deeds, similar to notarial deeds, giving power (*Hasaka*) to Jews over property belonging to Christians.

"No doubt after studying these documents, the power of the Kahal will seem immense and the rights and liberties it arrogates to itself astonishing; but the reader would be wrong to doubt that the Kahal always achieves its goal. Just as exercise trains acrobats, who manage to do things which man can hardly imagine, so the Kahal for eighteen centuries has been studying the art of directing its deaf schemes; we should not be surprised, therefore, if it succeeds in providing the Jews with the means of benefiting from the sale of the real estate belonging to the Christians, as well as and in the same way as it has succeeded up to the present in concealing from the Government the true number of Jews who at present live in Russia.

Moreover, in its attacks and encroachments, the Kahal does not forget that it is more profitable to catch one fish successfully and often than to catch many at once, because the nets may break. This is why the Kahal prefers to attack isolated Christian individuals. The fact that these cleverly combined attacks always succeed is clearly demonstrated by the fact that in the cities of the Northeastern and Southern provinces of Russia 73% of the buildings are already owned by Jews. In the south of Russia, in Livonia, Poland, Galicia and various other countries, trade and industry are exclusively in their hands. By attacking isolated individuals the hope of success is rarely disappointed and the risk is almost nil. Suppose that the Jew who has regularly acquired from the Kahal the right of *Meropia* to exploit the person of a Christian individual, and the one who has acquired *Hasaka* on a building belonging to a Christian, in the choice of means to rob them of their property, have seriously compromised themselves, and that they appear before the court as indicted. What is the risk?

In similar circumstances, in addition to the assistance of the *factor*, who is present everywhere, with the magic talisman which we have already made known to our readers, the Kahal has other more effective and infallible resources, such as the testimony of the Jews, the Jewish oath, etc., which the law admits and to which we shall refer in the second part of our work. After all that we have reported, does the poor isolated Christian individual have any chance of success in a struggle with the whole Kahal?

Jacob Brafman, *The Book of the Kahal*, 1869

Organized collective false witness and slander are the most powerful means of robbing Christians, or worse.

But the jackpot remains the establishment of taxes and public debts. When the financiers manage to take over the Central Banks of the States, creating infinite artificial debts, the taxes that *pay* the interest on this false debt explode infinitely, robbing the people.

"Likewise the Kahal has no difficulty in enacting taxes and various levies on trade and industry throughout the territory of its radius. It is true that the establishment of these taxes and the choice of the means of imposing them indirectly on the Christians of the locality, is a much more difficult task than other secret machinations, the ordinary means are not sufficient for the Kahal in similar circumstances, his wisdom inspires him to have recourse also on this occasion to the laws of the country, which still smooth out all these difficulties."

Jacob Brafman, *The Book of the Kahal*, 1869

This is probably why, since at least the 18th century, we say *cabal* when we want to talk about a conspiracy. Not only does this conspiracy exist, but it has existed, according to Brafman, since the Jewish *diaspora*, at the beginning of what is called *our era*. What is most surprising is that Brafman's book is largely ignored, unlike the famous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, which are said to be the record of a series of meetings in the early 20th century ; it is quite obvious that if the Kahal has existed for 18 centuries - as a local and international organization, which Brafman attests to - its authority and power exceed all others; the account of the Protocols is a kind of political manifesto, but when he says "we" it is not clear what nebula he is talking about, or who these *Elders of Zion* are, who seem to know each other well enough to do without labels.

Brafman's book provides an answer to the question of who this "we" is: it is the very ancient structure, unchanged since the structuring of the Judaic theocracy, dating from the time of the *priest-kings* as attested at the beginning of the Bible; Abraham is instructed by the priest-kingship Melchizedek, which means: Justice of Moloch (or of the Lord, since *Lord* and *Moloch* are the same word). This structure is dominated by the *Priests*, *Kohens* or *Cohens*, who are still at the top of the Kahals today, followed by the Levites, etc. Confusion has been fostered by the translation of the biblical Book of Laws into *Leviticus*, whereas the authentic wording is *Book of the Kohens*. It is a hereditary dynastic structure; this multi-millennial structure has the obvious advantage of being able to establish plans patiently built over centuries.

It should be noted, to avoid any misunderstanding, that not all those called "Cohen" are necessarily Kohens, and that conversely some Kohens, such as Jacob Schiff who took over the *Federal Reserve Bank* with others and financed Lev Davidovitch Bronstein, known as Trotsky, are camouflaged under other names.

Apocalypse

"The one who overcomes, the one who keeps my works until the end, I will give him authority over the Nations,
And he will shepherd them with a rod of iron, as the pottery vessels are broken, as I also have received from my Father,
And I will give him the morning star."

Yochanan ben Z'badiah aka Saint John, *Revelation*, 2, 26-28

The *morning star* is Aphrodite or Venus in the Greco-Latin world, it is also called *Lucifer*, bearer of light. The star is the ancient sign of Baal-Moloch among the Israelites, and today the sign of the cabalists.

"A sharp two-edged sword shall proceed out of his mouth, that he may smite the nations with it; and he shall shepherd them with a rod of iron, and he shall tread the winepress of the wrath of God the Almighty; and on his garment and on his thigh shall be written a name, 'King of kings, and Lord of lords.'"

Yochanan ben Z'badiah aka Saint John, *Revelation*, 19, 11-16

The "wine of fury" is the blood of the humans of the "Nations" crushed like grapes.

Holy Hate

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to be a kid and keep the honesty, be totally ignorant to hate and loneliness and... disgust?"

Colleen Applegate, tape recording, closing the Frontpage series *Death of a Porn Queen*.

Colleen left us these words a few months before she was murdered; I quoted them about her life in transit at Ehrlich, but they take on a whole new dimension when coupled with the unimaginable *density of the darkness* in the US. I'll reuse them, this little diagnosis by Colleen of the reality of the mafia-like, cabalistic world of the *elite* that extends its grip over the entire world is succinct, but entirely accurate. I will however amplify it.

That Colleen, who was extremely beautiful, adorable, and gifted to be an icon of success and happiness, a *beacon of love*, should be plunged into a world of hatred, loneliness, and disgust, to the point of wanting to return to the world of childhood, is the worst observation of what has become of the world of power, in the West, more than ever dramatically subjected to the predatory tyranny of the minions of the Semitic Baal-Moloch and his avatars.

There is no doubt about the origin of this hatred, the loneliness and disgust that accompany it, and the terrible drama that Colleen and I have experienced as icons of our race and culture.

Colleen, promised to the most brilliant destinies, had above all a unique quality, beyond her great beauty, which distinguished her from all the Hollywood starlets: innocence. It was the unique quality that pornographers sold, and that the producers of *mainstream* Hollywood movies were sure to sell. This innocence, I probably shared it, in a way. Love is beyond sin, and the hatred that accompanies it. I was probably not innocent enough, however, and the hate propaganda had its way with me; in a state of total innocence, an innocence that is said to be animal, because it does not follow the twisted rules of men, I would have destroyed the monsters that the hate propaganda tells us it is a crime to destroy. Destroying the carriers of hate is not a hateful act, contrary to all that is said, it is an act of liberation from hate. This guiltless destruction is, today, the only work of salvation.

"Man has received from Heaven an inherently good nature to guide him in all his movements. By devotion to this divine spirit within him, he

attains an unblemished innocence which leads him to do right with instinctive surety and without any ulterior motive of reward or personal advantage."

I Ching, article "innocence", dated about 6th or 7th century BC

One can measure by this ancient Chinese text the weight of the immense terror imposed on the West by *sin*, *racism* and *anti-Semitism*, and other horrors imposed by Judaism and its Trojan horse, Christianity.

You may have only a very vague idea of what the hate Colleen is talking about; indeed, we hear the word "hate" not on every street corner, because people don't talk anymore, but on every corner of the television screen; it has become one of the hobbyhorses of politicians and various *actors in charge* of terrorizing the population with the spectrum, more and more worn-out and transparent, of *xenophobic*, *racist*, *anti-Semitic* hate, *hate* always evoked but of which one hardly finds very convincing examples.

Colleen speaks of a very real hate, one that she has seen and felt, and I can give an example that is probably close, and accessible to all:

"I want to...squeeze them hard - not that I want to hurt them - don't get that please, that's just not who I am - I am soft, I am lovable, but what I really want to do, I want to reach in, rip out their heart and eat it before they die! (applause)"

You can see it on videos on the Web, searching for *Dick Fuld rip out your heart*, among others; it is not a montage, nor a joke for insiders or a *private joke*; a genuine murderous hatred can be heard and seen without any ambiguity. Whose *hearts are being ripped out*? The man's competitors. People who are probably no better than he is, and whom he meets every day.

Who utters such horrors? The monster of monsters, the genocider of six million innocent Jews, Adolf Hitler, television's favorite scarecrow? No, just think, if Hitler had uttered a thousandth of these horrors, it would be on a loop on all the TVs. The author is not a dangerous psychotic locked behind three armored doors in a secure hospital; he is a very respectable and powerful man, or at least he was when he publicly uttered these horrors: Richard S. Fuld, president of the very powerful Lehman Brothers bank. This bank was at the forefront of the global *subprime* scam and will go bankrupt in a big way that will ruin a lot of people, but not Fuld, who is living very well

off the tens of millions he earned by *ripping out hearts*, thanks to him. This is an internal video from Lehman Brothers, from 2007.

Fuld is obviously Jewish, as is almost all of Wall Street finance, the one that holds the world to ransom. One can easily imagine, by seeing this video, the hatred that wants to destroy the Nations, or the hatred that broke out to genocide the German people, or the hatred that is expressed in the Apocalypse: it is always the same.

Watching this video is nerve-wracking and stunning: it is the unvarnished exposure of Cabalist hatred, a hatred like no other, and it is this hatred that she has been around, and that has ultimately killed her, that Colleen speaks of.

I myself had many glimpses of it, terrifying and incomprehensible, which terror forbade to understand.

Don't think you're safe from it: Fuld has reached millions of people, and there will always be Fuld's, most of them more discreet, to do the same kind of horrors to you; today there is no more Lehman Brothers, but its enemy brothers at Goldman Sachs have taken over, and in these games it's always the most criminal who win.

In a world where these people have power, no one can claim to escape it; being conciliatory, *unprejudiced*, etc., only leads to the lion's den and does nothing to protect. It's much better to know who you're dealing with, and Colleen realized that far too late. I had more intuition, though I didn't imagine the magnitude of the disaster Colleen would later find herself in. And my intuition, while I was in great shape, having instinctively protected myself from all that crap, would completely disappear under the incomprehensible terror inflicted on Colleen.

Hatred was a personal feeling, linked to love, "Go, I do not hate you" (Chimène to Rodrigue, Corneille, *Le Cid*), or a religious concept. To invest the political field with *hatred* is the work of people who themselves live in this familiar hatred and practice it permanently. Only those who practice horseback riding talk about horses.

Hate does not exist in Western Christian culture, or it is very incidental. It is not even among the *deadly sins*, whereas anger is; there would have been

no sense in making a sin out of something that the faithful do not feel. The development of the theme of *hatred* corresponds exactly to the development of the cabalist media and political empire, especially since the end of the Second World War, when the *corporation*, cabal or kahal has taken almost absolute control over the media, including the one that is education. At every opportunity *hatred*, or *Nazism*, or the exceptional status of the Chosen People as *victims of hatred*, are evoked in films, newspapers, books, etc. It is obvious that the theme of *hatred* is exclusively linked to the Cabal, which has invented it, experiences it, and uses it.

Some thirty years ago, a Jewish lobby pressured the President of the French Republic to *apologize* for having authorized deportations of Jews, all refugees who had fled Germany or adjoining territories, whom the warring German Reich considered with some reason to be an enemy population and whom it wanted to deport to the East, to Palestine, or wherever, to prevent them from harming it. The French President, François Mitterrand, replied, looking rather overwhelmed: "What does that mean? It is the maintenance of hatred."

Hate, this so-called reprobate, has become a political weapon of primary importance.

Hate, the concept that has risen to the top of political discourse, has never had such importance, and its invasion of Western life has a history.

You will not have my hate: the good works of totalitarian ideology

You will not have my hate is the slogan, issued by the French power, that large masses have taken up following the horrific Islamist massacre known as the Bataclan on November 13, 2015, which left more than 130 people dead, most of them young, and hundreds injured.

In many ways, this slogan, in response to the inconceivable racial and religious hatred that motivated the massacres, was hallucinatory. And it spoke volumes about the totalitarian, compulsory and oppressive, and ultimately deadly, ideology that binds the European peoples.

For the record, any living being endowed with an embryo of intelligence and sensitivity will react, if it has the means, with the greatest ferocity to such

a hideous act. And we have the means. And there was no difficulty in identifying the enemy, his environment, his origins.

What has intervened? What is the demon that is handing us over to the criminals? This demon has a name, it is the last avatar of Baal-Moloch, and it is called *Human Rights*.

It is the veneration of this demon that prevents any reaction, however small, that is *discriminatory* or *racist*. Since any action is based on discrimination of one kind or another, since it is necessary to distinguish between what is the target and what is not, any action has become impossible. The people subjected to this new type of Baal-Moloch only have to wait for its end without complaining.

Where does this demon come from? The origin of this demon which claims to be universal, which claims to rule the whole planet, is itself quite singular. This demon, like many others, is the product of the Cabal, or the *corporation*.

He certainly did not come out of the imagination of the people. In reality, this all-powerful demon came out of a piece of text promoting *universal* tyranny written in Manhattan by a self-appointed nine-member *commission*, chaired by the crypto-communist Eleanor Roosevelt. Eleanor was the wife, born Roosevelt, of F.D. Roosevelt, President of the United States. The one who, together with his banker advisors such as the sinister Morgenthau, wanted, organized and won an atrocious world war that destroyed a Germany that was very happy to be free of usurers, incinerated entire historic cities filled to the brim with real *refugees*, women and children, and claimed tens of millions of victims whose only crime was to be Germans, one of the most civilized people on the planet.

This diktat, falsely called *Human Rights*, imposed on all peoples, for all eternity, the impossibility of defending themselves against the victors, those who had provoked the war but had converted into innocent *victims*, and even, for good measure and to destroy the peoples slowly, the impossibility of defending themselves against any foreign interference and invasion. It was a diktat imposing a universal dictatorship. Or, in other words, the realization of the pact between the demon Adonai, avatar of Baal-Moloch, and the descendants of Abraham, promising the destruction of the Nations and the domination of the world. There is only one Baal-Moloch, the Almighty, under various names, and the world must crumble under his omnipotence.

It is easy enough to understand the hatred against Céline, who, endowed with intuition, had warned well before the war of what was likely to happen, and had loudly pointed out those who wanted it and were trafficking to organize it, advocating the genocide of the Germans and the annihilation of the *anti-Semites*, which made their official *ex-post* status as *victims* troubling, to say the least. Céline doesn't need my tribute, but I want to pay it.

As I have distinguished various stages in the creation and management of terror and hatred, depending on where it comes from, against whom it is directed and how, it might be appropriate to add a layer to the already numerous strata of Moloch's system; a system born in that of the *Sacrificed*, but reached a truly *universal* stage which would be the ultimate.

The idea of a new system *makes sense* if one considers that a *sequel* is generated when the existing system is faced with insurmountable problems. The first system, the original *Moloch* system, with its horrible child sacrifices, became unsustainable in the face of the advance of Hellenic, or even Western, humanism: it had to either disappear, which it did almost everywhere, or camouflage itself and change form, which it did with Judaism, the *Sacrificer* syndrome and system. Sacrifice was shifted to the sacrifice of foreign peoples, the *Gentiles*, the Nations, and the whole Chosen People were elevated to the level of Sacrificers of the whole world. When the hatred underlying this behavior became visible to such an extent that in response Judaism was threatened with extinction, it was transformed back into a protective shell that was intended to be universal, the system of the *Sacrificed syndrome*, Christianity, which created willing victims and was a fighting force against *oppression*, by which I mean oppression that might attack the Almighty God, the now shared New Moloch.

But towards the end of the second millennium, with the age of Enlightenment and those that followed, the Christian model and its *Sacrificed syndrome* were seriously challenged; a fatal blow had been dealt by the National Socialist system, which claimed some pagan roots and which had toppled over because the *sacrifices* imposed on the German people had become absolutely unbearable by the intensity of their horror.

In order to avoid a global challenge to the venerable system of hatred that has lasted for 2,500 years and more, there was only one solution: to move up a gear.

This is how *Universal Human Rights* were born, and the prohibition of *racism*, *anti-Semitism*, and all forms of *discrimination*. One is never better served than by oneself, all this was elaborated in a tiny committee, perfectly conscious of its own interests. The Council of Nicaea had inaugurated the totalitarian horror of a single, compulsory religion with an Emperor and three hundred bishops; the Human Rights were satisfied with a Committee of nine people to settle the fate of all humanity. This Committee was of course haloed by a *democratic* halo of supra-divine essence.

In fact, what distinguishes the sacred *Human Rights* from a religion? Almost nothing, in substance. What changes are the modalities. From public sacrifices to Moloch, intended to maintain the terror, one passes to sacrifices hidden from the public eye at the back of the Temple in Judaism, then one passes to symbolic sacrifice in a public Church among Christians. Judaism and Christianity embellish their sacrifices with sacred readings and sermons. In the last phase, the religion of *equal rights* and *anti-discrimination*, the mass media, parliaments and courts become the places where the Good Word is spread and imposed.

As for the background, it is entirely based on Christianity, the system of the Sacrifice. As in every transition, the clothes change, but not the actors.

There is total continuity in the course of *hatred*, or in the *sacrificer - sacrificed* relationship, under various disguises. First of all in the initiators: Christianity is preached by Jews, and even, probably, by cabalists, people closer to the original Moloch than the official priests of Moses' Judaism. These people will carry out their attack on two axes: self-sacrifice in order to go to Paradise, and the agitation of the lowest and most stupid layers of the population, potentially the most hateful, against the elites, allegedly responsible for the misfortunes of the world. These manipulators will then be relegated to an external, but privileged role, and will always more or less keep the prestige of being the initiators of the system and the only ones to know its roots.

In the next round, they are again the ones who have the upper hand in the elaboration and imposition of the new ideology, and this can be seen very clearly by their once again particular position, since the laws are going to be directed against racism and *anti-Semitism*, which underlines a kind of exceptional status in a superior *anti-racism*, destined to protect them particularly.

Moreover, in the new religious version, we see a kind of total and final inversion of the path of *hatred*. The Jewish people, the people of the priests who enjoy an exceptional status, is dressed as the *victim of hatred*, whereas common sense for more than two millennia has characterized it as singularly *hateful*. This is a sleight of hand, a remarkable permutation. According to the *innocent* manipulators, all the observers have projected their own hatred on unfortunate innocent *scapegoats* for centuries, and the die is cast.

Of course ideologies and religions are always out of step with reality, or even categorically opposed to it; in Christianity we have a whole delusion about *the last being first*, a material life that would be bad when there would be a spiritual life that would be good, etc. Ideologies and religions are capable of all excesses, of all lies, of all idiocy. Religions and ideologies turn true knowledge, that of science, or even that of common sense, into abominations. Today, true knowledge about, among other things, races, sexes, intelligence, evolution, in short everything that is important, is all systematically banned. Lies, propaganda, indoctrination, and slander against those who know.

The practical form of the great modern ideologies, those that have been imposed universally as a result of the elimination of European resistance, is exactly the same as that of the great religions that create the *Sacrificed syndrome*: to rely on the lowest strata of the population, or even, in modern developments, to import them from the most backward areas, in order to destroy the highest strata, to enslave them and to seize their goods and their lives. Those who lead the way are those who are at the origin, on the one hand, of wars and, on the other hand, of the great ideologies supposedly pacifist or anti-racist, which, by importing different races, practically create the abominable interracial conflicts. Once the ideological veneer and the excellent intentions have been removed, the pattern of practical action is very clear, and its actors very visible.

The various "*isms*" hate reality, to the point of wanting to destroy it completely. The modulations of the attacks are diverse, each *ism* having its privileged targets; it is necessary to understand well what it is about, in each case. To take the *ism* that causes the most problems, and the most frightening ones at that, *anti-racism*, it is a question of destroying *racial differences*, which would be, according to a perfectly perverse egalitarian conception of justice, *unjust*. In Greek, the word *genos* means everything that is naturally inherited: what we call today genes, but also character, or even value. To want

to destroy this heritage is called genocide; the anti-racist doctrine is, fundamentally, genocidal. All *isms*, with the possible exception of *realism* if it is used without bias, are destructive just as anti-racism is genocidal.

The really worrying phenomenon of modern times is that it seems that, against all expectations and against all the will of progress carried by science, the more we know reality for sure, the more ideologies react against knowledge with an increased violence. This is extremely visible in the case of genetics. Today we know a lot about races, about groups, even relatively narrow ones, about their origin, their evolution, their capacities, all that can be observed, sampled, calculated. The observable, calculable, effective reality corresponds for the most part to what is qualified by the ideologues as *prejudice*. But in reality only the ideologists have *prejudices*. Extremely tenacious prejudices, which prevent them, either by stupidity, or by voluntary blindness, to inform themselves on what can be demonstrated in a certain way. This phenomenon of amplification of the totalitarian *isms*, which want to prevent any description of the reality, amplification correlated almost exactly to the increase of the objective knowledge that we don't *want to know*, is extremely worrying, when we think that the more we will know things, the less we will be able to reveal them.

It is clear that most governments are currently on the side of falsification and totalitarianism. And many scientists *betray*, there is no other word, knowing full well that they are doing so. It is said that not all truths are good to tell, but this poses a problem when there is an exponential increase of known truths, and at the same time less and less can be said. This situation brings us to a point of pure delirium, which can lead, which is already leading, to pure furious madness and violence.

Two words on disgust and mutilation

Hate is certainly the main ingredient of oppression, and indeed its existence is repeatedly emphasized in modern times, in the form of *hate speech* and *hateful behavior*, even if most of the time it is the projection of the real and known haters against their victims. But the fact exists. Disgust, on the other hand, is rarely mentioned. It is however an essential feeling, coming from the deepest part of the ages and of our being, just like fear and sexual instinct, and its manipulation, little known, is extremely important to shape what we call our personalities.

Recently, neuroscience, which focuses on the physical location of our reactions and behaviors in the brain, has found that in Europeans, regardless of their stated opinions, images of interracial relationships with Africans activate the specific area of disgust, the second most powerful emotion after fear. One can think what one likes about all the methods of suppressing the expression of this disgust, but from a strictly physical or natural point of view, it cannot be seen as anything other than a mutilation.

I am not going to worship neuroscience, but the effort to physically locate the origin of our feelings, and to see their activation in this or that circumstance, is extremely important for us to understand what our *deepest being* is, what our *natural* reactions are, and how and why they have been transformed, diverted, fought against to create our *personality*, which often appears, in this perspective, as an artificial construction.

In the 18th century, the child was considered as a *blank sheet of paper* on which one could print anything one wanted. It was thus enough, in a way, to change the text to improve humanity. The few natural reactions were considered as a kind of modelling paste, relatively shapeless, that could be quietly modified by adequate education and re-education operations, for the good of the individual and of the society at the same time. The main objective of the Masonic sect of the Illuminati, to control education, and that of most educators today, is along these lines.

There were some reactions against this view from the end of the 19th century, in particular that of Nietzsche. But generally, the frank and clear expression of simple, unbiased feelings was outlawed, or left, in part, to the lower classes, as a sure sign of *lack of education*. If there are, today, a few groups of dissenters, in the largely majority discourse of the wealthy and educated ruling classes, it is uniformly considered that *racism*, linked to *populism*, is due to the lack of education of the working classes, or even to their stupidity. This is a myth that is strongly rooted in the ruling classes, making them easy prey for cults such as the Illuminati and related ones.

Neuroscience destroys the myth of the blank page, and all the Promethean myths of education. What is really happening is what Sa'ul Paulus aka Saint Paul called the *circumcision of the heart*, which would be better called the circumcision of the brain, that is to say, no more and no less, a mutilation.

We have been mutilated. We have been mutilated so profoundly that to recover, among other things, the disgust of other races, requires an almost cataclysmic experience. And dangerous, because the public expression of this perfectly natural disgust has been made a crime, and beware of those who lose *control*!

Why is this important? Because one can stigmatize ordinary education as evil, one can vituperate against it, one can rightly think that it is spoliating, but all this is, after all, only based on assessments. If it can be shown, as it is, that it is a mutilation, then we are dealing with something entirely different: a mutilation is a crime. It does not matter that almost all mutilated people are not aware of it, or even deny it: a crime is not a matter of appreciation, it is a material fact, an event, whether one is aware of it or not. The so-called *thought crime*, the crime of not thinking correctly, has never been a real crime. On the other hand, this terror of an illusory *thought crime* could well be part of an authentic *crime against our nature*, a *mutilation of our natural reactions*.

Any deliberate mutilation is a crime, and crime calls for crime.

And since this crime is extremely widespread, it is a genuine *crime against humanity*, not a crime against specially protected groups who cynically claim to be the representatives of *humanity* against others.

Back to the roots: Γνωθι Σεαυτον

Γνωθι Σεαυτον, *Know thyself*, is the sentence that appeared on the pediment of the temple of Apollo, in Delphi, in ancient times; Delphi was a sacred place revered by all Greek Cities, yet generally jealous of their particularities; the Pythia, a seer, delivered the messages of the gods there. *Γνωθι Σεαυτον* is a sentence that illuminated the whole spiritual and intellectual life of Greece, and of a good part of the whole of antiquity, and it is this sentence that I find at the end of my journey on this earth, both illuminated and bruised.

It is indeed through the knowledge of myself, and the general knowledge of nature through my own nature, that I have come, I believe, to know the world, through unusual and often incomprehensible experiences. The account of what I have lived and seen, heard, read, felt, and my understanding of the world are one and the same thing; all this is my own,

but the sentence of Delphi tells me that this is knowledge, and that there is no other. And for me, this knowledge is the basis of what we call civilization.

Compare the Greek sentence with what barbarism says, which also has its opinion on the question of knowledge. "Thou shalt not eat of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil," says the cruel and tyrannical god of the Bible, whose priests surround their false knowledge in the mystery of sacrifices and penances; this barbarism has spread all over the West, and inquisitorial judges, even today, claim to govern truth and falsehood as well as good and evil.

The barbaric biblical tyranny, the absolute opposite of "know thyself", the source of all authentic knowledge, is expressed today in a myriad of laws prescribing what can be done, said, and even thought, all of which are derived from a tyrannical fundamental law, imposed after the end of the Second World War by the triumphant mafia Cabal, the anti-discriminatory *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*. The beautiful Greek sentence, "Know thyself", is crushed by the sentences of the judges.

The "Declaration" made impossible any free examination, any distinction, any "discrimination": the sovereign and tyrannical Law had decreed that it was henceforth forbidden to act or to think according to the race, the religion, etc., of some or others. It was the universal tyranny of the Judges, the dream of the Jews and the nightmare of the *Gentiles*.

"1 - Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration, without distinction of any kind, such as race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status.

2. Furthermore, no distinction shall be made on the basis of the political, legal or international status of the country or territory of which a person is a national, whether such country or territory is independent, trust, non-self-governing or subject to any limitation of sovereignty.

(...)

7 - All are equal before the law and are entitled without any discrimination to equal protection of the law. All are entitled to equal protection against any discrimination in violation of this Declaration and against any incitement to such discrimination."

Universal Declaration of Human Rights, 1948

"Provocation to such discrimination" can be any free thought. Obviously "knowing oneself", free examination, research of facts and causes, analysis of the global tyranny and the causes of our degradation, are "provocations to such discrimination". The "global protection against discrimination" is a global tyranny against knowledge, and also against the freedom to do, say and think.

This tyranny is of barbaric, biblical and Judaic essence, and is spreading throughout the West by encouraging the invasion of barbaric beings from *underdeveloped* areas, whom it is forbidden to *discriminate*. What must be understood is that there is a close link between these barbarians and the barbarity of the text that incites them to invade the West, and that all this goes back to an ancient conflict between Western civilization, whose "know thyself" categorically refuses any tyrannical Law imposing any worldview, and the biblical barbarity that uses Laws to enslave peoples, including, initially, the Jewish people.

Civilization had laws and constitutions, diverse ones at that, and also treaties negotiated by mutual consent, but nothing like the tyranny of a Universal Right, and even less a Universal Right established by a small group of conspirators, in New York, in 1948, based on the tyrannical decisions of a self-appointed military tribunal, without the slightest prior legal basis. The abolition of this horror is a prerequisite for the liberation of peoples and consciences, and in the present circumstances it can be said to be urgent. The slavish obedience of the leaders, who are only satraps of the Empire, contrasts too much with the growing anger of the peoples, and this contradiction could become explosive.

Everyone knows that the brilliant Western civilization is collapsing under the blows of the barbarians who are invading it; what is less well known is that this collapse is due, not to chance circumstances over which no one has any control, but to a fundamental law which is itself barbaric and tyrannical, imposed by barbarians, tyrants and swindlers. We will only completely recover our civilization, and our deepest being, by eradicating the source of evil.

There are great continuities in history, and these continuities shape the lives, real and mental, of peoples and individuals, you and I. It is the same cabal, in various guises, that practiced sacrificing firstborn males to Moloch in the fire, that wrote the Bible and its laws, that practiced usury, slavery and

various forms of abuse in the West, that wrote *Germany Must Perish!* which was published long before the USA entered the war and advocated the genocide of the German people (by the German Jew Theodor Kaufman, 1941), which succeeded in destroying and criminalizing the European peoples, which wrote the Unilateral Declaration of Human Rights forbidding discrimination, which forbade all free thought and destroyed my brain considerably with *anti-racism*, and which finally murdered Colleen, after having seduced, prostituted and threatened her. All of this comes from a single source.

The great Judaic of satanic class manipulator Disraeli, the main architect of Europe's troubles in the 20th century, had a very clear vision of this phenomenon. Here is what he wrote in his book *Endymion*:

"No one will treat the racial principle with indifference. It is the key to history. Why is history often so confused? It is because it is written by people who ignore this principle and all the knowledge it implies... Language and religion do not make a race. Only one thing makes a race, and that thing is blood."

Benjamin Disraeli, *Endymion*, 1880

Knowing this, it is not very complicated to understand the origin, the whys and wherefores of *anti-racism* and *anti-discrimination* laws applied to defenseless Europeans. To put *racism* on the level of the worst horrors is to banish all intelligence and all understanding, and all grip on reality. Ethnic and racial coherence is an essential necessity for the safeguarding and well-being of peoples, which all peoples, however poor, try to maintain; that is why it was necessary, for the predominance of cabalist interests, to make it a crime.

Between the real crime and the imaginary crime of *racism* implanted in my brain by all the tools of control, my initial astonishment, "that *would be* a crime," which I could not believe, as one cannot believe in the horrible stories of tales filled with ogres and vampires, turned into a certainty: we live in a world dominated by ogres and vampires, not hidden deep in the forests or in haunted castles, but in the heart of our system.

The soul of crime

"If some people knew that I know what I know, I'd be in a lot of trouble."

Colleen Applegate, a week before she was murdered by agents of the invisible government.

"The very word 'secrecy' is repugnant."

John Fitzgerald Kennedy, publicly assassinated by agents of the invisible government.

"The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country."

Edward L. Bernays, *Propaganda*, 1923

"And as I've mentioned, we've all been quite content to demean government, drop civics and in general conspire to produce an unaware and compliant citizenry. The unawareness remains strong but compliance is obviously fading rapidly. This problem demands some serious, serious thinking."

Bill Ivey of *Global Structural Strategies* to John Podesta, Hillary Clinton's campaign manager, March 13, 2016, email leaked by Wikileaks.

Hatred of nature, hatred of humanity

It is a simple, but quite enlightening, approach to always try to distinguish, in humans, what belongs to the world of their deep nature and what belongs to the unnatural. This approach is somewhat analogous to the search for truth and falsehood, or even good and evil, but it is not based on the fantastic realm of Ideas, it is based on life, our nature, and our evolution. The unnatural always *lies*. Nietzsche expressed it in a quite simple aphorism: "The priest *lies*." Today, ideologists have largely replaced priests, and the *Universal Declaration of Human Rights* acts as the Gospel, but the *lie* is the same, and its consequences are just as catastrophic, and even more so, because there is also an *evolution* in the field of unnatural, which today attacks the foundations, sex, race.

Most of us are, without knowing it, the little hands of a hateful and paranoid project established more than 2500 years ago, that of destroying all peoples and nations, all *people*, all races of *Gentiles* for the sole benefit of a jealous God and his *chosen* people, according to the terms of the first commandment of their Covenant, found in their Bible, *Exodus*, 34. It is about destroying peoples, religions and cultures.

The *modus operandi* of this destruction has varied from the slow destruction by usury, hoarding of public finances, corruption, propaganda, characteristic of *liberal* societies, to the violent terrorist destruction by the Judeo-Bolsheviks or *Communists*. The two modes, liberal and communist, cooperate closely; when Jewry got hold of the US Treasury by founding the *Federal Reserve*, it almost immediately financed the terrorist and genocidal monster Bronstein, known as Trotsky, to drown the Russian world in rivers of blood. All the worst moments of world history in the last hundred years, and God knows there are many, as they say, are terrifying consequences of this Judaic project, and of the resistances against it.

As a result of this project, all *rights of people*, those of the peoples of the West having been established for millennia, rights over their soil, their blood and various properties, have been crushed under a *universal* right, carried by occupation armies under Judaic control, after the Second World War. We, the peoples of the West, live under the rule of a foreign occupation law. The *Universal Human Rights* are the enemies of our *Right of the People*, respectful of peoples and identities. We know without any doubt or possible ambiguity *who* has given himself the objective, expressed in all its letters in his sacred book, the Torah, to destroy the *people* or *Gentiles*. This was taken up by Christianity, the only religion in the world, invented by the same people, which advocates self-destruction. The foreign spirit has taken over both our institutions and our minds. We are occupied by a foreign spirit and a foreign law, and this spirit is the worst known. It is the spirit of Yahweh son of Moloch, implanted through the perverse agency of his son Christ. Christ was necessary so that the *Gentiles*, the Nations, could accept this abominable doctrine as their victims, and work nicely for their own destruction.

Whether or not one understands our occupation by a *foreign spirit*, the full recovery of the rights of our peoples is the absolute priority. This is the line on which the resistance fighters and the occupying forces are confronted

today. The awareness, long diffused, of having been degraded grows every day.

All that is missing is the awareness of what the occupation really is, and what it means and, above all, its goals are. It is very difficult to understand any action if one does not understand its goals. In the ordinary and normal conception of events, the acts of politics are about power, the conquest of power, wealth, domination. All this *makes sense* to the ordinary citizen. But this is a mistake, and that is why the Sacrificers are always one step ahead, in a shadowy area imperceptible to the ordinary conscience.

I am not going to rely on the controversial *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, which I find it very curious that it deals only with the conquest of power - a subject, in fact, very ordinary, and commonplace in any political group, be it official or occult. This emphasis on the conquest of power, no more scandalous than Machiavelli's writings, makes me imagine that, since the document comes from a Jew who supposedly *betrayed*, it is indeed a forgery, produced not by the tsarist police, but by the *kahal* himself. I will rely on a publication made by Nahum Goldmann, founder and leader of the World Jewish Congress, in 1915, two years after the *Federal Reserve's* group of Judaic financiers took over American finances, and two years before the brutal seizure of power in Russia by Bolsheviks led by Lev Davidovich Bronstein-Trotsky, financed by the same *Federal Reserve* bankers. Hold on to your hats.

"The historical mission of our world revolution is to remodel a new culture of humanity to replace the previous social system. This conversion and reorganization of global society requires two essential steps: first, the destruction of the old established order, second, the design and imposition of the new order. The first step requires the elimination of all borders, nationality and culture, ethical barriers and social definitions as a matter of public policy, only then can the destroyed elements of the old system be replaced by the imposed system elements of our new order.

The first task of our world revolution is Destruction. All social strata and social formations created by traditional society must be annihilated, individual men and women must be uprooted from their hereditary environment, torn from their native environments, no tradition of any kind must be allowed to remain sacrosanct, traditional

social norms must be seen only as a disease to be eradicated, the golden rule of the new order is: nothing is good so everything must be criticized and abolished, everything that was must disappear."

Nahum Goldmann, *The German War: The Spirit of Militarism*, 1915

The year 1915 was two years before the entry of the USA into the First World War, carried by an intense media intoxication operation to reverse the dominant pacifist and non-interventionist attitude. Germany, Austria and others had practically won the war. The American intervention allowed the destruction of the Russian Empire for the benefit of the Judeo-Bolsheviks, and the destruction of Germany, the center of Europe; the attempt of the Judeo-Bolsheviks to take power failed in Germany, and produced instead an immense reactionary movement against this attack, including National Socialism.

That was a century ago. Today we have the *Great Reset*, Davos, Schwab, Soros, and of course Rothschild, and all the forces and powers that are agitating to implement this, once and for all. But Nahum Goldmann did not invent anything. All this is already present in the imprecations of the prophets, such as Isaiah, who predict the destruction of the Nations so that Yahweh and his Sacrificers will reign forever, and that *the wolf will drink with the lamb*, or for Christians, no better, the Apocalypse which describes their destruction from top to bottom in floods of blood, except for the Saints or the Righteous, those who prostrate themselves before the Lord, whose other, more trivial name, would be *collaborators*.

The slogan taken up with one voice by all the supporters of this programmed horror is "*Build Back Better*", after having absolutely destroyed everything from top to bottom; all those who have reached the head of the Nations by their corruption and repeat this are dangerous paranoids, raving lunatics, followers of cabalistic destruction who should be locked up urgently.

That the Soviet *new society* was an unspeakable horror did not deter the Cabal; from their point of view, the only problem with the *socialist paradise* was that it was not global.

The hatred of this Nahum Goldmann for everything that exists is obvious, and it would be underestimating it to believe that it is limited to the field of power. What is, profoundly, the object of the hatred of these beings, is Nature, as a whole.

I will refer to an article entitled: *Neo-Paganism in the Public Square and Its Relevance to Judaism*, Dr. Manfred Gerstenfeld, April 1, 1999, published in *Jerusalem Center for Public Affairs, Israeli Security, Regional Diplomacy, and International Law*, Volume 11:3-4 (Fall 1999)

"In today's fragmented society a large number of religious and secular neo-pagan movements have emerged and are gaining prominence. An increased interest in nature is central to many of its manifestations.

Expressions of this attitude are found in the followers of neopaganism, neo-Nazis and some extreme environmentalist currents.

The ancient revulsion of Judaism from paganism is related to the need to take stock of these contemporary phenomena. The return of paganism forces Judaism to focus on Jewish law and tradition, which proclaim that God is central to the world. Nature is not sacred and its laws represent barbarism; *Noahide laws* represent civil society. There are several reasons for Jewish observers to look carefully at the direction that the powerful renewed interest in nature will take, and the consequences it may have for world Jewry."

Curiously, this is almost exactly in line with the famous New World Order speech of the filthy George H.W. Bush, the arch-criminal that Colleen denounces, the one who most likely gave the order for her assassination. Bush claims to replace what he calls the *law of the jungle*, that is to say the *natural law*, which is the basis of the *law of nations*, with the *rule of Law*, and it is not very difficult to understand *who* is the beneficiary of this strange thing, this ethereal entity called *Law*. As chance would have it, in order to confirm the cabalists, always fond of numerological *signs*, in their complete control of the world, this speech took place on September 11, 1990, just 11 years before the disintegration of the two World Trade Center towers. This is exactly how Bush justifies *the Law* that is to govern all *nations* of the earth uniformly under the same tyrannical rule.

"We have before us the opportunity to build for ourselves and for future generations a new world order. A world where the rule of law, not the law of the jungle, governs the conduct of nations. When we are victorious, and we will be, we will have a real chance with this *new world order*. An order governed by a credible *Council* that will finally play its part, and keep the peace, to fulfill the promise and vision of the founders of the United Nations.

George H.W. Bush, September 11, 1990

Council can be one of the translations of *Kahal*.

The *founders of the United Nations* obviously conform to the same plan, being all linked, in varying degrees of proximity, to Jewry, and strongly hostile to any form of *populism* and independence of the peoples. They are the same ones who worked for the incineration of nationalist and socialist Germany, and some of its appendages.

The *hatred against humanity* of George H.W. Bush, like that of his brothers in hatred, is rooted in another hatred, deeper and more secret, the *hatred of nature*. This hatred is incomprehensible to an ordinary person; prostituting and murdering Colleen, an extraordinarily natural, extraordinarily beautiful and *lively* girl, cannot be explained by *hatred of humanity* alone; to reach this extreme, one must deeply hate *nature* and *life* itself.

This is important, because the questioning of *It would be a crime*, this questioning in the face of an inconceivable phenomenon, can only find an answer in a deep hatred, which goes beyond *humanity*, which touches everything that is *natural* and alive, the hatred of *the flesh* itself.

All this is repugnant. *And so it was. And God saw that it was good.*

Let us continue in the text of our specialist of neopaganism, our thurifer of the Holy Law against the *bad nature*.

"Neo-Nazism is another semi-religious ideology. One hears more about its racism than about its pagan interest in nature, but the latter is nonetheless there. Few people realize - and today's German Greens prefer not to be reminded - that the first important nature protection laws were issued in Nazi Germany, which would prove to be the cruelest country in the West with respect to humans."

The rest of the reasoning is clear. The Germans are the cruelest of humans, because they are close to nature, which is itself cruel, whereas the Jews, who are gentle, without hatred, and civilized, distrust it.

"Twenty years ago, the Dutch historian Lea Dasberg pointed out the dangers of an exaggerated "return to nature": "The *natural* has again become a norm as a counterweight to culture. So shortly after Nazism, which proclaimed the same thing, it was again forgotten what dangers

the elevation of nature as a norm brings for the handicapped, sexual deviants, the elderly and interracial societies. Historical reflection should teach us that it is always the rural and agrarian societies that have produced the destructive movements based on millennial thinking."

I wonder where this *historian* got that, about traditional agrarian societies and their *millennial thinking*. She probably made it up from scratch. We could remind her that the word *culture* refers to agriculture, just as the word *civilization* refers to cities, which could only have been born thanks to agriculture and its surplus. It is certainly not the nomadic barbarians, plunderers of Abraham, sacrificers of the firstborn to Baal-Moloch, who can give lessons in civilization to anyone.

"*Halakhah* (the body of Jewish law) is the antithesis of the laws of nature. The latter are cruel: there is no charity in nature; there is no mercy."

"In the Bible, the Utopian Last Days are characterized by the disappearance of these features of the world, when Isaiah prophesies that "the wolf must cohabit with the lamb...the cow and the bear must graze...a child must play over a nest of vipers."

Isaiah is the prophet of the *herem*, the anathema, of rivers of blood, of divine vengeance and of the incineration of the Nations... It is well understood that the paradisiacal world of the Last Days passes by the ultimate destruction of nature, of the whole earth as it is... the least we can say is that the example of Isaiah, a hateful and paranoid prophet, but not much more than the others, is particularly badly chosen when it comes to demonstrating the *goodness* of the Judaic Law...

"Anyone who places nature as a central value in society must be suspect in Jewish eyes. One should not equate neo-Nazis, neo-Pagans, and extreme environmentalists. However, all should be carefully monitored by Jews, even if the degree of concern they cause varies greatly."

One of the cornerstones of Western thought, Aristotle, saw nature as an example of excellence that should be followed as closely as possible. He considered political systems according to this standard, and concluded that authentic democracy, which prohibits usury, guarantees the property of citizens, educates them, gives them freedom of speech and decision, and

prevents all intrusion, assimilation and foreign interference, is the most natural system, the best for the well-being of citizens and civil peace.

Thomas Aquinas had also partially restored the rights of human nature and countered the rigorist barbarism of Judeo-Christian fanaticism, opening the way for a *natural right* of humans. The cruelty of Jewish religious practices disgusted the Greeks to the highest degree, until they were silenced by Judeo-Christianity.

The Law, the New World Order, the Human Rights are direct attacks, both against nature and against democracy.

All this anti-natural discourse is, in fact, a discourse against humanity.

"In the Torah, God tells not only the Jews but also mankind in general that they should not live by the laws of nature. Judaism totally rejects *the animal in man* and seeks to eradicate it."

To seek to eradicate the *animal in man* is to destroy the man we know, the one who feels, who imagines, who loves, who suffers, who chooses, who knows instinctively what is good or bad for him.

I have insisted on this rather long quote, because this demented stance against nature in general, and human nature in particular, or even *the hatred* of nature in general and human nature in particular, is the essential source of the *crime* we are increasingly suffering.

According to our normal worldviews, elaborated by our normal or normally *human* brains, we imagine that the programmed horrors of the *Great Reset*, of *transhumanism*, of *global control* are only due to power motivations. But in reality, we must call upon the unimaginable: the project is indeed the Apocalypse, the complete destruction of humanity as it is in order to establish the unshared reign of a Law carried by hateful psychopaths.

Let's look at the recent progress of this horror, in the mouth of Klaus Schwab's top advisor at the 2020 Davos World Economic Forum summit, Yuval Noah Harari, both Schwab and Harari being of the *chosen Sacrificer people*:

"Data could allow human elites to do something more radical than just build digital dictatorships. By hacking organisms, elites could gain the power to rebuild the future of life itself, because when you can hack

something, you can also usually build it (*note: this is completely wrong - what you can do is disable or destroy it*). In the past, many tyrants and governments have wanted to do this, but no one understood enough biology, and no one had enough computing power and data to hack millions of people. But soon, a few corporations and governments will be able to systematically hack everyone. And if we succeed in hacking and rebuilding life, it will not only be the greatest revolution in human history, it will be the greatest biological revolution since the very beginning of life, four billion years ago. For four billion years, nothing has fundamentally changed. Science is replacing evolution by natural selection with evolution by *intelligent design*, not the *intelligent design* of some god above the clouds, but our *intelligent design*."

It must be understood that these distant heirs of the Bible are not, as is often said, psychopaths, but paranoiacs much more dangerous than the famous Dr. Frankenstein, who should imperatively, for the safeguard of life itself, be definitively locked up in a high security asylum. Life is an extremely complex phenomenon, of which any educated person will admit that what we know about it, which is a lot, is probably only a very small part of the whole, and I will address this subject at the end. These dangerous madmen have reached this level of power not because of their intelligence, but only because of the privileges that were stupidly granted to them in Christianity, because of usury and all the mafia deals, and a whole set of *crimes*.

No one, I believe, among *humans* endowed with all their faculties, is capable of fully grasping the immensity of the inconceivable *crime* that is being committed. On a certain day in 1982, I vaguely felt, but did not really believe, that *it would be a crime*; that is to say, I did not really believe it possible, and that it was only a view of the mind. In reality, this crime has invaded the planet, in such a pervasive way that it cannot even hide anymore.

"The individual is handicapped when confronted with a conspiracy so monstrous that he cannot believe it exists. The American mind has still not come to grips with the evil that has been introduced among us. It rejects even the hypothesis that human beings can espouse a philosophy which must in time destroy all that is good and decent." J. Edgar Hoover, FBI Director, 1956

Hoover, a very knowledgeable but ordinary human, sees a *conspiracy*, something that falls within the scope of what he knows. It is not, in fact, a

conspiracy. It is much worse. It is a way of being, a way of being that is inherited from the very ancient Sacrificers of Moloch, of Yahweh, of Christ. A way of being whose soul is called *Hate*.

The heart of the Cabal and the destruction of the world

There is, within our reach, a wealth of new knowledge, often linked to very old intuitive knowledge that has been crushed by the totalitarian Judeo-Christian hell, the hell of Baal-Moloch, Yahweh, and Christ combined, the hell of the cabalists, the hell of usurious high finance and of totalitarian, destructive and despoiling ideologies. There is today a hateful war against civilization; it is not a war between ideological factions, or between religions, it is a war that aims at destroying our immanent reality, that of our peoples or races, those who have created the main part of modern civilization.

What is truly mind-boggling is that the minions of Moloch, in its various versions, from the original to the Christian, aim to crush all life under a law that is worse than tyrannical, I can't even think of a word that can describe the absolute horror of this policy.

It is not a question of *rights*, what is in question is the *being*. We are at the point where we have to fight to exist, to assert loudly and to exalt the specificities of our beings, in front of all those who would like to reduce them by various blows of force in infamous *melting pots*. This crushing of peoples, cultures, intelligence, beauty, in an unspeakable mush, is the worst *crime against humanity* ever been committed, and it is committed today, under cover of the various avatars of Moloch's religions and ideologies.

We may be on the verge of a new era of impressive progress in our knowledge and living conditions. But for now, we are confronted with a destructive hatred that masquerades as Good, the hatred of Baal-Moloch from the Near East. The latest avatar of Baal-Moloch, Christ, is masquerading as a *victim*, and the fake *victims* bloodthirsty of rape and pillage are destroying the best of the world, just as Colleen was destroyed, just as I was destroyed, just as countless beings are destroyed every day. The future is terribly uncertain.

To understand in one image the horror in which we are plunged, it is enough to take up the way the cabalists see Jesus, who is probably their creation. First of all, we must remember that MLK, Moloch, means *Lord*, and

no one is unaware that Jesus Christ is *Our Lord*. Although this new Lord, the champion of self-sacrifice, is rejected by Orthodox Judaism, his Judaic origin, and his affiliation with Yahweh, another *Lord*, and then with Moloch, the original Lord, is indisputable. Orthodox Judaism is not fond of self-sacrifice, and it is quite clear that the commandment of self-sacrifice, or *love of neighbor*, was created for the use of *Gentiles* only, who would thus joyfully offer themselves to the knife of the Sacrificers.

There is little information on this, but it seems that in its sacrifices, the Cabal invokes, besides Adonai, a *Nester Jesus*, the hidden Jesus of the initiates, who is the hidden face of the Jesus of the Christians, in reality the ancient figure of Moloch. If there is self-sacrifice and *love of neighbor*, the victim sacrificing himself, this sacrifice benefits the Sacrificers, who only have to reap the fruit of the bloodshed that the sacrificed have inflicted on themselves.

The last and worst version of the commandment of self-sacrifice is the one contained in the famous *Universal Human Rights*, which prevents any defense against several species of criminals and parasites that have become untouchable, and turns the advanced peoples into helpless victims.

The so-called Human Rights have created millions of new predators for whom one must *sacrifice* oneself, and new pretexts for sacrifice are invented, because of epidemics, to save the planet, etc.; the figure of Baal-Moloch has become more abstract and more invisible, but it is still there, more and more greedy, and those who drink the blood of the peoples are gorging themselves more and more.

The invention of Christianity, the only *prodigious* invention of Christianity, is that of transforming an image of the predatory Demon, the Baal-Moloch, into a sacrificial Victim, and then inciting the true victims, the Christians, to *sacrifice themselves in the Love of the Neighbor* and the *Forgiveness of the Offenses*, and thus weakening them until they are exsanguinated, and that the Adonai Chosen can feast on their remains, their bodies, their souls, and their goods.

All the politics of the Chosen Ones in the last decades, the flood of invasions from the Third World, the vaccinations, the financial crises, and so on, are directed towards this objective: to strip the weakened and exsanguinated masses, conditioned to *accept* the worst while being persuaded to be *in the good*.

Crimes against democracy

Democracy is nowadays all the time served to us by the professional politicians who claim to defend it. It is a notion that the peoples of the West hold dear. It has become a kind of fetish notion, constantly used as a pretext or justification, including for the worst totalitarian measures. It is therefore of primary importance to see whether the present regimes satisfy the criteria of what Aristotle calls *democracy*, and even whether, from a democratic point of view, the politicians of our regimes are criminals.

Before we delve into the study of democracy, we must remember that democracy is one of many systems, that there is no perfect system, and that there surely is no universal perfect system. This seems obvious, but there is a horrific number of deadly conflicts that have been justified by the pretext of bringing a pseudo-democracy in regions that had nothing to do with it.

Every system has laws or founding rules, which are necessary for its functioning. These rules are sometimes called constitutions. These rules are very concrete, they are systemic rules. If we compare them to the rules of living systems in general, they all have rules according to which they must feed themselves, reproduce, maintain a temperature, etc.; this is their constitution, so to speak; then, to achieve these objectives, they manage. In a political system like democracy, citizens vote and judge alliances and wars, what to build or not, favor or punish, etc., but all within the fundamental rules that keep the system itself alive. And violating the rules that keep the system alive is, of course, a crime. It is a crime different from most crimes, because it is a crime against the community: it is a crime of treason.

The most famous democracy, the one of Athens, the one that gave democracy its aura thanks to the power of Athens, begins with the laws of Solon. Solon enacted laws in a kind of state of emergency, when conflicts were tearing Athens apart, and the specter of civil war and chaos was darkening the future of the City. The laws founding democracy, in Solon's own opinion, were created to avoid chaos; the future will show that these laws secured the future of democracy and Athens.

Solon's very first law, imposed according to his declarations to avoid the horrors of a civil war, is the one that forbids slavery for debts, and frees the destitute Athenians who were made slaves by the rich usurers. We may think that our reality is far from being identical, but it is not. If slavery is in

principle abolished, in reality, today the usurers work in large numbers, enslaving entire nations in the worst conditions. This is what happened when those usurers from the City of London, the Federal Reserve and Wall Street loaded Germany with a monstrous debt, reducing the entire population to the situation of indentured servitude if it simply wanted to survive. A reaction of the enslaved nation did occur, and its first act was to throw the debt in the garbage, which gave it a spectacularly flourishing self-managed economy; a kind of huge nation-wide civil war ensued, between those who had freed themselves from the financial yoke, and those who were convinced that by dying for the financiers and slaughtering the liberated peoples, they were saving freedom and democracy. This yoke of the financiers, who won this war, has since grown in an increasingly odious tyranny. Solon's vision, between the 6th and 5th centuries BC, was perfectly accurate: usury creates slavery, which creates rebellion and war.

The same criminals who incinerated Germany, freed from debt and usurers, in the name of democracy, are trying to do the same thing to Russia, almost freed from debt, still in the name of the parody of democracy, which has become, alas, an old prostitute who served much.

We can add Aristotle's well-known reflection on usury: "Interest is money from money, and of all acquisitions it is the one most contrary to nature". The enslavement of nations by finance, worse today than yesterday, is indeed a monstrosity whose eradication is of the utmost urgency in order to re-establish at least the embryo of a democracy and the return of the natural order.

With the development of democracy in Athens, another measure will emerge: the fundamental assets of citizens - land, habitat, industry, are sacred and inalienable. Robbing citizens is a crime of treason. A strong community is based on free and independent citizens who own their livelihoods.

This is an indispensable guarantee. The property of citizens, whether land, houses, or industries, must not be alienated. It is an indispensable condition of independence and freedom. The crime of dispossession of citizens is even worse if the property alienated is for the benefit of foreigners. It is a double crime against the people and democracy.

The second urgent measure taken by Solon, in order to maintain civil peace, is to grant to the people not all the power, but a power of control:

"Solon had granted to the people only the indispensable part of power, that is, the choice of magistrates, and the right to make them accountable; for, without these two prerogatives, the people are either slaves or hostile" (Aristotle). Our mock-democratic regimes do not provide for the slightest possibility of direct control, and hide themselves more and more in opaque systems of the defense secret type, which justify popular hostility and the appearance of what the authorities call, with incredible nerve, *conspiracy theories*. Opacity is the rule, and power goes to secret societies, linked to financiers, most of them hostile to the people and to the most essential principles of democracy. I'm not even talking here about democracy in its full expression, the one that will come progressively after Solon, the democracy that made the people vote its laws directly in the Ecclesia, the Assembly, and that randomly drew its judges for one year only, I'm talking about minimal provisions that avoid tyrannical abuses, slavery and civil wars.

Among the prerequisites of a democracy is a clear and exclusive definition of citizenship. "In the usual language, a citizen is the individual born of a citizen father and a citizen mother; only one of the two conditions would not be enough" (Aristotle). This excludes the famous *jus soli*. Solon did not have to legislate on what is only a common sense measure: the homogeneity of the demos is essential for the City to be free from all risks of foreign intrusion, whether it be power grabs or the plundering of resources. This is not specific to democratic systems, which are just stricter on this issue. Encouraging foreign interference through citizenship fraud is another crime of treason.

The opposite, the inclusion of foreigners, is the act of tyrannical and corrupt regimes, and, more particularly, the act of Empires gathering under their boot various peoples whom they ransom, who have very few rights anyway. If democracy is, as Solon himself expressly says, a system for avoiding civil war, Empires will on the contrary often generate conflicts, divide and rule, and holy immigration is very useful for this purpose.

Freedom of opinion and expression is one of the cornerstones of democracy, and in the democracy of Athens, preventing a citizen from speaking in the Assembly, no matter what he wants to say, is a crime heavily sanctioned. That is why it is amazing to see how, in so-called modern democracies, well-informed people go to jail for their so-called *opinions*. It is the world upside down, since in a real democracy, those who prevent free

expression would rightly end up in prison. The situation is all the more fiercely tyrannical in that it is above all a question of preventing free expression on the real state of the National Socialist State before the Cabal unleashes itself to crush it under firebombing, and then to slander it while brainwashing its inhabitants through terror.

In reality, this Nation, freed from the yoke of the usurers and all the criminal aspects of their system of power, has enjoyed for some years a prosperity which may seem miraculous, which highlights, by contrast, the horrors of the cosmopolitan financial system under the leadership of the Cabal. This is what must remain hidden, and the propaganda claiming the innocence of the Jewish people and the hateful perversity of National Socialism is incessant, proof that the terror of the revelation of the truth, which is exactly the opposite, is always present.

The proportions are different, but the crimes against Colleen, her family, her race, and the crimes against the National Socialists, and the way the truth about them is treated, are exactly of the same kind. And it is certainly not democracy, it is its denial.

The key word is, of course, *corruption*.

Mock-democracies are criminal, and even criminogenic.

To claim that *democracy* has evolved over the centuries into a kind of folkloric backyard of globalist tyranny is obviously totally false. The very word *democracy* has become a hideous lie. From a truly democratic point of view, our modern so-called *Western* systems are totally *criminal* and run by *traitors*.

But that's not all.

I have only used what were considered *crimes* in the democratic era of Athens. They obviously did not know, and obviously could not imagine, some modern *crimes*, the worst being :

Mass propaganda to invert natural perceptions of just about everything, endogenous and non-endogenous, love and hate, good and evil, desirable and undesirable, etc., the list is almost endless, see any mass media program promoting inversion and *diversity*.

Linked to propaganda, the inverted rewriting of history, where criminals become victims, free beings become dangerous dissidents, etc., according to the principles of Orwell's *1984*.

The criminalization of opinions, and even worse, the criminalization of science and scientific methods if their observations and results do not correspond to the prevailing dogmas, which brings modern societies back to a state that was thought to have almost disappeared since the heresy trials of the 17th and 18th centuries, and which had only reappeared in the foul Soviet regime and its communist avatars. And the social death, imprisonment or murder of *dissidents*.

And of course, the constant pressure to destroy forever everything that can found a *democracy* as the Athenians defined it, which is the absolute crime against any form of democracy.

We have gone from what can be considered crimes *in* a democracy to a global crime *against* everything that can resemble any form of democracy. *Absolutely everything*, without exception. It is a *global* anti-democratic totalitarian strategy.

It is forbidden to mention *who* is constantly working for the destruction of all democratic forms and peoples, and I leave it to everyone to look for themselves.

The progressive destruction of homogeneous peoples, of the *demos*, by the migratory invasion tends to make democracy impossible, a mixed population is conflictive and cannot govern, which leaves the field open to oligarchs who can buy the favors of some or others and meet only separate resistance.

In the *law of nations*, which was unanimously recognized in classical Europe, each people had an unquestionable traditional right to the space it occupied, owned and maintained. The so-called modern democratic societies are in fact regressions of the rights of peoples, and the opposite of any democratic form.

At a time when the memory of those who had fought and died for their freedom was still vivid, any law, however small and circumstantial, that restricted freedom of opinion and expression, and enshrined the *de facto* marginalization of a category of citizens prevented from expressing themselves, was called a *wicked law*.

As for the *crime against the people* that is genocide by migratory invasion, it has perpetrators and agents. The perpetrators are protected by the laws against anti-Semitism, the agents by the laws against racism. The people, if they want to survive, must therefore fight against both the perpetrators, the agents, and the *wicked laws* of exception that protect them.

The promoters of the genocide of Europeans today were in the past the promoters of the genocide of Germans; their hatred of *fascism* has gradually generalized into hatred of *the white man*, through the fight against the so-called *authoritarian man*, that is, in fact the European, by the Frankfurt School. These *promoters* include the arch-predators of finance, social networks, the media, and others. These promoters are seconded by *agents*, who are drawn from the innumerable crowds of the Third World, enticed by the prospects of plunder and revenge against those who have always looked down on them, simply because they are de facto inferior in everything; these agents are the ones who carry out genocide by invading Western lands.

This genocide obviously could not happen in a democracy, or even in a Republic or any system based on a Law and Justice designed to protect the people and peace. It is only possible in a tyranny protected by *wicked laws* and *privileges* established by criminals, both for the promoters and for the agents.

These *wicked laws* and *privileges* were established by a tiny cabal in the aftermath of World War II and imposed on just about the entire world.

These laws are the ones that crush all dissent, all protest, all opposition, and all freedom, criminalizing it as *anti-Semitic* or *racist*. The laws against *anti-Semitism* protect the crimes of the leaders and promoters of genocide, on the same model as the old Soviet laws against anti-Semitism, and the laws against *racism* protect the agents of the so-called *underprivileged* races, whose exactions are encouraged and who are forbidden to confront head-on to oppose genocide, which is *racist*.

The wicked laws called universal laws of Human Rights are lawlessness. Artificial, anti-natural, anti-systemic rights, attributed in the most total arbitrariness to foreigners, parasites or predators, are for the creators and legitimate owners of the western civilized worlds ferocious constraints. It is objectively the prohibition to separate, to protect oneself, and to live separately in peace, these laws are destructive of the soul of the people and are criminal laws.

I thought for a moment that it would be possible to recover our democracy, piece by piece, battle by battle, if we at least had the awareness of what we are losing. That would allow us not to confront the monster directly. But whatever form of democracy one would like to promote, it can always be attacked by the genociders, under the pretext of *racism* and *anti-Semitism*: basically, everything that opposes genocide is *racist* and *anti-Semitic*. It has become criminal to claim the *natural right of peoples*, which has long governed Europe.

Relying on the wicked laws, the genociders condemn the resistance fighters as criminals; it is increasingly clear to the resistance fighters that the laws by which they are condemned are themselves criminal. When two populations regard each other as criminals, they are in a state of war.

Let's remember that the French Revolution of 1789 rose up not only against *privileges*, private laws protecting certain categories of untouchable populations, but also against foreigners, and that the King's head fell for the crime of *treason*.

Treason was, and still is, the worst crime against the people.

Here is the text of what is still the French national anthem, it dates back 250 years, but the transposition to our time is not difficult:

"What does this horde of slaves want
Of traitors, of conjured kings?
For whom these ignoble shackles
These irons already prepared?
French, for us, ah! what an outrage
What kind of transport should it excite?
We are the ones they dare to consider
To return to ancient slavery!"

There is no need to replace *traitors*, and it is enough to replace *conjured kings* with *cabalists* to have a text adapted to our time. But, at the time of the Revolution, even if conflicts existed, even if there is talk of *slavery* and *treachery*, the people continued to enjoy their natural right to their territory, which no one would have thought of questioning. Today, it is much worse.

Obviously, 1400 years of Christian propaganda had not succeeded in completely extinguishing in our ancestors the taste for combat and the spirit of revolt against oppression. Eighty years of modern propaganda and

brainwashing have perhaps succeeded better in dumbing us down, but the total dispossession is not yet accomplished, and an awakening is still possible.

Calamities

There are calamities against which we are forced to fight, but it is much more exhilarating, and more in conformity with the deep tendencies of our beings, with the principle of life which animates us, to fight *for* something.

It is completely aberrant that at the beginning of the 21st century, at the dawn of an essential revolution of our ways of thinking and seeing the world, and probably also, in the same movement, of our ways of being, we are still tyrannized by followers of religions and ideologies coming from sinister ages, in comparison with which the Middle Ages, *Dark Ages* for the English-speaking ones, bathe in the light.

The followers of Moloch's religions must be brought back to the hell they have invented, and no one will mind if they do their Apocalypse among themselves.

Without going into the details of these religions, they were all born in what was called the Near East, that is to say the western part of Asia, which stops at the Mediterranean and is therefore bordering, I would say, for its misfortune and its ruin, the West.

One of the great masters of these cults, or rather, one of the great *visible* actors, Klaus Schwab, famous organizer of the World Economic Forum and of the *Great Reset*, recently appeared in the pomp and circumstance of a cult officiant, proudly displaying a typical ancient Judaic scroll, which is probably, given its rather small size, the *Book of Esther*. The Book of Esther is displayed and read at the Purim festival, which celebrates the massacre of seventy thousand Persians opposed to Judaism, a fact not historically proven like many others, but capable of arousing the enthusiasm of *vengeful* Judaic crowds. The same Klaus Schwab is said to have had lunch on the morning of September 11, 2001, at the *Park East Synagogue* in New York with Rabbi Arthur Schneier, former vice-president of the World Jewish Congress, the guest of honor at the *spectacle* of the annihilation of the towers that will kick off the liberticidal measures.

The French president Macron has installed in the reception room of the Elysée Palace a large tapestry of the 18th century representing "the triumph of Mordecai". Mordecai, in the same *Book of Esther*, is the one who persuades, thanks to his niece Esther who prostitutes herself for the good cause with the Persian King, the said King to have the part of his own people hostile to the Jews massacred. The said Macron is in league with Schwab and the Rothschilds, and others.

There is a cabal of people who are systematically at the heart of the worst crimes against humanity, and they are clearly not *Nazis*, but those whom the *Nazis* were fighting.

Can we legitimately, in the 21st century, in Europe, proudly exhibit the barbarity of the system of Moloch in its version of the *Book of Esther*, and work so that it conquers the whole world? Do we want to live under the control of dangerous paranoids from the darkest ages? And here I am not talking about National Socialism, I am talking about ancient times when the firstborn were burned as sacrifices and the virgins of the destroyed peoples were sacrificed on the altar of Yahweh-Moloch.

The barbarity of Christian rituals, although more moderate, is still a horrible anachronism.

The continuation of the human adventure requires that these people be put out of action, whatever the modalities.

The art of understanding in a few words

We were trapped. Lured like pigeons. Pigeonholed. Betrayed. Sucked dry to death by a criminal mafia. Better yet, they make us believe that we are the criminals. And we are dumbed down, stunned, unable to understand, react and fight evil.

The initial trap is the cabalist trap: to make us work at our own loss by pursuing ideals that kill us, the love of the Neighbor first, then of the distant Other, and collect the spoils of our destruction.

We are damned, and the hell of the Apocalypse they promised us is here. It's about our survival.

Lloyd Blankfein, CEO of Goldman Sachs, said, "I'm just a banker doing God's work."

His competitor, another *banker doing God's work*, Dick Fuld, CEO of Lehman Brothers, said of those who stood in his way, in his version of the same thing in a private document, that he wanted to "rip out their hearts and eat them before they died."

Indeed, they are doing *the work of God*, this terrorist god who gave them the earth and everything that moves on it.

The Son of this God, born in Israel to preach the love of the Other and the forgiveness of offenses, is a demon launched against us by the cabalists to destroy us.

The devil, under the deceptive guise of a Son of Man whose innocence and divine goodness make people weep, pushes the victims to *sacrifice themselves*, while the God, the Eternal, the Almighty, the Avenging God, the heir of Baal-Moloch, holds the cash drawer, drinks the blood and feasts on the spoils.

Because it is their project.

It was written. It's in the Book.

How can we not see what is so *obvious*?

As great paranoiacs, absolutely certain of their *good right*, of their *intrinsic* superiority, and of their *destiny*, they do not hesitate to translate the message of their Book for the stupid Nations:

"The Jews have the right to subjugate the rest of humanity and to be the masters of the whole earth. This is the historical destiny of the Jews."

Harry Waton, *A Program for the Jews and an Answer to All Anti-Semites* (New York Committee for the Preservation of the Jews, 1939), pp. 99-100

"We, the Jews, we, the destroyers, will remain the destroyers forever. *Nothing* you do will satisfy our needs and demands. We will eternally destroy because we need a world just for us, a world of God, which it is not in your nature to build."

Maurice Samuel, *You Gentiles*, 1924, page 155

These texts date from before the National Socialist revolution and the Second World War, which was launched to exterminate it. Since the National Socialist reaction, the discourse has changed, because it has become clear

that people can react to these attacks and not let themselves be destroyed so easily. So the Cabal dresses up in a nice *anti-racist* cloak, claiming to be the *victim of racism*. But was Hitler such a *racist* that he wanted to destroy other peoples, even the whole world, as his worst enemies? This is the conclusion of *Mein Kampf*, 1925:

"A state which, in an age of contamination of races, jealously guards the preservation of the best elements of its own, must one day become the master of the earth."

This is Darwinian reasoning. It is a question of improving one's own race, which is perfectly natural and legitimate, not of destroying those of others by accusing them of being *racist*. In the ordinary world of *natural rights*, which the European powers respected in the broadest sense, each people could construct its own destiny as it wished. It can also be seen that this firm position of antagonism to the contamination of races, and thus, finally, to their destruction, is directly opposed to the Judaic plans, which will employ other, more direct methods of destruction against the Germans, before *brainwashing* them.

In general, when we write to address our community, it is to obtain its assent. We adopt a text that follows our tastes and interests. The text is always a solid, permanent basis, no matter how wildly you interpret it. Many Germans agreed with this, enough to bring Hitler to power. One can claim that it is about destruction, but the written evidence of the will to destroy is on the other side.

Hitler's *racism* was constructive, anti-racism, on the other hand, is destructive. All *anti-racist* doctrines are inherently destructive. Anti-racism is an exacerbated offensive racism against all races that might stand in the way of the final apotheosis of the Jewish race, as promised to Abraham. In fact, very few Jews are really descended from Abraham, and have kept the racial purity of which Yossef Ben Matityahu Ha Cohen alias Flavius Josephus was proud, but it is the principle that counts, to be a race or pseudo-race enemy of all others.

If the Germans decided to *improve their race*, it was their strict right. It was certainly not, in itself, a *crime*. It was a policy, and any people was free to choose the same or another, there was nothing to prevent it. It was a *positive* policy in every way.

Conversely, the destruction of peoples, of nations, of their cultures, of their races, of their civilization, is certainly *a crime*.

This is what this crime looks like, legitimized by the pseudo-universal Human Rights, which have been created without any doubt by the Destroyers to fulfill their objectives. This is a statement by the Prime Minister of Canada, Justin Trudeau, a declared supporter of the New World Order and the infamous Klaus Schwab, the one who sees his triumph coming and exhibits the scroll of the Book of Esther, the triumph of the massacre of their enemies by the Jews. It dates from February 2, 2022, on the occasion of the dissent of the North American truckers who oppose their forced vaccination, whose goals are certainly not *sanitary*, and certainly *globalist*.

"Today in the House of Commons, Members of Parliament unanimously condemned the anti-Semitism, Islamophobia, anti-black racism, homophobia and transphobia witnessed in Ottawa in recent days. Together, let's continue to make Canada a more inclusive country."

On the 15th, he clarified what "inclusive" means: "Together, let's continue to build a welcoming and inclusive country - no matter who you are or where you come from."

Obviously a country that is *inclusive* and welcomes, to the letter, anyone, is a country whose days are numbered; it will sink into total chaos.

What is transparent is that all that is *condemned* is all that can oppose the destruction of the nation; an *inclusive* country is a dying country. Note that the so-called *unanimity* that Trudeau claims was actually, according to the video recordings, extremely stormy and confrontational.

I don't need to demonstrate the link between compulsory vaccinations and Semitism, Islamism, anti-racism, the promotion of sterile homosexuals and transsexuals, and inclusiveness, Trudeau does it very well on his own: all this is one, and only one, policy of destruction, which is that of a single entity that, before the war, clearly declared its intentions.

The book *Germany Must Perish!* published in the USA in 1941, by the German Jew Kaufman, advocated purely and simply genocide by sterilization of all Germans, which would make it possible to seize all their territory, their wealth, etc. A kind of *herem*, the biblical anathema. *Time Magazine* commented that it was a "sensational idea," and *The New York Times* that it

was "a plan for permanent peace among civilized nations!"; both of these leading newspapers were, and still are, owned by Jews. It was when Hitler was able to read the translation of this book that he decided that Jews should wear the yellow star.

The spearhead of these attacks, their weapon and justification, is the famous Universal Declaration of Human Rights, imposed unilaterally by the victors of the war, who are not the Westerners, but those who wanted to destroy Germany. The liberation of the West, if it comes, will only be complete when these wicked laws are abolished. It is under the cover of these laws that the worst destructions take place.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which directly follows the pretext of the condemnations of the *International Military* Tribunal of Nuremberg, racism, anti-Semitism and racial hatred, is the death sentence of the Western world and our civilizations.

Those who are aware of our situation, responding to Lenin's famous formula, *What to do?* have elaborated a multitude of answers, from the softest to the most brutal, from the simplest to the most complex. Not being a strategist, I don't have my own answers to these questions, but I do have some ideas based on my observations and those of Colleen.

A lot depends on the notion of *crime*.

We are in a world that is becoming more criminal by the day, and the question is: what response to crime?

The main crimes that affect us are all crimes against democracy, or crimes against the people.

The first crime, which has favored all the others, is the holding of the peoples' finances by a cabal of cosmopolitan usurers and traffickers. The currency used by the people must be returned to them so that they have full control. The bogus *debts* to the loan sharks must be abolished outright. This process can be established gradually by issuing public currencies to replace the usurers' system.

The acquisitions of real property by the usurers must be returned in full. All the property looted, land, industries, patents, works of art, etc., for the benefit of usurers and their accomplices must be recovered. This is an essential condition of democracy.

The second important crime is the control, again by the usurers, of the means of information and communication. These media must reflect the tendencies within the people and be distributed by an elective system among these tendencies. One cannot fight propaganda absolutely, but one can abolish the unilateral and unanimous Soviet-style propaganda.

The third crime is the invasion of territories by parasitic aliens. The peoples must recover their property in full. This implies the abolition of *Universal Human Rights* and the abolition of the multiculturalist nightmare. A healthy ecology wants each group to have the exclusivity of its territory and to tolerate only those foreigners whom it accepts. The others will be returned to the sender.

Then, slander, that terrible plague, must become once again the *crime* it has always been, and must be punished to the extent of what it falsely denounces. Manipulators, forgers, false witnesses, are among the worst criminals, even if they count on the credulity of others to practically accomplish their goals. One of the usual meanings of *cabal*, in the 18th century and later, was: slanderers.

Everything that is said today about nations, races, intelligence, crime, history, is not only false, but asserted with the aim of destruction and malice: it is slander. This global misinformation has practical effects that are criminal. These are not *errors* or *misconceptions*, they are deliberate *crimes*.

There can no longer be the slightest doubt about the existence of *crime* and criminals, well-hidden or blamed on others.

The murder of Colleen, and millions of others, the destruction of our races and cultures, cannot go unpunished.

The damage that these lying, slandering, paranoid haters have inflicted on our species is considerable, and Colleen and I are part of that damage, along with millions and millions of others. But still, despite all the horrors, we can have some light on the future.

The force that obscures and destroys the lives of Westerners is concentrated in the so-called *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*. This Declaration, which follows the incineration of a rebellious Germany, liberated from the grip of totalitarian cosmopolitan usury, has only one purpose: to prevent any revolt against the tyranny of usurers, both through the criminalization of anti-Semitism, and through the decay of Nations by

the invasion of predatory races. The laws based on this Declaration violate both the principles of liberty, by prohibiting freedom of expression and freedom to choose or discriminate, and the principle of equality by granting special rights, based on origin, to the two kinds of predators. These laws are *wicked laws*.

Since we are dealing with fundamental rights and privileges, we are not faced with the need for reform, but rather with the need for a revolution, overthrowing the visible and hidden pinnacle of power, as happened in the 1780s in America and France. The people must recover their rights from the predators and their privileges.

I want to end on that note, not on the grim note of our times, not on the bullet in the head that *ended* Colleen, nor on the bullet that may *end* me too.

Because we will come back, I'm pretty sure. We're not going to let this go to waste.

"Let's crush the vile!"

Voltaire, *Correspondances*, by way of greetings.

The Horizon of our Being

« Eh quoi ! tout est sensible !

Pythagore

Respecte dans la bête un esprit agissant ;
Chaque fleur est une âme à la Nature éclosé ;
Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose ;
Tout est sensible ! Et tout sur ton être est puissant. »

“Everything is sensitive!

Pythagore

Respect in the beast an acting spirit:
Each flower is a soul to Nature hatched;
A mystery of love in metal lies;
All is sensitive! And all on your being is powerful.”

Gérard de Nerval, *Vers Dorés*, in *Les Chimères*, 1854

The horizon of our Being is a distant place, always elusive and inaccessible, but it is also the place of a star, on which to fix our compass. In this bewildered and increasingly panicked world, our true nature is our star, unique, timeless and sacred.

The New World Order or the New World Horror.

“All the bodies, all the brains will be connected together to a network, and you want to be able to survive if you are disconnected from the net because your own body parts, your own new system perhaps depends on being constantly connected to the colony, to the Net.”

“Humans are now hackable animals.”

Yuval Noah Harari, *World Economic Forum*, New World Order prophet

“You will own nothing and you will be happy”

World Economic Forum publicity

This paranoid fantasy imagines humans who can only communicate via a network; more precisely, they communicate with the Colony, the Artificial Intelligence, and are only able to communicate with each other through the

Machine's codes. This is the delusion of paranoid people who wield financial power, destroyed any alternative model during the Second World War, and now see only negligible obstacles to the realization of their worst fantasies.

Right now, we're in a preparatory phase: artificial *pandemics*, fake *vaccines*, *global warming* attributed to the insignificant production of an almost neutral carbon gas, promotion of the most parasitic and stupid races, and so on. And above all, in the wake of the scurrilous, liberticidal so-called *human rights* laws prohibiting the normal exercise of intelligence and discrimination, the general promotion of *inclusion* and *diversity*.

On November 9, 2017, at the *New York Times DealBook* conference held at JALC, *Jazz at Lincoln Center* in New York, billionaire Larry Fink, CEO of *Blackrock*, spoke on stage and declared:

“Well behaviors are gonna have to change and this is one thing we're gonna we're asking companies you have to force behaviors and at Blackrock we are forcing behaviors (...)
it's just it you have to force behaviors and if you don't force behaviors whether it's gender or race or just anyway you want to say the composition of your team you're gonna be impacted and that's not just not recruiting it is development. (...)
It has to be imbued in the culture of a firm it has to be talked about asked to be shown behaviors across the entire firm in every region have to be similar and every citizen of the firm has to understand what is acceptable behaviors and what are unacceptable behaviors and it's the same linkage about what are the acceptable responsible behaviors related to building your teams.”

Larry Fink, *Dealbook*, New York, 2017

Along with Vanguard, Blackrock is the world's largest financial manager, and its influence is colossal. Larry Fink, like all those who have their hands on finance, is Jewish. The New World Order remains, fortunately, a projection into the future, but Blackrock and Larry Fink are current. And when you look at the composition of most corrupt governments, it's clear that they don't conform at all to the democratic rule of government by the majority of citizens, but to the forced rules of Blackrock, and the interests of cabalist finance.

Why this insistence on *inclusion* and *diversity*, which is found everywhere from the spheres of power to the little hands of education and

social work? What need would any majority group with a little common sense have to import parasites to increase inclusion and diversity? It obviously doesn't make the slightest sense, and this delirious operation, supported by the cream of Judaic finance, must have other aims.

There is, of course, an apparent aim to destroy the intelligent races, to create chaos enabling the establishment of totalitarian order. But in fact, the impact is different, and it's precisely in relation to what I want to talk about under the heading of *the horizon of our Being*: our deepest Being is a being of communication, it only exists in connection, and what connects our beings, what grounds them, is the relationship with the similar, the close, in the love relationship above all, and in ethnic, racial proximity, etc. And this is precisely what *inclusion* and *diversity* destroy. Inclusion and diversity annihilate all forms of powerful communication, all complicity between like and allies, creating a world of forced adulterated relationships, as the filthy Larry Fink puts it so well and so quietly. It also destroys our souls, which are, among other things, centers in an immense space of communications, vastly exceeding our ordinary reality. And it's all paving the way for the wonderful New World Order of zombies with *acceptable behavior*.

All of humanity's great achievements - and this no doubt applies far beyond, perhaps to all living things - are founded on natural attractions, starting with the most powerful attraction, selective sexual attraction, which enhances and differentiates groups, races and cultures; it is the natural resonances between similar beings that create the powerful shared emotions that underpin the great achievements of civilizations. And it's all this that the dictatorship of scurrilous anti-discrimination laws, of forced inclusion and diversity, has set itself the task of destroying.

In reality, we know very little about what we call our souls, and we are only vaguely aware of what we are fighting for, which is a huge advantage for our enemies. At the same time, the enormous advances in science, the huge upheaval in the limits in which we thought we were enclosed, brought about by the quantum revolution, can give us new foundations on which we can build, not yet very solidly, of course, but the case is under way.

Quantum mechanics and the mechanics of the soul

The non-local reality

At the beginning of the 20th century, a fundamental scientific event took place, one that definitively put out of harm's way the conception of man as a programmable animal whose all-powerful regulators could control the mechanical laws of functioning: the discovery of what has been called *quantum mechanics*. For quantum mechanics, the world we know, the visible, material world, is the expression of an infinitely larger world that underlies it, a universe that is not limited, neither in space nor in time. We can only perceive, in our four-dimensional world, three spatial and one temporal, a part of it at a time, as on a sheet of paper we can only draw the visible half of the three dimensions of a volume. Schrödinger made a humorous description of this situation with his famous Schrödinger's cat which, in our world, is necessarily either alive or dead, but in the quantum world which does not know our limits, is both at the same time.

The world of the so-called *quantum fields* escapes the *principle of locality* which says that, in ordinary physics, any element, however small, is located somewhere in time and space. There is thus a non-local reality, and, in this reality, a non-local determinism. In this non-local determinism, events can be simultaneous, which at least partly ruins the ordinary reasoning of cause and effect, of sender and receiver.

The nonlocality is also the strange and always unexplained characteristic of the phenomena that we call *psychic* or *spiritual*. That materialist and localist science evacuates, because it does not understand them, to the side of fantasies. Of course, if one can neglect *fantasies*, and treat humans as hackable animals, it becomes impossible if psychic phenomena have a reality, and a reality at a level inaccessible to manipulators. We can even make the revolutionary hypothesis that what we call the soul has a physical reality and determinisms in the non-local reality.

Biofields

Vibratory or wave phenomena have more affinities with quantum fields than inert matter; it is in fact observations on wave phenomena that led to the discovery of strange quantum fields and non-local reality. And many vibratory phenomena are quite strange. We speak more generally of wave

phenomena - the emitted waves - than of vibratory phenomena - the vibration emitting the said waves - but it is the same global phenomenon.

First, all beings emit measurable vibrations: we all have our own frequency spectrum, which is unlike any other, just as we have different fingerprints, characteristics, physiognomies, etc. This frequency spectrum is called a *biofield*; it is measurable, it exists in the localized universe, so it is not quantum. One vibration can resonate with another, this is called harmony, creating an energetic *effect*, whose first principles were developed by Pythagoras. This would explain the very spectacular phenomenon of *love at first sight*, or the ordinary phenomena of attraction and repulsion. Pythagoras said that he himself had felt love at first sight for the woman who was to become his wife. This is not the only strangeness of this man, whose birth had been announced to his father by the Pythia, hence his name, who precisely described his previous lives, and discovered the rules of musical harmony, rules that are not social or cultural but have always existed in the natural world.

Since we have been able to measure minute vibrations, we have been able to see that DNA taken from a person and put in the presence of that person, without touching him or her, starts to vibrate. We all have different DNAs, more or less different according to our proximity, family, ethnic, racial, etc., and therefore vibratory identities, at least determined by the DNA, but probably also by much more than that, and these vibratory identities are not only means of differentiation and classification, they are gigantic concentrations of vibrations, tuning in and out of tune with others all the time, and probably much more.

These frequencies are perceptible in nearby space. Hölderlin, like many other great poets, often speaks in terms of waves, waves that carry, because he had a strong experience of it. On a slightly lesser level, I've sometimes had women who couldn't have seen me turn around as if they had felt me and headed towards me, and I've at least once been drawn to a place without understanding it, a café, where there was a woman who had her back to me, nevertheless *felt* me and joined me. Of course, she was quite, as Proust would say, *my type*.

But there is something more extraordinary. Twins separated at a very young age and raised far from each other and in different environments, not only have close paths - which can possibly be explained by their common

DNA - but end up meeting *by chance*. More extraordinarily, false twins boy and girl, each unaware of the other's existence and in the same conditions of separation, met, felt an instant love at first sight, and mated, learning much later that they had identical DNA. In these cases, the attraction is remote, it exists outside of any physical presence: this can only be understood by the existence of a non-local reality which has its own laws, more determining than those of the ordinary local reality which is in a way enslaved to it.

We can therefore think that the powerful harmonic resonance that beings can feel between them when they are in physical proximity is linked to a similarity in the non-local reality, which is perfectly undetectable, in the current state of our knowledge. And what is thus buried in the non-local reality, sometimes manifesting itself in an always surprising way, would be what we call our *deep Being*, or our soul; the quantum being not limited in time, it is a characteristic, known by many peoples, of the soul.

If there is something like pre-existing links in non-local reality, it means that our identity is not only a singularity separating us from the others, but a kind of transmitter-receiver on a particular frequency, generating attraction and repulsion, attraction for the similar and repulsion for the dissimilar; the localist notion of transmitter and receiver being moreover improper, since we would be at the same time the transmitter and the message.

It is also undeniable that we can communicate with the spirits of the dead, again, regardless of time and space. In what space does this happen? Probably somewhere between non-local reality and our physical space, it is quite difficult to characterize at the moment. Occultists have long talked about a space they call the *ether*, or sometimes the *astral*. Generally they attribute to this ether characteristics of nonlocality.

Having been with a *streghe*, a witch of distant Italian descent, whose gifts have been passed down from generation to generation for millennia, at least since before Christianity, I have absolute proof that she, or more accurately her spirit or ghost, can move anywhere in the astral, while being perfectly invisible to the ordinary eye; she can detach herself from her body and move into another space adjacent to our ordinary space; these are ancient practices which are quite common among sorcerers in various parts of the world.

Already, the task of transforming us into *hackable animals*, besides being odious and destructive, seems downright impossible, due to the lack of access to the deep Being. But that's not all. There is a plethora of discoveries,

often little known, which all bring us back to the existence of fields which are outside the principle of locality. I will probably not be exhaustive, because much of this knowledge is almost confidential, not because of the will of its authors, but because the dominant means of diffusion confine it to a kind of ghetto.

The nonlocality of the soul

Psychism and non-local phenomena

The best known non-local phenomenon is telepathy. In a well-known experiment, young rabbits were separated from their mother, put in a submarine at the antipodes, because a mass of water prevents the passage of known waves, and executed. At the exact moment of their execution, the encephalogram of their mother, tens of thousands of kilometers away, jumped. This is very similar to an essential phenomenon characteristic of quantum fields, called entanglement: when particles are entangled, any change in one of them simultaneously affects all the others in the same way, and this, without any limit in our space, and even our time.

The experiment with baby rabbits sacrificed away from their mothers is a basic one, but there is something more spectacular, and more incredible. Laboratory rats are a standardized species, so that comparisons can be made, and so all laboratory rats in the world are related, or have roughly the same DNA. A lab in Europe, probably in the UK, did an experiment with rats, in a complex maze, to measure their intelligence and learning ability; everything was done to make this learning as laborious as possible. A laboratory in Australia repeated the experiment with rats related to the first ones, and the same complex maze. To everyone's amazement, the new rats knew the solution almost immediately, as if it had been transmitted through an unknown channel. The researchers developed a bizarre concept, that of "form waves" that would cross time and space. A priori, I don't think that the formulation in "waves", which we should be able to locate, is adequate, and I think that involving quantum fields would be more adequate.

By extending research to humans, we inevitably come across the case of the Australian aborigines, a population that has always practiced telepathy in a perfectly natural way. An aborigine will always know instantly, whatever the distance, if one of his close relatives is dead, ill, or has a serious problem. So it's interesting to know who these aborigines are, and why they are aware

of telepathic relationships, whereas we are not in most cases. I say awareness, because it is quite possible that this telepathy has not in itself disappeared, but that it is relegated to unconscious areas to which most of us do not have access.

The Australian aborigines are the last representatives on earth, along with the South African Bushmen and the Pygmies of the forests of equatorial Africa, of the hunter-gatherer populations, attached to the Paleolithic culture which, however remote it may seem, only began to be replaced by the Neolithic about 10-15,000 years ago, which is very little. What is interesting, and probably explains their telepathic facility, is their conception of the world, very different from ours. The aborigines do not believe in the existence of a separation between the spirit and the body, for them it is the same thing, or the emanation of the same source. In the same way, the separations between the bodies, according to the principle of locality to which we are accustomed, are relatively blurred: the beings of the same clan exist as a *we* more than as an *I*. And, worse from our point of view, they do not respect the principle of temporal locality: they think of themselves as the emanations of their Ancestor, not as his successors, his emanation beyond our time. The anthropologist Röheim found a rather successful expression to characterize this culture, and made it the title of one of his books: the *Eternal Beings of Dream*. Dream is the closest civilized formulation of what, for them, is the only reality, the one in which they have been moving for a long, long time. It is in this reality, for us immaterial, that they move, and that they naturally have telepathic links. And it is as if their reality has just emerged from something very close to the non-local reality. Would our confinement into a narrow space-time reality be recent, and the work of a civilization confining its slaves within strict limits? People in this ancient universe, with this kind of consciousness, seem very bad candidates for the status of hackable animals, just like today, poets, dreamers and lovers.

For many ancient peoples, the world that is perceived in this way is often called the world of *radiance*. Radiance, radiation, are vibrations, emanations. Even in the modern world, we can attribute radiance to exceptional people, or say that they give off energies, even when they are immobile. The awareness of these phenomena has not totally disappeared.

This awareness or perception of the links between beings goes far beyond the framework of related humans. All shamanisms have links with animals,

and even, more surprisingly, with plants. More specifically, with what they call the *spirit* of the animal, or the *spirit* of the plant; this is not an individual connection to a plant or animal, just as there is a clan *spirit* shared by its members. A shaman who needs a plant to cure an illness can find it in the jungle, and it is not a memory or tradition, he will even feel the presence of this plant from afar. An animal can do the same thing perfectly well, all people who have had cats know that cats know without being taught what plant can purge them. By what alchemy is this knowledge available?

Some occultists have imagined the existence of an *Akashic* space, a kind of recording space of all the lives and experiences of the planet, this rather convenient idea of a kind of library comes from the Indian thought. This conception is not refutable, but I do not believe that individual beings consult a collective memory; I believe that everything is in the connections, present, past and future, between beings or rather their *spirits*.

In the dominant localist model, the one of our ordinary interpretations, beings are separate and have relations between them, which can be preserved in a memory, individual, akashic or other. We do not consider relationships as facts, as forms that have an existence of their own. In a non-local universe, where any individuation is a local expression of a vast persistent non-local universe, the relationship and the object are one and the same thing, a quantum phenomenon. To perceive an object is to perceive the specific relationship that one has with it. Objects, the world, change, their perception and our relations to them change, and we change; the only elementary unit is the state of a relation at a moment in space-time, and this is precisely what is recorded in memory, and what is replayed in dreams and other special states. It's certainly not a complete theory, nor, even less, a certainty; it's just a speculation that gives me the feeling of understanding the world and of not being totally a cork floating on the ocean.

In the case of telepathy - let's say, the general, ordinary telepathy of Australian aborigines - we know that the sender-receiver model, common to all theories of communication, doesn't work: there's clearly no identifiable physical "channel" for this transmission. Models may have been built to explain this extraordinary phenomenon, but it seems to me that the only explanatory model is the quantum model and its famous entanglement. Entanglement is the peculiar phenomenon whereby any change in one particle instantly modifies all its twin particles, independently of space and

time. In the case of living beings, a significant change in the field of one individual - illness, accident or other - will immediately be echoed by all related beings with similar structures. This is a physical phenomenon, in what is sometimes called the unified field. Most traditional healers work by perceiving within themselves the illness of a patient they wish to cure: this is not a mental phenomenon either, but something quite different.

A priori, any event, whether physical or psychic from our current point of view, can also be recorded in the limitless space of the quantum universe. Every quantum event exists in limitless time, where it is always linked to a multitude of other events, and can therefore be accessed at any moment in time. Strictly speaking, it's not a recording; the event always exists, and is always perceptible if we give ourselves the means, or if we access it by some kind of accident. From our point of view, then, everything is eternal, not in some unknown *Akashic memory*, but at the very heart of unified matter.

There are people in the modern world who are not shamans, but who have, more or less spontaneously, psychic contacts with animal spirits, with whom they can exchange messages, in the form of mental representations. The radical ecologist Derrick Jensen tells of having established a kind of contract with looting foxes. For me, I also experienced something quite surprising with a female dolphin.

For a long time I practiced scuba diving intensively, an incomparable way to immerse yourself in a world of beauty, calm and relaxation. Usually, it was in the Mediterranean Sea. One day, I dived in Brittany, at a place where there was an isolated female dolphin, we do not know why, these animals are very social. It was said that divers with tanks were calling her by tapping on the tanks, so I had little chance to meet her. But I had been diving for only a few minutes when a mass that seemed enormous came straight towards me and started to brush against me as if to play. Then she swam right next to me, her eye looking straight at me. What happened to me was just extraordinary: I felt a strong vibration, which was undoubtedly emanating from her, and this vibration, which I knew well, was that of the state of love. It is something that we feel relatively rarely in our lives, and certainly not on every street corner, and then the first female dolphin to come would trigger it.

So there are powerful connections, even between beings separated by tens or hundreds of millions of years of evolution. Clearly, this capacity is limited in humans, and only rarely expressed; a more powerful expression of

this capacity, like that of the dolphin, is capable of breaking the barrier imposed on us, no doubt by religions, dogmas of various kinds, or scurrilous laws. In human beings, it's quite likely that what makes what is called the seduction or charisma of a being is its ability - unconscious most of the time - to also break down the barriers that block connection, simply because the natural ability has been reopened in it.

It all seems to be part of a lost world. I don't think we can return globally to that status of being immersed in nature, of feeling *like a fish in water* in our world, and lose our consciousness as separate individuals, but maybe we can build bridges, that's the sense of a pretty general perception that the best poets have.

Love and the deepest Being

What brings us back to the world of bonds, visible and invisible, is love. This book began with a *love at first sight*, which is the trigger for everything that followed and everything I became aware of. To be fair, all this was certainly also helped by my good knowledge of LSD and parallel worlds, which had lifted many inhibitions and fears, but this knowledge was insufficient.

First, the sexual act, a trivial act for most humans, holds immense possibilities; first, it is a radical change of state in which one loses one's mind; ordinary separative consciousness, and individual awareness, gradually disappear - I am speaking here only of natural sexual relations, those in which both partners cooperate effectively for the same purpose, not those in which one is the plaything of the other. When the affair is well conducted on both sides, or rather when we let nature do its work, it leads to a brief shared ecstasy, which seems to be outside of ordinary time and space. Before this ecstasy, just before the body dilutes to give way to pure energy, there is always this feeling that one is going to die, that is, to lose one's identity and pass into another space; those who are used to it do not pay attention to it anymore, but it happens that an unaccustomed person cries "no" at the last moment, out of panic of "getting lost". This is called the *little death*, which would be due to a loss of consciousness, but there is no loss of consciousness, there is an entry into another form of consciousness, which is obviously non-local.

There are many other strange characteristics of dating, such as a sense of predestination. For my meeting with Colleen, it was more than unlikely. She was from a big hick village in the Midwest, I was from a workers neighborhood in one of the ugliest industrial cities in northern France. She had passed like a meteor in Hollywood, I had passed like a meteor through the entire school and university system. And we found ourselves on a lost island, known to very few people, in the middle of the Mediterranean. Moreover, there is this feeling of déjà vu, of already knowing the person, and even very well, that this special intense vibration that one feels already existed in us, ready to be activated as soon as it would meet its echo.

The time and place are undoubtedly decisive. The same kind of place attracts the same kind of people. There's also a kind of internal necessity, the one, let's say, of our souls, that pushes us here or there. Long before I met her, I was confusedly looking for Colleen. Or perhaps, I confusingly knew that there was something in me, or in space-time, or in non-local space, that could not be unique.

Are there laws of attraction, the counterpart of Newton's laws in the non-local universe? For the moment, love, attraction, the movements of the soul, are still not serious things, unlike money, false vaccines, propaganda, human rights, energy, false climate change, etc., but they could gradually regain their central place in the consciousness of humans, it is an optimistic hypothesis. To recover, at least at this level, the sense of natural connections, it would be an enormous step to get us out of the programmed degradation of our beings.

Divination

When we talk about fate, we almost inevitably talk about divination. This is the second area, after love, where humans seem to be in contact with forces that are entirely beyond them. And these forces are absolutely non-local. That said, the notion of force that we usually use is not a good one. Rather, it is a point of contact with another, non-local universe that is connected to our ordinary local universe. An in-between, a chiaroscuro.

Divination works, at least the one I know and practice, which is traditional, even ordinary. What is happening there is obviously one of the most impossible things that can happen in a universe subject to the principle of locality, which is sometimes called Einsteinian because Einstein defended it tooth and nail. I am not going to make a serious attempt here to solve this

question which opens up a science fiction universe, an extremely complex question in my opinion, but I am not going to avoid it either.

The connection of humans to each other, even at great distances, can be imagined. In the same way, that shamans can connect their spirit to that of their ancestors, animals, plants, can also be imagined. That one connects to the spirit of the dead was also a very common practice before the Judeo-Christian tyranny. But that picture cards, pieces of wood, stones, coins, or anything else, the flight of birds in the sky, can tell us with a certain accuracy the future, it makes no common sense. And yet, in the right hands, "it works".

Divination is as if the future were conditioned by the present, but it is equivalent to: as if the present were conditioned by the future, in a non-local universe, where time does not have a univocal and uniform direction. It has been experimentally determined that quantum entanglement is non-local, not only in space, but also in time: past, present and future are therefore, potentially, at some very deep level, entangled. Nietzsche had this strange intuition, which few people have tried to understand, of the *eternal return*. It is true that one has the impression that in Nietzsche's *philosophy with a hammer*, this eternal return is a kind of return of a religious belief, especially since he explains himself very little. But as he was fundamentally very much in tune with what we call our *deepest being*, it is possible that he had a non-local and non-temporal intuition, totally at odds with the established knowledge of his time. This is only a hypothesis, and I have no doubt that the connoisseurs who know everything about Nietzsche will set me on fire. All this is terribly uncertain territory, but that is no reason not to try to venture into it. No one can deny, in any case, that the Pythia, intoxicated by the smoke and out of her mind with sacred fury, announced the birth of Pythagoras to his future father.

I have, however, a hypothesis explaining divination. It is the one that we would always be unconsciously connected to the non-local reality, which has no time limits; thus, the various more or less arbitrary divinatory systems, like the coins or sticks of the I Ching, the stones of geomancy, the various cards of the Tarots, would be the projections that we would make, in the local bounded and finite universe, of what we unconsciously know in the non-local universe. Or, to put it differently, we would all still be, unconsciously, Australian aborigines.

Quite often, children will manifest non-local properties, such as the ability to easily enter into relationship with the dead; most of the time these faculties disappear with education.

There would also be kinds of so-called spiritual beings that pass through time, and that sometimes manifest themselves in those with whom they have affinities; they are generally called *egregores*, and they are considered to be created by the human imagination or thought. An ethnologist I knew told me that, attending a condomble cult in Brazil with, among others, a Negro-American researcher from a university in the U.S., this one was suddenly possessed by one of the *spirits* of the ritual, as if his inner self had retained a link to ancient African deities despite hundreds of years in the U.S. This was completely unexpected and amazing. In the same vein, those who have had various psychedelic practices with different plants and Indian communities know that the *spirits* that appear to them are always those of the Indians in question, and have little to do with their own unconscious, as if, in fact, these spirits had a real existence that could be ascertained by all. These spirits would therefore not be a pure fantasy, or a pure illusion, especially since they can have practical effects, healing or other.

Most of the time, we attribute to the Spirit celestial qualities, a kind of ethereal and cosmic superiority. Not knowing where to situate it, we have located it in the *ether*, a space invisible to our eyes, the gross matter being below, and the ether, or the spirit, above. But what if this ether was instead located in a non-local universe, which we now know is at the heart of all manifested matter?

The idea is that we are the local expression of a much larger, non-local universe, in which our deeper Being is not separate, but on the contrary, connected to a myriad of things, a universe of connections that expresses itself from time to time, quite rarely, or almost never for many people, although I don't know about it, these are things that no one talks about.

"All humans have two minds. One is entirely our own, and it is like a little voice that always brings us order, righteousness and purpose in life. The other mind is a foreign installation. It brings us conflict, self-assertion, doubts, and despair," says the yaqui sorcerer Don Juan Matus, to his disciple Carlos Castaneda, in *The Active Side of Infinity*.

Rituals and communions

I haven't talked much about communal vibrations, yet they are essential to our societies. If the most extreme phenomena, such as loves at first sight, require similarities and strong interactions, there is a whole range of communal phenomena necessary for the sense of belonging and the emotional balance of human societies; Confucius in China, and Aristotle in Greece, make them the essential foundations of societies. These rituals are different, in China they are sacrifices to the Ancestors or to the Prince, and in Greece, in Athens in particular, they take the form of the theater. Aristotle explains that the *pathos*, the sympathetic or empathetic emotion which seizes the spectators, who are also, by this pathos, *actors* of the collective emotion, is what connects effectively, deeply, the citizens. And, it is about something which arises from the depths of the being, it is not a conscious approach; as the music whose harmonies are pre-existent, the communion of the beings leans on something common, pre-existent, whether in the genes, or deeper.

Ancestors, gods, various egregores are evoked, and will haunt the dreams of men. They are obviously of extreme importance for the journey of our little worlds, they accompany us everywhere.

Confucius and Aristotle, at about the same time, which is also a rather surprising coincidence, are only commenting on practices that are probably as old as humanity; all ancient peoples practice ceremonies, always accompanied by vibrations, those of songs, dances, psalmodes, processions, and others. A perfectly harmonized dance is a very moving spectacle; the pope of emotion, Louis-Ferdinand Céline, who will hate me for having called him pope, adored dancers, who for him were expressions of divinity. For those who love to dance, meeting a partner with whom one is perfectly in tune is a magical moment. Some great singers are able to pierce the soul of all their listeners and make them vibrate with irrepressible, extremely powerful emotions.

Enthusiasm and emotion have always been signs of healthy societies. In ancient times, the Germans or Goths elected their leaders, always temporary, by acclamations; this primitive custom of people who preferred the countryside and the forests to the cities did not prevent them from annihilating some Roman legions, and then from dominating the Western Roman Empire, undermined by its conflicts, its administration, its

corruption and its Christianity. A people's soul is born from their enthusiasm, and nothing can replace that.

If there are *true values*, the ones which all the brawlers claim, without ever agreeing on what they are, they are not in the Tables of the Law, Human Rights or any other nasty regulation: they are in our deepest emotions, those who know what is true or false for us, and have never really left us, even when we are forced to believe or pretend to believe in the sanctity of laws.

Our missing souls

All that is our soul is what makes us up: our sex, our race, our clan, our intelligence, our beauty, etc., at different levels of sharing and individualization. It is our true soul, not the standard soul of slaves all paying tribute to the same god. This soul is the place of our emotions, which are what connect us or separate us in a natural way. We can think that these emotions are themselves dependent on non-local, or quantum, systems, which are out of space and time.

Our soul is thus deeply rooted in Nature, not the one we ordinarily see, but the non-local, invisible, much more powerful Nature.

This is important because, as I have shown before, our enemies hate visible Nature, and do not hesitate to assert it loudly and clearly. Nature would be the place of evil, of incompleteness, and only the Spirit of the Chosen can redeem it, by destroying it. In any case, this Nature belongs to its Creator, Yahweh, who gave it to his Chosen People to sanctify it.

Although this discourse is delirious, it is well-trying, and reiterated at every opportunity, with the complicity of Christians. Thus, one can hear that natural sex is reactionary, as is racism, etc., progress being always an annihilation of Nature. As the Jewish *Democratic* Senator from California Feinstein said of environmentally catastrophic dams, "It is a God-given right for Californians to water their lawns."

Such narrow-minded stupidity is typical of Judaism, which is tied to barbaric texts dating back 2,500 years, mostly written in Babylon, when the little people of Israel harbored their rage at being captives and their appetite for revenge, and endowed themselves with a vengeful, bloodthirsty, tyrannical and all-powerful God. Catholicism, from Thomas Aquinas onwards, had begun to see the natural in the divine, and vice versa; Nature,

created by God, could not be evil; a few centuries later John Locke elaborated the notion of natural rights, linked to the notion of property, property being everything that belongs to man in his own right: his body, his land, his industry, his ideas. Between Thomas Aquinas and John Locke lies the whole Renaissance movement, and the beginning of the Enlightenment.

In fact, everything was on track for the resurgence of a model of human society that would manage natural differences and inequalities with a minimum of clashes, which was one of the main criteria of Aristotle's Politics. Then came the catastrophe that I still find hard to understand because it is so profoundly reactionary: the reinstatement of the vengeful, tyrannical god, the God of the Bible, in Protestantism, making common cause as the new Chosen People with the old. It's easy to understand the sources of Judaism, the hatred and frustration of deportees in Babylon; it's also easy to understand how this hatred and frustration could be used by Christianity among the slaves, the idiots, the outcasts of Roman society, but what are the sources of the same dissent among Protestants, precisely at a time of liberalization, it's hard to conceive. And Voltaire's irony was powerless against this new fanaticism. All the combined horrors of Judaism and primitive Christianity, including hatred of Nature, would resurface.

Alongside this basic attack on *illegitimate* Nature, a new *progressive* attack turned the main natural distinctions, sex, race, then beauty, intelligence, etc., into prejudices and reactionary or *fascist* illusions.

Our worst enemies, Jews, Freemasons, Muslims, but also the Christians who serve them, are all determined to defend their spiritual pre-eminence over Nature; in the case of certain extremists, especially Jews, this goes as far as hatred, Nature being assimilated to Evil, and of course, Judaic totalitarian Law to Good. But is the Great Pan indeed dead? What if he was hidden deep inside our being, our deep, non-local, eternal Being? What if all the attempts to kill him, anti-racism, anti-sexism, anti-fascism and all its variants, were promised to fail?

To extend the domain of Nature to nonlocality, that is to say to the soul, to processes which are completely beyond our ordinary reality, is the unstoppable way to fight the liars and slanderers who claim to be the guarantors of spirituality. It is the way to destroy their so-called higher values, and to put them definitively in the category of evil artifices. Our nature, our deepest spirit, our links with the universe, it's all the same.

I was somehow *confirmed* by a strange phenomenon, related to my writing process and what, from my point of view, underlies it. Here's what I was writing a couple of weeks ago, when I began to imagine that our Deep Being would be immersed in non-locality:

“Strange circumstance, I notice, looking at it without any reason, that my smartwatch, which occasionally measures my heart rate, shows me an extremely low rhythm, 42 beats per minute, which I have never seen even in complete rest phase. I often have a very low rate, in the 50s, at rest, but never such a rate while I am writing, even though I can stay below what is normally the minimum resting rate, 61. It is as if my inner self was expressing its appeasement at being freed from its chains. I don't see any other explanation. It is as if this mental work I have done has had the same results as a meditation. These connected machines sometimes give us very strange information.”

Obviously something, which is me, sent me a signal. It was only the beginning of my exploration, when I considered, at a relatively simple level, that our DNA could be the actualization of quantum fields, which would be our deep reality. I have now shifted the bar even further downwards: the actual DNA would be the actual interpretation of scores that are not local. Jacques Benveniste and Luc Montagnier have highlighted the existence of a *memory of water*, water being able to replicate molecules, and even complete cells by subjecting it to the vibration, the recorded *biofield*, of these cells; maybe it is a mistake to consider that water itself has a memory, whereas it is rather the local vector, simple and widely available, of the non-local reality; in the same way, our DNA could be the local vector of an immense non-local memory, that of our *deep being*, which links us as well to our past as to our future.

I will end by leaving one of the last words to the I Ching, one of the oldest books in the world, whose origin is lost in the times when the oracle questioned the destiny by examining tortoise shells cracked by the effect of a fire. I asked it what the effect of this book could be. This was its answer:

“*T'ong Jen* - the community of men. The sign represents Heaven - strength, creativity - above the fire - intelligence, elegance, clarity. The community of men is produced by the clarification, the bringing to light of what is common. This light is produced by intelligence and righteousness.

Distinguishing beings by kind and by family is the way to recognize differences and to reach uniformity."

For a Westerner, "achieving uniformity" by "recognizing differences" may seem paradoxical, accustomed as we are to hearing morons proclaiming the *abolition of differences* for nearly two thousand years. To take the apparently simplest example, that of sexual difference, between man and woman, it is only by understanding the extent of this difference that we can understand what is common, attraction, a tool of cohesion and uniformity, and beyond that, the immense currents of vital exchange. I am far from being a master in Chinese philosophy, but let's say it's something like that.

Plunged into the chaotic mixture of hostile ideologies, subjected to a constant denial of even the most essential differences, gender and race, we find it very difficult to recharge our batteries in a living *community*; the I Ching tells us that, in spite of everything, with a correct approach, it is possible.

As Pythia said, seeing the collapse of Hellenic civilization under the blows of Judeo-Christian barbarism, its wicked idiots "who will see God" leaving the field open to the chaos of races and cultures, and to the criminal usurers who control and rob them:

"The light of Apollo will return one day"

Apollo is the god of the Lyre, the god of the Muses, poetry, music, dance, the god of harmonies; he is also the god of divination; on the pediment of his temple, in Delphi, was written: "Know thyself"; everything suggests that he is the god who represents our *deepest being*.

"Do you know it, Dafné, that ancient romance,
at the foot of the sycamore, under the white laurels,
under the olive tree, the myrtle or the trembling willows,
this song of love... that always begins again!
Do you recognize the Temple, with its immense peristyle,
and the bitter lemons where your teeth were imprinted?
And the cave, fatal to unwary guests,
where from the vanquished dragon sleeps the ancient seed.
They will come back, these gods that you always mourn!
Time will bring back the order of old days;
the earth has shuddered with a prophetic breath... "

Gérard de Nerval, *Delfica*, in *Les Chimères*, 1854
Nerval, like Colleen, was murdered by *suicide*.

Epilogue

With my work apparently finished, a strange vision came to haunt me. I'd just put the finishing touches to it. And it came, as it always does between sleep and wakefulness, like a dream, but a little different.

In most dreams, you're in the action; things are happening, and you're feeling emotions. But here, I was just a spectator, and I don't know what connection I had with the characters in the scene. The whole thing was quite strange.

The stage was a very large, obliquely shaped wooden space, like the roof structure of Notre-Dame or the great naves of Nordic buildings. One of the figures, dressed entirely in black and devoid of any personal characteristics, would go to the base of one of the uprights and write something on it, saying, "I write the name of liberty, it's a woman's name," and the vision ceased.

All schoolchildren in France are required to learn a poem by Eluard, *Liberté*, which resembles a nursery rhyme, where the poet "writes the name" of *Liberty* everywhere - it begins and ends thus:

"On my school notebooks
On my desk and the trees
On the sand on the snow
I write your name
(...)
And by the power of a word
I begin my life anew
I was born to know you
To name you
Liberty."

Paul Eluard, *Poésie et vérité*, 1942 (clandestine collection)

This poem was written during the occupation of France by National Socialist Germany, to which the French government had declared war, embroiling its entire population in a foretold catastrophe. I don't know why

this collection was *clandestine*, and I don't know the other texts, but this one is of those that any group of enlisted kids can recite devoutly under any so-called liberal regime, and even a communist one, since Eluard was a communist.

I do, however, know why my own text is underground, in the land of newfound freedom, where truth-tellers are eliminated or imprisoned. But after all, if freedom is just a fable written on school notebooks, anything is possible. From the moment we describe "liberty" as the absolute right of those who proclaim it, we can also proclaim, as the libertine preacher Saint-Just rightly said, "no liberty for the enemies of liberty".

That's why the freedom of my vision has a woman's name. It exists. It's in the relationship of our bodies, of our souls, it's not an idea as venerable as it is smoky, and this freedom, this freedom of our bodies and our souls, has been snatched from us.

We know very well who snatched it from us. It's the same people who have Eluard recited in schools, and who make us believe that today's resistance fighters, dissidents and whistle-blowers are genocidal monsters, "dangers to democracy", and that they themselves are innocent victims.

All freedoms, freedom to come and go, freedom of information and opinion, freedom of choice and discrimination, freedom to love or hate, are dangerous for criminals. That's why they're obsessed with control.

Without the freedom, for my lover and me, to live as we please, together, there was no freedom at all; our beings were shattered, living apart in separate prisons. This is the most essential of freedoms. And this freedom was stolen by perverts, terrorist and evil monsters, linked to power, drugs and Hollywood.

Sacred love

Some time after the strange dream about freedom with a woman's name, the spirit world made it quite clear that I had to somehow refocus on the main thing, and the main thing was what my tragic adventure had begun with: the meeting of a man and a woman.

In the ocean of horrors in which we struggle on a daily basis - manipulations, propaganda, crimes, invasions, slanders, anti-racism, anti-sexism, etc. - it's not easy to keep an awareness of what's the main thing.

We must put back at the center what must be, and what is from all eternity.

Dante ends his Divine Comedy with "the love that moves the sun and the other stars". Having traveled the nine circles of Hell myself, to find at its center not the fallen Prince Satan, but the Lord Almighty, Moloch, progenitor of Yahweh, I have certain affinities with him, although my relationship to love is completely different. But ultimately, love, or what we call love in the West, which may have other definitions elsewhere, must appear as the keystone, the climax, the masterpiece.

Firstly, awareness of what we call love, or more generally, the relationship between man and woman, is central to most conceptions of the world, with the possible exception of religious conceptions stemming from the Semitic world, which place an Almighty God, and his alter-ego Satan, at the center of the world.

Chinese philosophy or religion, which is older than Western philosophy, is entirely organized around the two primordial principles, yin and yang, female and male. Orphism and its cults developed from the idea that the world was organized from the separation of two twin principles, male and female, from a Primordial Egg; these two principles would eternally tend to reunite. In esoteric Alchemy, the Great Work is also the reunion of the two principles.

That's why the peak of the attack on humanity we're undergoing is an attack on the central relationship, by dissolving, altering, destroying the relationships between men and women. And also, in time, relationships between parents and children, or all the relationships essential to life.

In anthropology, one of the most common phenomena is that the relationship between the sexes, whether it's called love, sex or anything else, is sacred. Not just sacred, but at the heart of the sacred. A union, a marriage, is always the object of the greatest ceremonies, with rituals, songs, dances, communions and important ceremonial exchanges - sometimes the only ones - between clans. Clearly, the union of the sexes is the most important thing in the world. Everything depends on it, not only for those directly

involved, but for the entire cultural body. The strongest attraction, sexual attraction, is the foundation of all the scaffolding of human relationships.

Throughout the West, as elsewhere, the relationship between the sexes was highly ritualized, in its own way, through practices such as the "marriage proposal", where the suitor knelt before the woman he hoped for and begged her to accept him, the engagement, the wedding, and so on. While the great religious festivals, orchestrated by the Church, were theoretically paramount, the ancient tradition of wedding celebrations continued to exist, and tradition dictated that this was "the most important day of one's life."

All this is based on a conception of the intangible, of the sacred. This sacredness is not a virtue dropped from heaven, it is deeply linked to our nature, to the reality of things that are truly fundamental: the intimacy of the home, children, generation. The sacred is that which cannot be touched without the world falling apart.

Yet what we are witnessing today, often powerless, is an offensive of desacralization, or degradation.

I'm not talking about the sacredness of the Judeo-Christian God, who has in a way confiscated all sacredness for his own benefit, and that of his servants or slaves, participating in the stripping away of the immemorial sacredness that survives deep in our nature. When the sacredness of this god came under attack from rationalist thought, everything sacred collapsed.

This enterprise of degradation began with revolutions, and reached its first peak or shallows with the Judeo-Bolshevik revolution, which set out to destroy absolutely everything that could be considered sacred or natural. In the end, this demented enterprise met with a profound and mute resistance from the people, who succeeded in rising from nothingness and reinstating the beneficial notion of the sacred in normal life.

But the enterprise of degradation had not said its last word.

Without being biased, it's quite clear that this enterprise of degradation originated with the Jews, who found helpers in the worst perverts as well as in the scum of the least civilized races, i.e. all those for whom hatred is the main motivation.

The attack on the West really began just after the Second World War, with the crushing of Germany and its various allies.

The aim was to destroy everything that the National Socialist revolution, violently opposed to the model of the Bolshevik revolution, considered sacred: the family, the race, the mastery of one's own destiny. The Germans had gone, for their greater good, from a situation of abominable distress to a reconnection with their deepest roots, their own nature, which was intolerable for the destroyers.

Undoubtedly, the coup d'état of the Judeo-Bolshevik revolution in Russia, financed by the Jews of the Federal Reserve Bank created just a few years earlier by another coup d'état on finances that went virtually unnoticed, made a strong impression on people's minds by the accumulation of its horrors. This was a principal cause of the National Socialist revolution, which took a strongly opposite direction, after Germany had been confronted with the same danger. Then, one cannot fail to notice that a Bolshevik Jew was Chief Judge of the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg, and that the head of the ten-person Commission that imposed "Universal Human Rights" on the world was Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the American President of the same name subservient of the Jewish bank, and herself a Communist. The horrific liberticidal projects of the World Economic Forum that followed follow exactly the same line, which in fact has been inflicting its horrors on the world for a century. Nothing new under the sun, except new lies and new propagandas.

As it was neither possible nor really desirable to exterminate everyone, although this was very seriously considered, and as a frontal attack, clearly showing the will to destroy, had no chance of being popular, a new form of doctrine appeared, which could conceal its destructive aims under the white cloak of *progressivism*.

Quite simply, it was a matter of destroying the foundations of our beings, of destroying, along with our essences, the immense network of interrelations between these essences, which makes life interesting and beautiful.

"One is not born a woman, one becomes one".

Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*, 1949

This peremptory assertion by an influential post-war *intellectual*, perverse, uncomfortable with femininity, and even more so with motherhood, was the signal for what can only be seen as a race to death.

This movement of thought is called *existentialism*. According to this movement, all differences are arbitrary and constructed, and can therefore be *deconstructed*. Quite simply, if we take it seriously, existentialism proposes to destroy everything that exists, including that which animates us most: love, generation and so on.

The opposite position, for which sex, race, ethnicity, identity and even civilization and culture are profound realities that not only belong to beings as properties - which was already the liberal position of a John Locke - but constitute them, are the essence of beings, is essentialist. *Essentialism* is a philosophical or scientific position that sums up everything that the enemies of civilization detest: racism, sexism, ethnocentrism, and so on.

The latest version of the Anti Defamation League's definition of racism, which I don't know how old it is, goes exactly the same way:

"Racism: The marginalization and/or oppression of people of color based on a socially constructed racial hierarchy that privileges white people."

There would be no hierarchy between races, all of which are equal by definition, and so all distinctions would have to be *deconstructed*. This definition is an inexhaustible reservoir of horrors, since racial hierarchy is a reality that has always been known to us all. The aim is, in the same line, destruction.

What's almost comical is that the ADL's slogan is "Fighting hate for good", even though its definition of racism can only generate a deep-seated hatred of reality, and therefore a real hatred that is displayed with impudence; it's all the more laughable, as well as horrifying, given that the Jewish people have always, for as long as anyone has been writing about them, been accused of *hatred of humanity*. Except since the financiers of the City and Wall Street, who organized and won the Second World War, had the Communist Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the President of the United States, draft scurrilous laws against *racism* and *anti-Semitism*.

Pornography, *wokism*, feminism, anti-racism, even the degradation of the arts, the exaltation of stupidity, and other little things, all follow the same policy: destroy. There's nothing behind it. Absolutely nothing.

In the world of the New Morons, any mention of difference is met with hateful ranting. Yet there's nothing more extraordinarily banal than

differences. And every difference is based on at least one inequality, and more often than not, a myriad of inequalities. This is so obvious that the word "difference" is also used in mathematics, when comparing two quantities.

All this furious destructive madness has only one apparent cause: to combat racism and anti-Semitism, i.e., to consolidate the extravagant privileges of the Jews and the dark races who act as their auxiliaries. Even if it is at the cost of the destruction of any order, any civilization, any life. But reality is even worse than appearance, which is already not very glorious.

In ordinary reality, and even more so in quantum reality, there is no life without difference. We are extraordinary communicative beings, and we obviously communicate between different and complementary elements, whether in sexual love, in the interaction between a mother and her child as soon as she feeds it so it develops in her womb, in the elements of a group, or pack, of hunters, and in the myriad of human interaction activities; difference and communication are the gigantic engines of life and evolution. In physics, a difference in potential is anything that can provide work, energy. Aristotle believes that the slavery of the incapable is quite useful, and that without it, there would have been no democratic institutions, no free men partially freed from the constraints of work. It's all common sense, even if Judeo-Christian morality rejects it. By seeking to abolish all differences, except those between man and his god, Judeo-Christianity is a cult of death.

When we clearly see the scale of the destruction, promoting both racial degeneration, called multiculturalism, and reproductive and sexual degeneration, we can see that these attacks on the very essence of our beings, our souls, go far beyond attacks on racism and anti-Semitism; they are acts of mass destruction, of outright eradication. It's staggering, and we have to answer the question: why, for what purpose? This does not correspond to classic goals, such as tyranny and global dictatorship; for the most part, such tyranny and global dictatorship already exist.

The answer is stupefyingly monstrous, but there is no other I know of, and I'd be happy to see another. Signs of this can be seen in *wokism*-related events, which are organized by the same people. There is a wave of unprecedented destruction, against the atmosphere, the soil, targeted areas, forests, food chains, by sabotage, fires, decrees, directed energy weapons. And there has also been a spectacular symbolic destruction, with the burning of Notre-Dame de Paris Cathedral.

During this destruction, the French President, an arrogant and hateful faggot, was joking with his retinue, delighted with the show. This individual, who came from early childhood under the influence of a pedophile transsexual in his forties, completed his training at Rothschild, and was then elected President, we don't know exactly how. This being, if we can still call it that, claims, with a somber air, to be invested with a *mission*. What is this *mission*? It's the one promoted by the *World Economic Forum*, the assembly of mega-corporations meeting in Davos: "*Build Back Better*". Everyone understands that to rebuild, you must first destroy. And there's only one current doctrine in the world that professes that the world, being evil, must be completely destroyed, so that the pure "sparks of light" can rebuild it, anew, in their own image: it's the Cabala, the Judaic Kabbalah. These furious paranoids, who have monopolized finance, the media and power, are in the process of destroying everything. It's high time, for most people, to understand the extent of the threat and eradicate it.

Colleen, my sister, my love, was ripped from me by Jewish pornographers. She was then murdered by the great criminals of the Deep State with whom she was in a relationship, more or less voluntary or forced, like Oliver North and George Bush Sr., because she was going to speak out about their plans for destruction.

They attacked the most beautiful, the most profound and the most sacred. This is no accident. That's where our soul resides, in those deep relationships. It's also from there, at the deepest level, that our revolt must spring up, for life, love and beauty.

Final note:

This text was completed, unplanned by me, on September 11, 2023, 22 years to the day after the World Trade Center towers vanished into thin air, and 33 years to the day after George H. W. Bush's speech announcing the establishment of the New World Order.

The combination of 9 and 11 makes sense to the Cabal. That events were triggered on this day is undoubtedly deliberate, and a kind of signal for insiders. That I, who have nothing to do with this breed, at least not consciously, should fit in with these dates is more than intriguing. What's more, the numbers 11, 22 and 33 signify achievements. It's quite strange that decoding the Cabal would be an achievement; well, it's certainly an achievement for me, but not for the Cabalists.

We move along lines of which we know nothing; I'm not surprised to be somehow regulated by the cycles of astrology, because they are natural cycles, and, everything being connected, and as we are like specific assemblages of common elements, we can be acted upon by sets of cycles; I'm also not too worried about the predictions of the various divination tools, which probably also have their place in all these cycles, but to find myself strangely involved in the cycles of the Cabala, that's much more astonishing to me. Perhaps my association with the spirit of this Cabal has brought me into line with it - it's the only hypothesis I can come up with. A mystery. Intelligent humanity, if it is not destroyed by the Cabal and suffocated in degradation and ignorance, still has many mysteries on which to exercise its sagacity.